

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December

15c



A Real Day With Robert Taylor
Beginning Beth Brown's New Serial,
"Three Girls on a Match"



ALL THE WORLD SAYS

"Merry Christmas"

WITH THE
FRAGRANCE
Gemey

The Frenchman's "Joyeux Noël," the Hawaiian's "Melika Maka," the Italian's "Buon Natale"—they all mean "Merry Christmas!" And in 75 lands the men who know what women want will say "Merry Christmas" this season with ...fragrance Gemey.

For this young, fresh, joyous perfume has charmed its way into the feminine hearts of five continents. And Richard Hudnut now presents America with these gifts of glamor ... powders and perfume, compacts and cologne ... all distinguished by this single thread of fragrance Gemey.

See the gay gift showing at your nearest perfume counter. Find the one that's right for her (prices range from \$1 to \$10). She'll be thrilled to join the company of the world's loveliest women, the women who know ... and wear ... fragrance Gemey!

In crystal clear dressing table flacons ... \$2.50, \$4.50 and \$15. Special Stocking-Gift size ... \$1.



by RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris ... London ... New York ... Toronto ... Buenos Aires
Mexico City ... Berlin ... Budapest ... Capetown ... Sydney
Shanghai ... Rio de Janeiro ... Havana ... Bucharest ... Vienna

GOD JUL • STOCKHOLM ★ MELIKA MAKI • HONOLULU ★ FELICES PASCUAS • MEXICO CITY



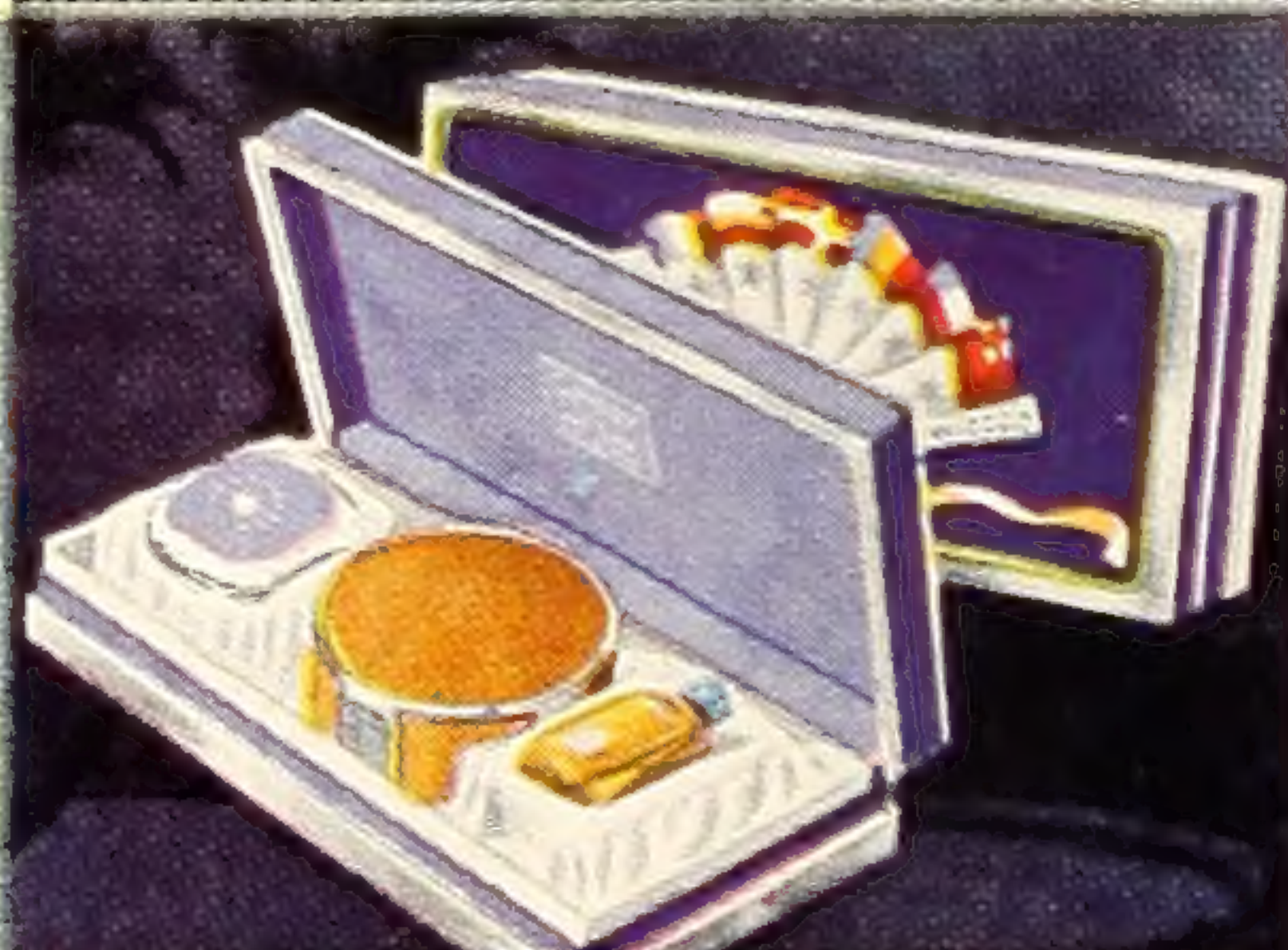
"To Mary with love"—a handsome Cigarette Case, Lipstick, Double Vanity. \$10



An intimate gift to last all year—eight personal luxuries that breathe Gemey. \$10



She's "tops"—and so is your gift—this slim gold-plated Cigarette Vanity. \$7.50



Tip to a Man-in-a-quandary—Gemey Perfume, Face Powder, Compact. \$3.50

PARIS • JOYEUX NOËL • LONDON • MERRY CHRISTMAS • ROME • BUON NATALE • VIENNA • FRÖHLICHE WEIHNACHTEN



Two gifts—Gemey Perfume, world-beloved—Gemey Powder, filmy-fine. \$2.25



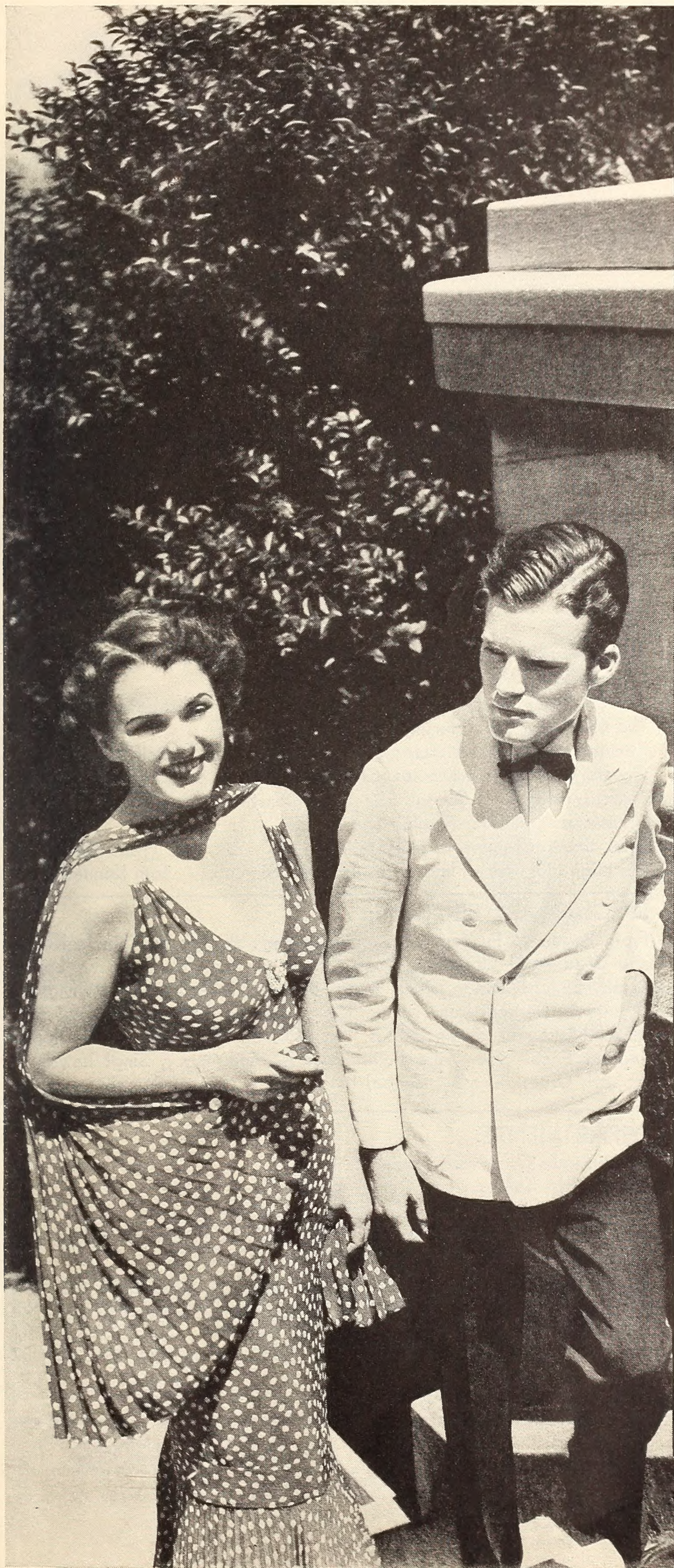
A gala giftbox—five "can't-do-withouts," in the world-favored fragrance Gemey. \$5



For her dressing-table: Fragrance Gemey with a luxury De Vilbiss atomizer. \$5



Glamor for glamorous girls: Double Compact, \$2. Triple Vanity with lipstick, \$2.75



She always came with Brother

Poor thing . . . for years Ellen had been coming to parties with an irritated and unwilling brother . . . simply because no other man would take her! And yet, when she came out of college, everybody said that with such prettiness and charm she'd be married before she knew it. But the whispered story of her trouble went the rounds, as it always does, and simply ruined her socially. That is what halitosis (unpleasant breath) does to many a woman, many a man—without their even realizing its presence.

* * *

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens:

Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.*



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
162 brushings in the 40¢ tube

The Smart Screen Magazine

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Watch for Our New Series: "Five Hollywood Wives"

Hollywood wives! The eyes of the world are focused on them. You've been told that home life in Hollywood is no different than home life anywhere else; that wives in the film colony have much the same ideals, ambitions, joys and sorrows as wives in other towns. Well, SCREENLAND has a different slant! The wives of cinema-city face problems that no other wives in the world are forced to consider; and the story of how they meet these problems is one of the most genuinely glamorous and fascinating of all Hollywood real-life stories. That's why we're beginning a new series about the gallant ladies who are doing such swell jobs keeping the Hollywood home fires burning!

SCREENLAND promises you exciting reading. There will be nothing dull about our first article in the series, called "The Career Wife." One of the loveliest wives in the screen colony is also a noted actress, and we have persuaded her to tell our readers the actual, intimate, day-by-day details of her problems in making a gracious home, keeping her husband and children happy, and also managing a lucrative career. Every woman will want to begin this series and continue it, and every man will find much to interest him in every article. Dorothy Manners, one of the more important writers in Hollywood, is the author. Remember: "Hollywood Wives" begins in the January issue, on sale December 3rd.

December, 1936

Vol. XXXIV. No. 2

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	17
3 Girls on a Match. Fiction.....	Beth Brown	18
The Younger Set of Hollywood.....	S. R. Mook	20
A Real Day With Robert Taylor.....	Ben Maddox	22
And They Seem Such Nice People, Too.....	Liz Williams	24
"Rembrandt." Fictionization.....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	26
London	Hettie Grimstead	28
Paris	Stiles Dickenson	29
What Women Wish Men Wouldn't Do.....	Helen Louise Walker	30
Co-Starring in Their Greatest Romance.		
Dick Powell, Joan Blondell.....	Elizabeth Wilson	32
The Girl Who Calls Herself Margo.....	Jerry Asher	50
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Chester's Home-Life Movies. Chester Morris.....	Ruth Tildesley	54
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Constance Bennett.....		56
SCREENLAND's All-Star Fashion Show.....		59
Black Sheep Stander. Lionel Stander.....	Franc Dillon	60
His High Hat was a Hindrance. Adolphe Menjou.....	Tom Kennedy	61

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

From Pagan to Puritan. Claudette Colbert. Skating on Thin Ice! Joan and Jean—and Company. Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow. The Lovely Rivals. Simone Simon, June Lang. Back to Nature Via the Movies. Dignity Be Darned. Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas. Who's This Guy Art? Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. "About Face!" New versus Old Friends. Sing, Larry, Sing! Lawrence Tibbett. Croon, Crosby, Croon! Bing Crosby, Madge Evans.

DEPARTMENTS:

SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	6
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		8
Honor Page		10
Inside the Stars' Homes. Una Merkel.....	Betty Boone	12
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		14
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	62
Perfume as a Pick-Me-Up. Beauty Article.....	Elin Neil	65
Femi-Nifties		67
Ask Me	Miss Vee Dee	82

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Robert Taylor by Marland Stone

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She's back (and will you ever forget her in "*Broadway Melody of 1936*") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "*Great Ziegfeld*" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("*Easy to Love*", "*I've Got You Under My Skin*", "*Swingin' The Jinx Away*", "*Hey, Babe, Hey*", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

Quickly...
Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only *Confines*,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

IF YOU Do Not REDUCE
at least 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere at our expense?

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates.

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You reduce simply by the massage-like action of this "live" material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

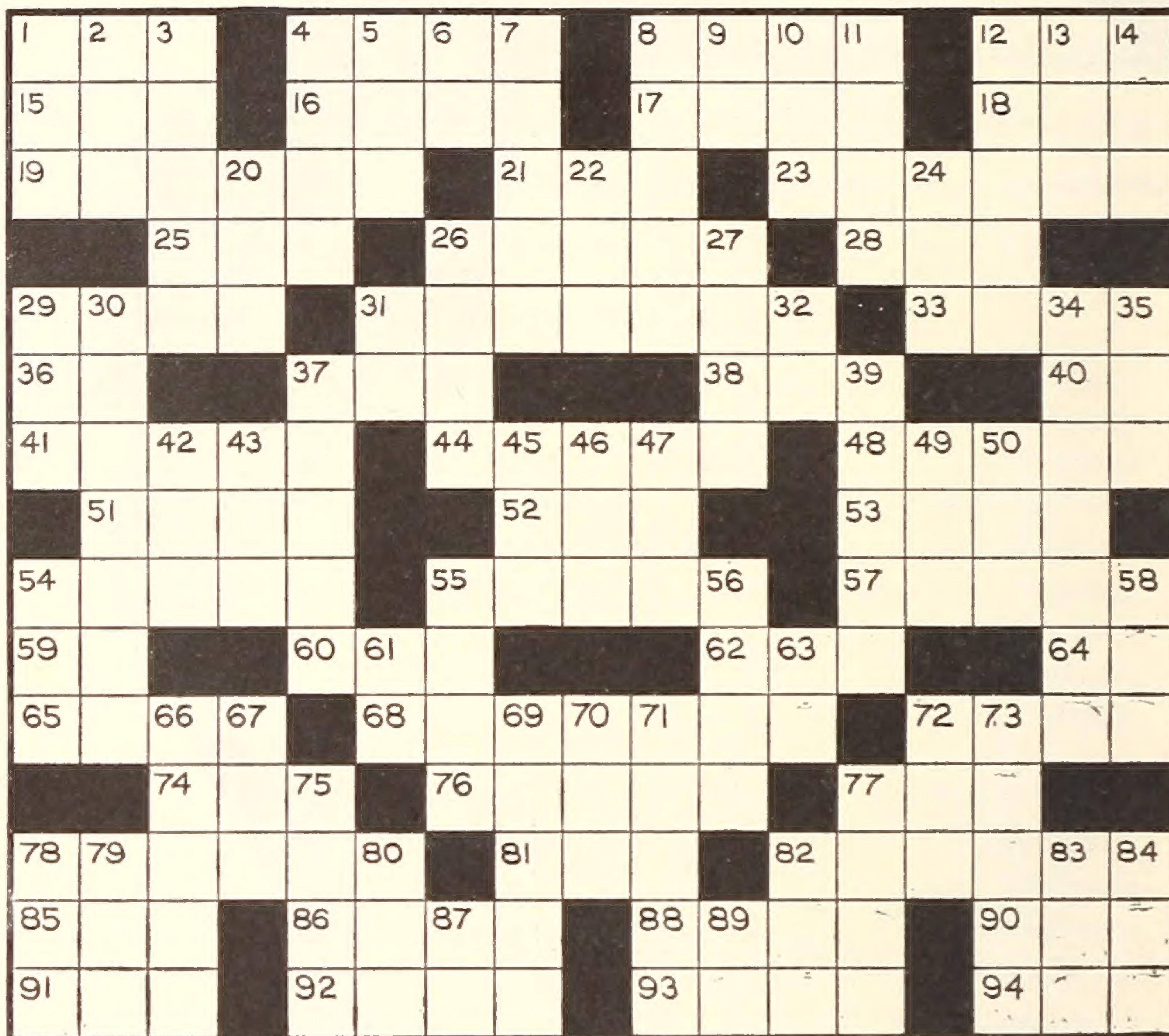
Dept. 7312, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card



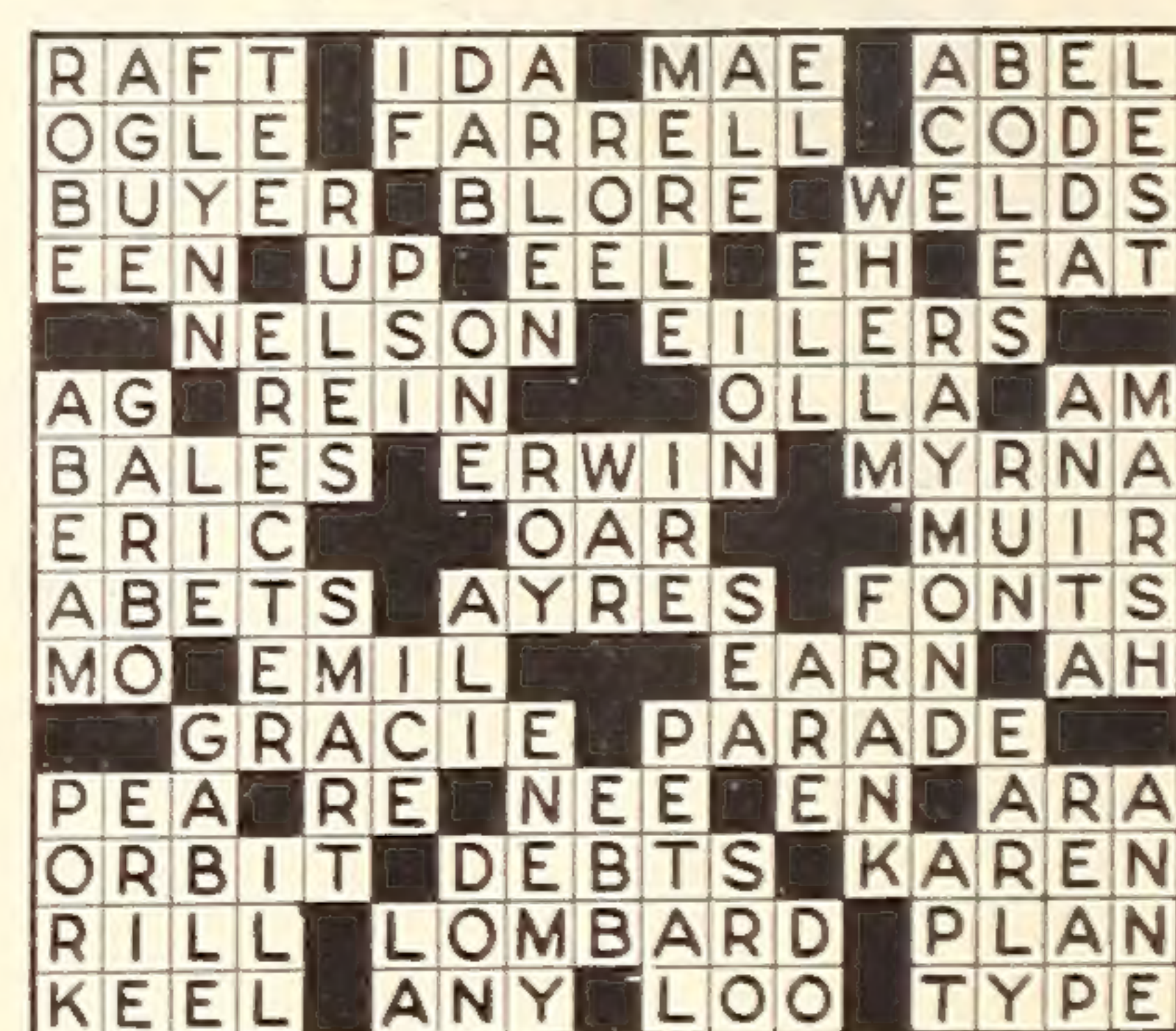
ACROSS

1. Featured actress in "Yours For the Asking"
4. Comic co-star of "Our Relations"
8. Hero in "Dracula's Daughter"
12. Owned
15. Neither
16. A game played on horseback
17. Evil fate
18. Malt drink
19. Well known screen comedienne
21. River, in Spanish version
23. The most famous child star
25. Dine
26. Clever
28. Short sleep
29. Our — (kid comedy shorts)
31. Constance Bennett's predecessor as the Marquise
33. Looked at
36. Like
37. Fur or feather neckpiece
38. To incline the head
40. Behold!
41. The Baron in "Suzy"
44. Co-star of "San Francisco"
48. Property
51. To the sheltered side
52. To stop living
53. Stamp of approval on a passport
54. A horseman
55. Leases
57. Singing star of "Show Boat"
59. Either
60. Pronoun
62. Dance step
64. All right (slang)
65. The star famous for her curves
68. Featured actor in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
72. Peel
74. " — Hat" (Astaire-Rogers film)
76. Co-star in "The Last Outlaw"
77. Automobile
78. The ex-Mrs. Bill Powell
81. Kind of whiskey
82. Star famous for historical rôles
85. To be indebted
86. Mountain range in Russia
88. Back of the neck
90. Ocean
91. Drops of moisture
92. Star of "The General Died at Dawn"
93. Again
94. The last scene in a film

DOWN

1. What star signs contract in
2. Female deer
3. Star of "The Mine With the Iron Door"
4. A stain
5. Unit of weight
6. He's married to Ruby Keeler
7. The screen's new Juliet
8. Scents
9. Toward
10. Small child
11. A sign foretelling the future
12. Contented
13. Every one
14. Mrs. Joel McCrae
20. Child's game
22. The "Best Friend" in "To Mary—With Love"
24. Her new one is "Personal Appearance"
26. Loot, as in a gangster film
27. He's married to Joan Crawford
29. Fuel for cooking
30. Co-star of "Swing Time"
31. As
32. What a yes man never says
34. Her new one is "Born to Dance"
35. Period or speck
37. Star of "A Message to Garcia"
39. Star of "Satan Met a Lady"
42. What screen stars hate to become
43. Born
45. Soft drink
46. Container for coal
47. To allow
49. Title of respect
50. Compass point (abbrev.)
54. To propel with oars
55. The wife in "Dodsworth"
56. Agile
58. To piece out
61. Bone (Latin)
63. Nearby
66. To scatter
67. Also
69. In good time
70. Distorted
71. Scene of action
72. Companion
73. Come up
75. Stopper
77. The sailors on a boat
78. Kind of fish
79. Reverent respect
80. Epoch
82. Monkey
83. Japanese coin
84. Unhappy
87. European measure of area
89. One

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle





Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.



Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day, in the stocks



A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

**Claudette Colbert
and Fred MacMurray in
"MAID OF SALEM"**

A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD

• When Doctors swab SORE THROAT..

surface germs are destroyed,
soreness relieved, healing
quicken



• When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's
treatment by destroying sur-
face germs, relieving the cold.



USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you $\frac{2}{3}$ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES $\frac{2}{3}$
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

*..Goes 3 times
as far!*



TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52 and 53

The
Gay
Des-
perado
United
Artists



Nino Martini offering generous measure of the vocalizing that delights opera-goers and radio audiences, while Leo Carrillo does a Mexican bandit rôle in his inimitable style, and Ida Lupino is cutely comic as the girl kidnapped by bandits. It toys with romantics, action melodrama of the western type, farce, and even slapstick; so there should be something for everybody. All very light. Amusement with your Martini.

Dimples
20th
Century-
Fox



Shirley's a real actress here, reading lines, (some of them a bit sophisticated), like a seasoned troupier, as well as singing and dancing flawlessly. It's a real feast of entertainment joy for the Temple fans. Frank Morgan, as Shirley's grandfather, who picks pockets while the girl draws street crowds innocently singing and dancing; Helen Westley, and good supporting players, help Temple triumph again.

15
Maiden
Lane
20th
Century-
Fox



The jewel thieves are up to new tricks—killing blithely as they make off with the loot, and offering suspense that will keep you wide-eyed throughout an entertaining picture. Cesar Romero robs and slays so neatly that you begin to like this deep-dyed villain who makes love to Claire Trevor. Claire, Cesar, Lloyd Nolan, Robert McWade, Douglas Fowley and others in the cast play effectively. A good show.

In His
Steps
Grand
National



Grand National, new film company, makes a grand bow to the family groups and all lovers of simple, down-to-earth screen drama. Here is suspense, comedy, pathos and homespun philosophy, effectively dramatized in a story of a rich girl and boy whose parents are enemies but whose love triumphs. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are splendid at the head of a fine cast. A picture that touches the heart.

Craig's
Wife
Columbia



Rosalind Russell triumphs in a rôle that puts a severe test on a stage actress and an even greater one up to a screen player. It is a faithful transcription of the famous George Kelly play about a wife who becomes so fanatical about preserving her home—a house, really—that she loses friends, the loyalty of relatives, and finally her husband. John Boles, Jane Darwell, Billie Burke, all good. Fine serious drama.

Wives
Never
Know
Paramount

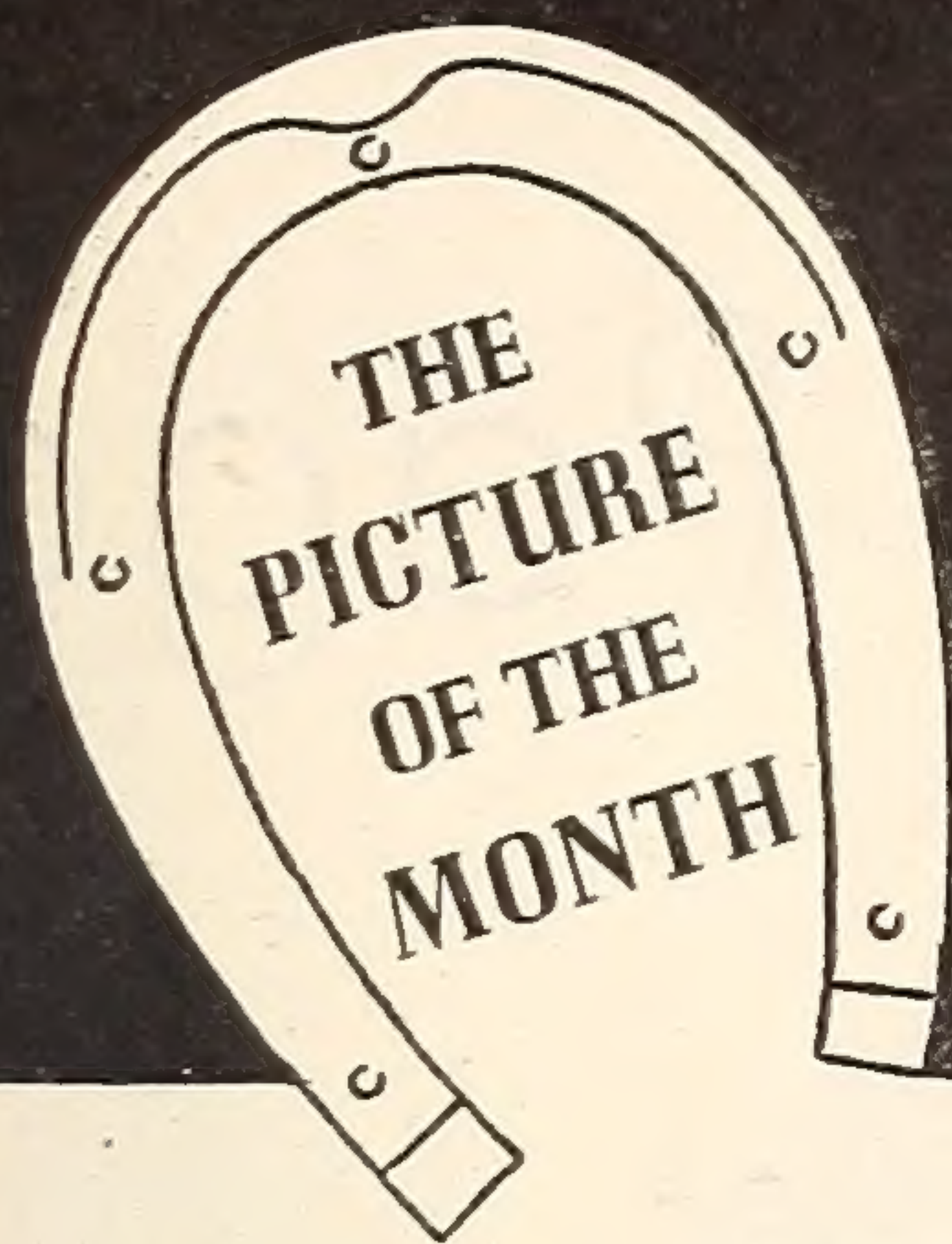


The laughs come fast from a flow of good clean comedy cooked up by the author and served up so deliciously by Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland—aided and abetted by Adolphe Menjou, Claude Gillingwater, and Vivienne Osborn. Mary is socially inclined, Charlie loves only her—and his flower-garden. She thinks him too devoted, but when he innocently gets into a compromising spot, there's the deuce to pay.

The
Devil
is a
Sissy
M-G-M



Good, honest movie drama, tugging at your heart one moment, tickling your funny-bone the next. Freddie Bartholomew, as the English boy, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, the typical American boys of the tenement districts. All three play as naturally as though you were looking at them from a window or doorway across the street.
(Continued on page 83)



WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!



'Oiwin' had two great passions —poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

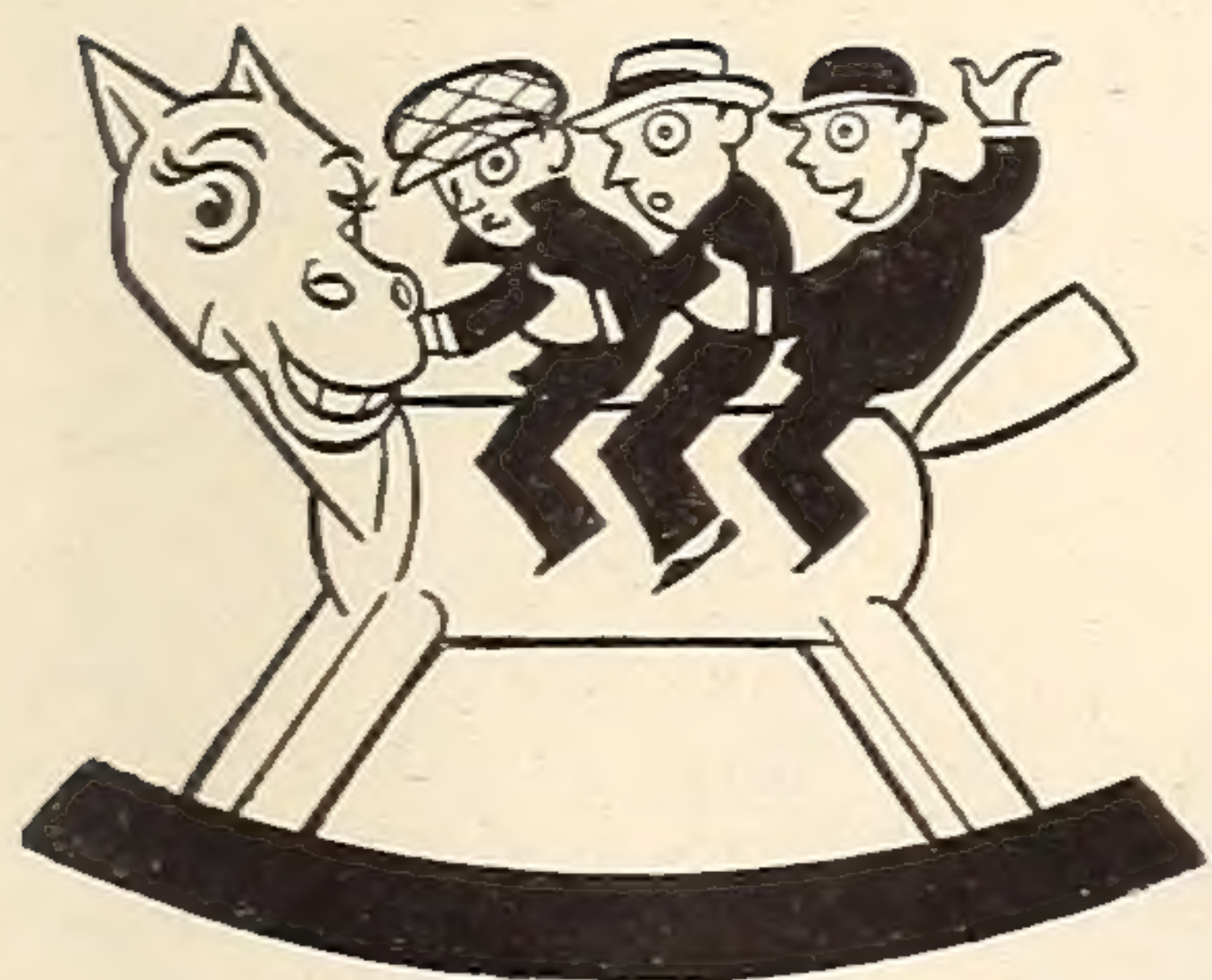


"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."



When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



3

MEN ON A HORSE

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK MCHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

SCREENLAND Honor Page

Gallant is the word for Gladys George! She wins our hearts in that fine picture, "Valiant is the Word for Carrie"



"VALIANT is the Word for Carrie" brings a new star to our screen. "New" to Hollywood fame, that is—for Gladys George is already established as a splendid stage actress. It remained for director Wesley Ruggles to discover her definitely for films, and Miss George justifies his faith by one of the few great performances of stage or screen. Her *Carrie* deserves to rank with Jeanne Eagels' *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," Helen Hayes in "Coquette," Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet." Gladys George's *Carrie* is a genuine character creation: the "bad" woman with the warm heart whose love for two orphan kids transforms her into one of the best of all "good" women. Miss George is a real actress, not a new "personality." She will play other rôles as richly as she plays *Carrie*; and so we salute her as THE discovery of the season.



Miss George is shown in the circle, top, with Charlene Wyatt and Jackie Moran, the remarkable child actors who share honors with her in the touching early scenes of her picture. Center close-up, *CARRIE* as the successful middle-aged business woman. Far left: the grand, game, "valiant" *CARRIE* herself. Left, Miss George with John Howard and Arline Judge, who play her grown-up children.

New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset")
(for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance... "Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with

BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO

EDUARDO CIANNELLI

in the roles they created on the stage

John Carradine • Edward Ellis

Directed by Alfred Santell

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

A Pandro S. Berman Production



BURGESS MEREDITH... brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio" sworn to avenge his martyred father.



MARGO... who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.



EDUARDO CIANNELLI... unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.

EVERY NIGHT SHE CRIED HER- SELF TO SLEEP



**-THEN SHE
LEARNED HOW
THOUSANDS
HAVE GAINED
10 TO 25
POUNDS
Quick!**

Posed by professional models

NOW there's no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny and friendless. Hosts of people who thought they were "born to be skinny," and who never could gain an ounce, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh with this new, easy treatment—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery given them normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that no end of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2612, Atlanta, Ga.

Una Merkel serves Southern Dishes for your delectation. You'll want to try her tempting recipes

By
Betty Boone



That little Southern gal, Una, has done right well for herself in Hollywood. Now this sparkling comedienne dotes on reviving the good old Southern Dishes such as Southern Spoon Bread and serving them to her friends.

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

TWO minutes' ride from Hollywood Boulevard, on a winding canyon road, is the comfortable Mediterranean-type house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Burla. "Mrs." may be better known to you as Una Merkel. Before my car stopped at her door, Una had flung it open and came running out, very slim in her well-tailored sharkskin slacks.

"Hello! Hello!" she hailed me. "What do you think? Somebody wants to buy the house! Imagine! I don't know whether to say 'How grand!' or 'How terrible!'"

We went from the hall to the den, done in warm browns and tans that harmonized with my hostess' beige and brown outfit, and set off the yellow of her hair.

"It's so exciting to have people come out of the air and beg you to let them have your house," she laughed. "You don't know whether to be pleased with the compliment or to feel that nothing will induce you to part with the place. We've done several things to it that we're proud of, and we have more planned.

"This is the room where we usually entertain intimate groups in cool weather. It's so sort of cozy and inviting. In warmer weather—and we have lots more of it in California—we ramble to the sun-room. Let me show you. It's one of the things we did to the house!"

The sun-room opens off the big living-room and was formerly a side veranda. "It had a floor and an awning over that—nothing else," explained Una. "We closed it in, put windows all the way along, ex-

cept where we have the French doors, hung Venetian blinds so we could regulate the light, and furnished it in the coolest colors we could find."

The colors are an off-white painted wood, upholstered in soft blues and pale greens.

"Maybe you'd call it Monterey furniture," said Una, doubtfully, "but perhaps it's merely mongrel. We wandered around furniture places and picked out stuff that we liked and that looked comfortable. Our friends are the sort of people who are no strain to have around, and we want everything inviting-looking. But look—you came to talk about what we give the darlings to eat, didn't you?"

"Well, we like to serve a guest a dish that she especially likes, when we happen to know what it is. Take Elizabeth Wilson—when she comes, not every time but often, what do you think we have? Why, mustard greens! The girl's mad about them. Or turnip tops—they're about the same."

MUSTARD GREENS

4 bunches mustard greens
¼ lb. salt pork
Water to cover greens

Pick over, wash and cut up the greens. Add water and salt pork. Cook about 1½ hours, adding no more water. Add salt and pepper to taste.

"If Madge Evans is coming—if it's the sort of meal where such food fits in—we
(Continued on page 92)

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE



3 GREAT

Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling!

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want

grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take

its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond



civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".



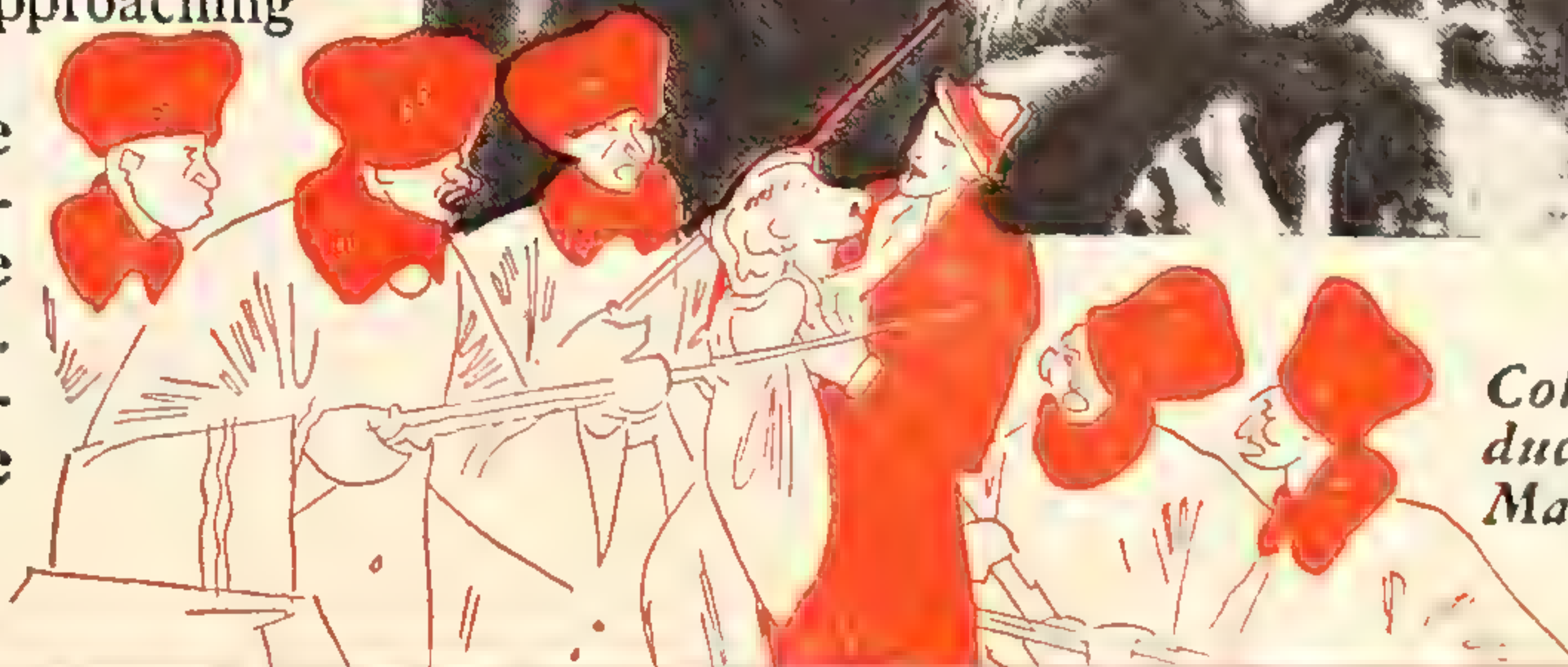
Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven" Here's the funniest picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five



Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.





GEORGE

ARLISS

LORD OF THE ORIENT . . .

Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .



EAST
MEETS
WEST

with **LUCIE MANNHEIM**
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT

Directed by
HERBERT MASON

Story by
E. GREENWOOD



COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  Production

Salutes and Snubs

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY!

It seems every male star has to wear a mustache sooner or later. I hope Bob Taylor never tries it. I just want to say that Dick Powell looks *terrible* with one, and I wish he would give it the razor.

Harriet Bell,
20 Porter Place,
Montclair, N. J.

TWO-TOASTING THEM!

I lift a glass of sparkling wine to the dynamic stars who have given me many thrilling hours in the theatre: Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy, Henry Wilcoxon, and Fredric March.

And a milk-toast for hours otherwise, to: Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda.

Ann Aventure,
1008 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E.,
Washington, D. C.

IT WAS IAN, NOT "BILL"

A big Salute to Ian Hunter for his acting in "To Mary—With Love." His part as *Bill*, the true friend of Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter, may have had something to do with it, but I felt, after seeing the picture, that Ian stole the show.

Margie Mains,
120 N. Erie,
Wichita, Kas.

WHEN OK'S NOT OK

Where was the director of "San Francisco"? In 1905 and 1906, when the story in this film took place, "OK" and "Let's get goin'" were not current slang, but both expressions are used by Clark Gable as *Blackie Norton*.

K. M. Richey,
418 South Virgil Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

WELL DONE IF DUNNE DOES IT

She can be funny, she gets the heavy dramatic rôles, and she has a delightful singing voice. What a combination! Did someone say they liked the typed actress? I agree to some extent, but you can't pin that tag on Irene Dunne.

Margaret Younkin,
317 Walnut St.,
Paris, Tenn.

"SAN FRANCISCO" COMMUTER

I have just seen "San Francisco" for the sixth time and feel that my first "fan" letter is in order! I'm simply "mad" about Clark Gable in the picture, which I think he dominates. Quite a feat, too—with Jeanette MacDonald's glorious singing and Spencer Tracy's performance. I really think that Spencer's work in it rates next to Gable's.

Mary Margaret,
Weston, Ontario,
Canada.

Ian Hunter wins praise for his sincere portrayals. The quietly convincing Mr. Hunter is slated for individual stardom if he continues to improve his performances in each new picture.



—AND THEN SHE SAW SIMONE

Once, I thought none could excel Jean Parker and Joan Bennett in sweetness; but how natural for me to change my mind since seeing that new sensational discovery, Simone Simon! She's marvelous.

Vassar Constantine,
1575 Washington Ave.,
Portland, Me.

BELL-RINGING FOR BELLAMY

Knock, knock! Who's there? Ima! Ima who? I'm mad at the producers for not

Write a Letter and Get a Lift

"I got a real lift out of seeing my own words in print," writes a screen-goer, whose Salute appeared in a recent issue. If you write a Salute or a Snub that appears in this department, it will be read by Hollywood and fellow screen-goers all over the world. So come along, write what you think about a star, a picture, Hollywood, or anything that pertains to movies. All letters are welcome. Please try to restrict each comment to fifty words. Address your letter to: Letter Dept., Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

giving Ralph Bellamy a rôle worthy of his ability, handsomeness, and engaging personality. Ralph has plodded along long enough, making mediocre characters realistic and interesting. He deserves better pictures to put him on top where he deserves to be.

Gloria Donnelly,
3204 W. Penn. St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SPEAKING OF NATURALISM

Please let me say that if we could have more Spencer Tracys the screen would be fortunate. We need more *naturalism*, and Spencer's naturalism is so genuine it makes for a realism that gives every picture he plays an added power.

Helen Brown,
31 Maple St.,
Charleston, S. C.

OVERWORKED ARIAS

Screen musicals never get off the beaten track. If there's a "Faust" sequence, it's the Jewel Song; if "Carmen," the Habanera; if "Rigoletto," the Duke's Song. It would be a poor opera that did not offer a choice of a dozen good tunes, and the unplugged arias are far fresher, if not more musical.

Elizabeth Fletcher,
205 Dickson Road,
Blackpool, England

ARE YOU LISTENING?

Attention Columbia Studios: Many of us think you have one of the most promising newcomers in Hollywood. "Counterfeit" and "One Way Ticket" gave us an example of what he can do. We Bostonians receive his pictures with much enthusiasm. So may we see Lloyd Nolan starred in one of Columbia's new pictures?

Marjorie Harvey,
1459 Beacon St.,
Brookline, Mass.

THANKS FOR A GORGEOUS TIME

My Salutes are for one of the best pictures in months, "The Gorgeous Hussy." The entire cast was superlative; notwithstanding that grand actor, Lionel Barrymore, managed to walk off with top honors.

Evelyn Wells,
25 Chapin Road,
Barrington, R. I.

COMPOUND INTEREST, EH?

Pep, poise, and personality combined in a beautiful and lovable lady—that's my idea of a grand star, Jeanette MacDonald. My liking for Jeanette is cumulative—with each new picture I like her more.

C. C. Craig,
Noblesville, Ind.

TRIBUTE TO TROUPER HOLT

My salute goes to Jack Holt in "San Francisco." Jack's the grandest sport in the movie world today. There's not another actor in Hollywood who can stand on the top and bottom steps both at the same time.

W. Galliner,
P. O. 274,
Fairmont, W. Va.

ARLEDGE ACCLAIMED

Johnny Arledge, handsome and capable, has absolutely everything—except good leading rôles. Now why can't he have them too? Johnny's light comedy had delighted audiences everywhere, and his dramatic part in "Shipmates Forever" won acclaim from critics all over the country.

Lila L. Gesch,
1618 N. 40th St.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.



MERRY XMAS TO ALL (and a carton of Kools)

WHERE'S the holiday throat that won't enjoy their soothing touch of mild menthol? Where's the smoker of either sex who won't relish **KOOLS** blend of superior Turkish-Domestic tobaccos? Remember that each pack not only carries a valuable coupon,

but there's two extra coupons in a carton! — a good start toward those attractive B & W premiums (offer good U. S. A. only). So give 'em all **KOOLS** . . . they'll appreciate 'em most! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Silverware—Oneida Community Par Plate, 26 pieces, for 6 . . . 900 coupons

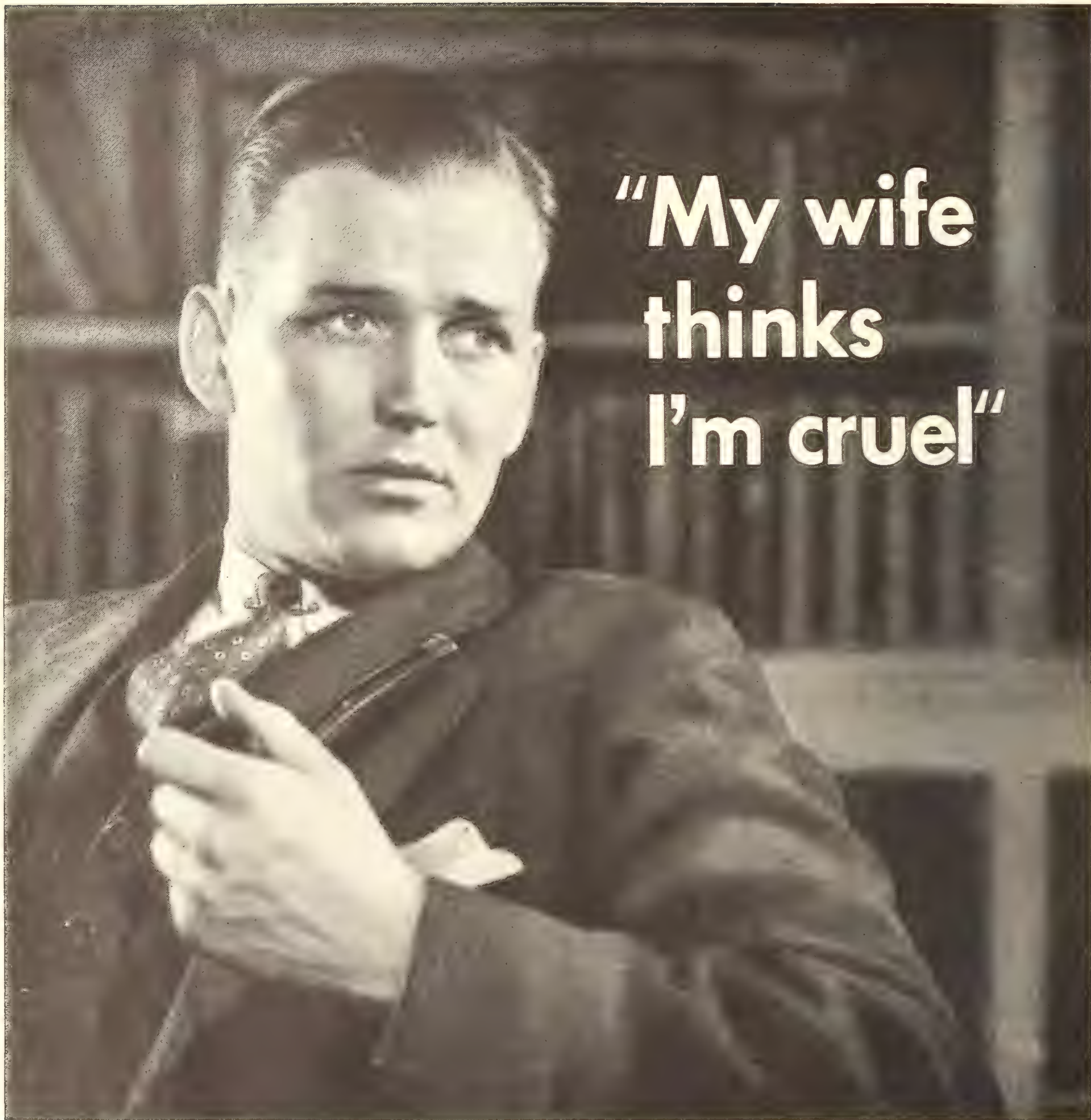


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Bridge Table Cover—Washable suede. One side green, other red. 100 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



"My wife
thinks
I'm cruel"

"I adored the exquisite girl I married—And then—I *saw her change after marriage*...grow careless, neglect her daintiness, *actually offend* anyone who came near her. How *could she?*

"Perhaps other men can speak out, *but I can't. I've retreated into a shell of reserve* which she resents, thinks cruel.

"If someone could only speak for me—I know we'd recapture that first glorious happiness."

AVOID OFFENDING—Even those dear to us hesitate to speak of an offense that robs a woman of all her glamour . . . perspiration odor from underthings. We don't notice it ourselves so—*never* take chances. Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Lux removes odor and protects colors.

Don't risk ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may fade and injure fabrics. Lux has *no* harmful alkali! Safe in water, safe in Lux!



DAINTY WOMEN LUX UNDERTHINGS AFTER EVERY WEARING

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Walt Disney from

Delight Evans

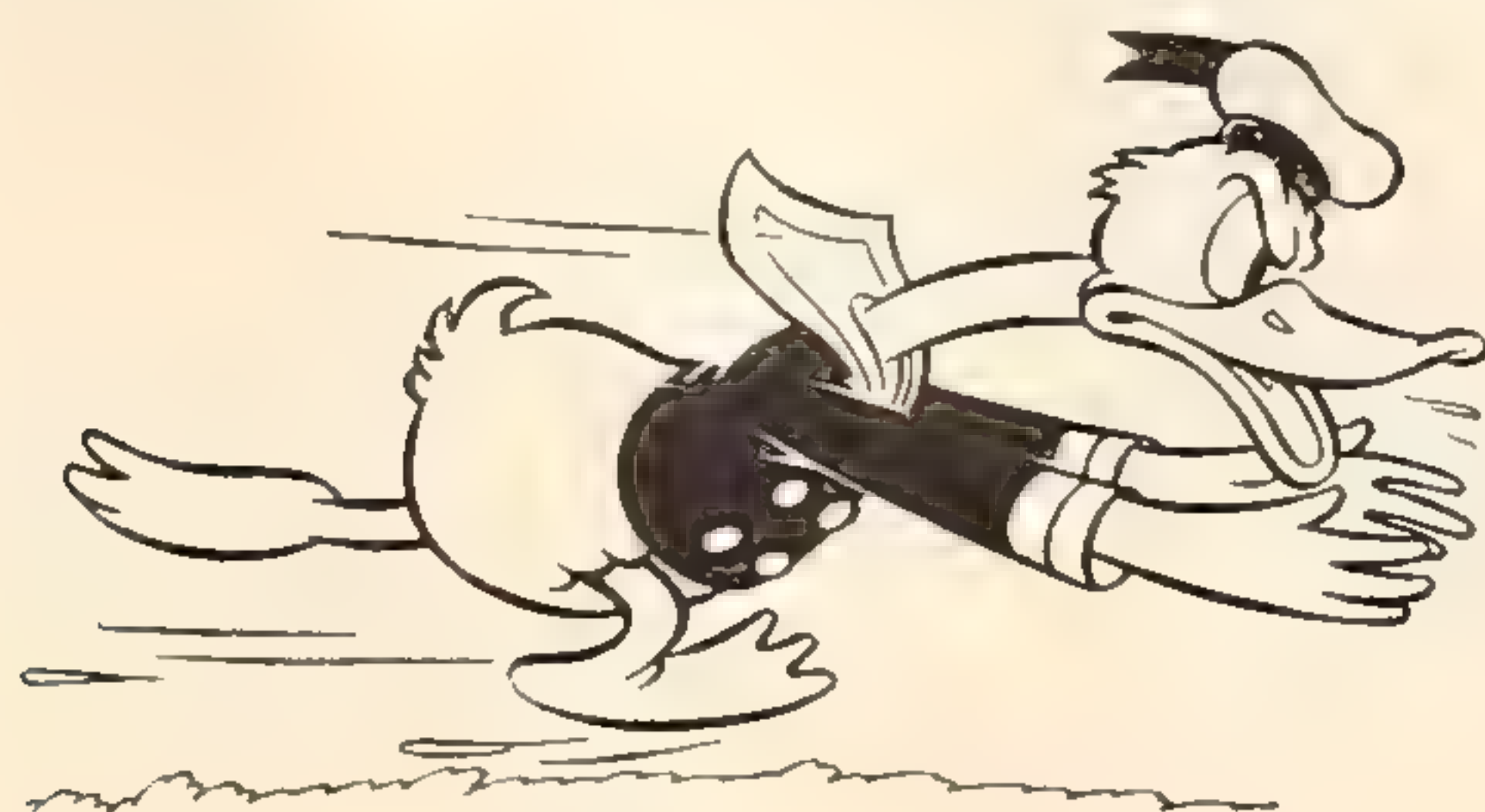
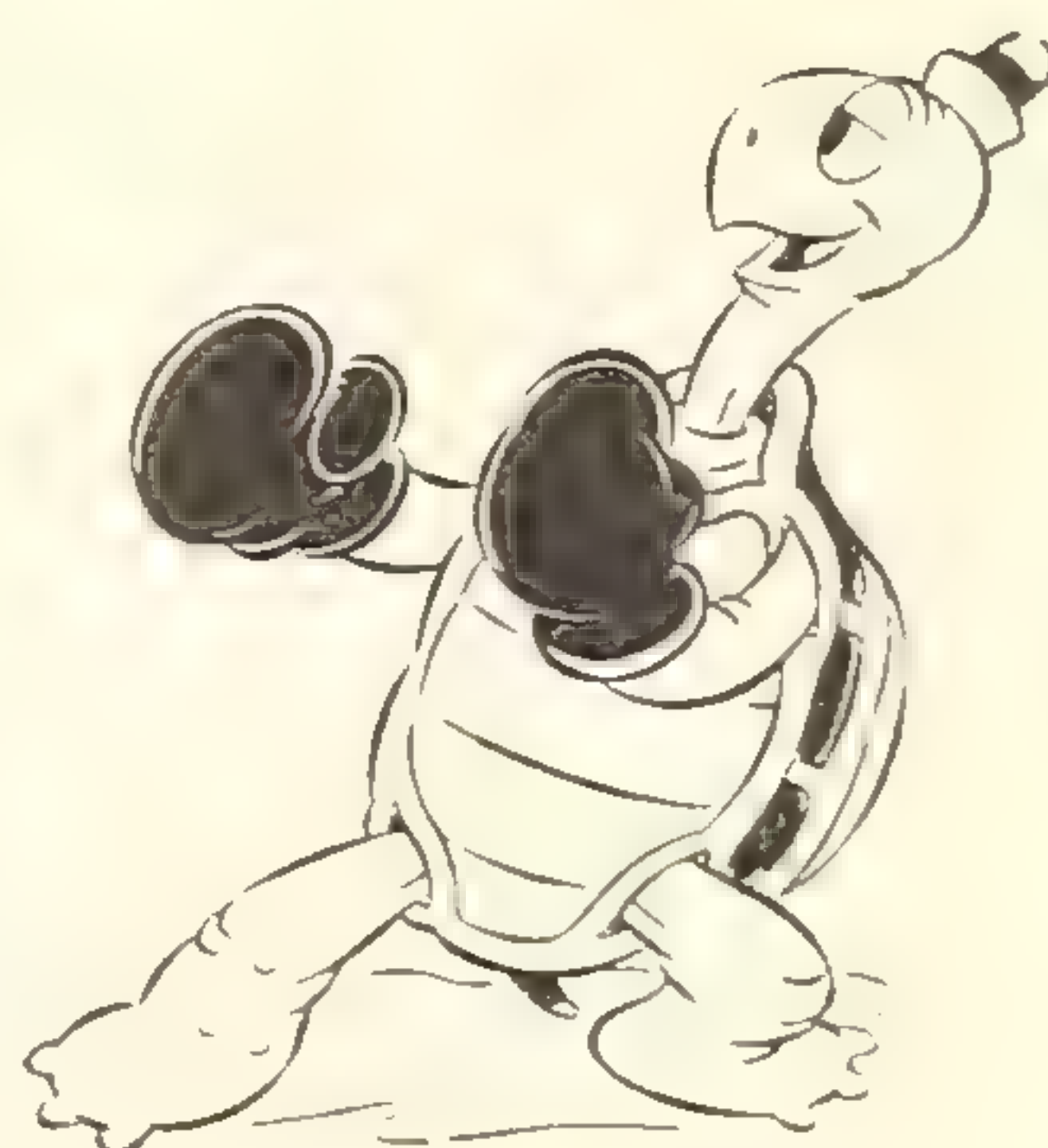
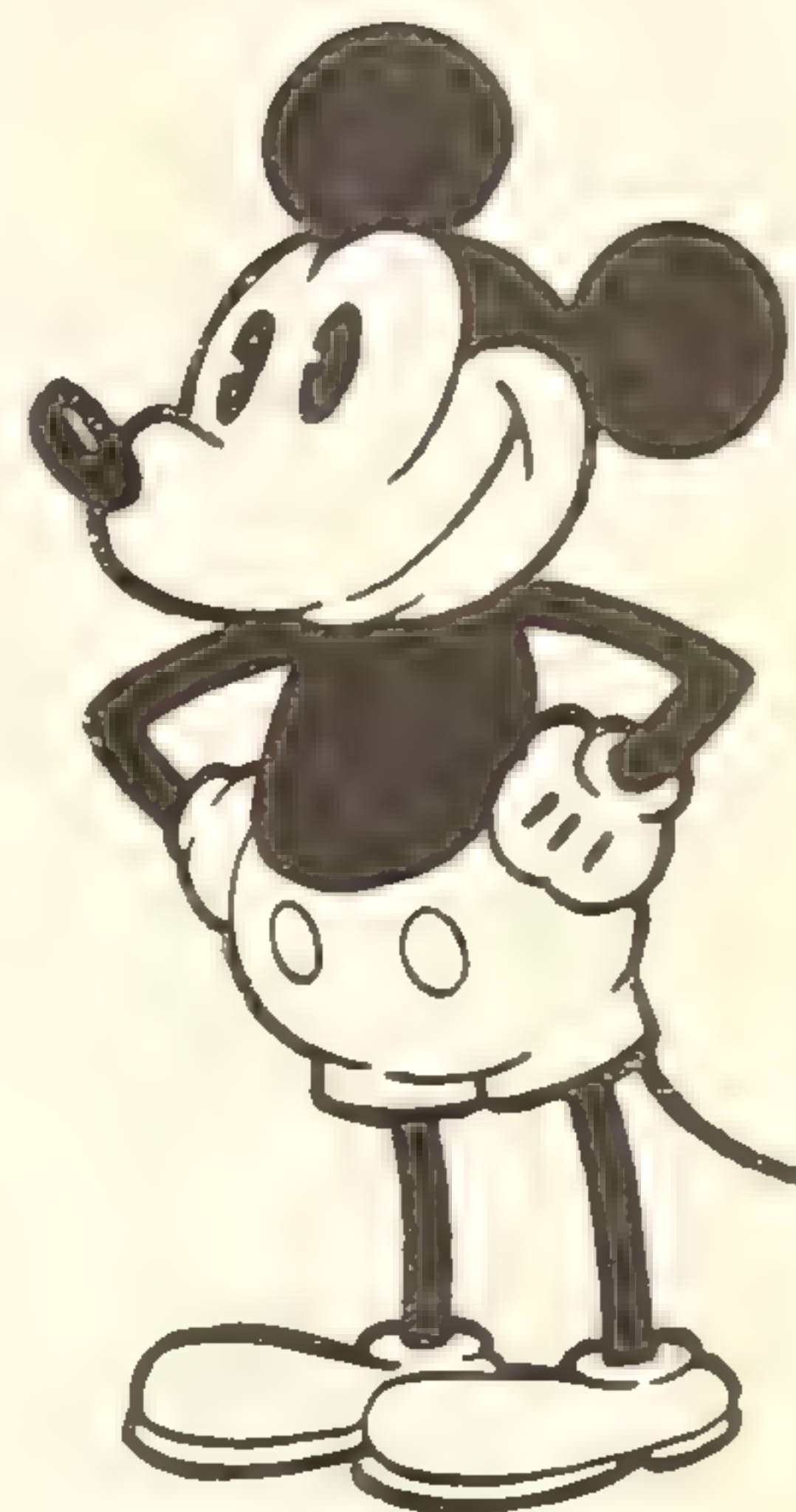


DEAR MR. DISNEY:

I write more in sorrow than in anger. I have recently seen your new "Silly Symphony," "Toby Tortoise Returns," and seeing it has made me madder than Donald Duck. I've been dodging the issue for some time now, hoping I was wrong, and you were right, as usual, in turning your incomparable comedies into more sophisticated entertainment. But I can't keep quiet any longer—and I'm not squawking just for myself, but for the movie audience I sat with who watched "Toby Tortoise" in a sort of uneasy silence, broken only by an occasional feeble chuckle. You see, I remember the howls of laughter that went up from the audiences at your "Three Little Pigs." I haven't forgotten the thrill it was to see that marvelous picture for the first time, and to realize proudly that something had come out of Hollywood swell enough to rank with "Alice in Wonderland." And then there were all the "Mickey's" of immortal memory, with "Mickey's Band Concert" hitting a new high in the comic saga of the beloved Mouse. Even when I saw "Mickey's Polo Team" I was only mildly alarmed—it *was* a grand idea to burlesque Hollywood celebrities. But then "Toby Tortoise" reared his ugly head—oh, I've nothing against Toby personally, you understand; he's all right in his way. But I resent seeing him join the select company of Mickey and the Pigs, Donald Duck and Pluto; because frankly, Mr. Disney, Toby and Maxie Hare just don't belong.

They don't belong because they smack too much of Broadway and Hollywood, instead of inspiration. They are professionals rather than glorious amateurs. They are smarties who know their way around. Not for them the sublime innocence of Mickey, the pathos of the Pigs, the exquisite rages of the thwarted D. Duck. No—Toby and the Hare are wise guys, see? They call upon firecrackers rather than character to help them out of their predicaments. They depend upon maewest wisecracks rather than wit. They are cleverly concocted, brilliantly executed colored cinema shorts; but they are not "Silly Symphonies" in the great Disney tradition.

After all, Mr. Disney, you and Chaplin have done more to make the movies an accepted art form than any other Hollywoodites. Mickey Mouse has girdled the globe and won for you the grateful laughter of millions. The feature on the bill might be heavy melodrama or sexy comedy; it didn't matter—"Mickey" was always welcome, just because he and his "Silly" pals stayed so quaint, so wilfully wholesome, so fantastic. Of course there's more to-do about "montage" and "mood" and *double-entendre* dialogue now than when Mickey made his bow; the motion pictures, as someone so brightly remarked, are no longer in their infancy. But Mickey must NOT grow up with them. Like Shirley Temple, when he does he's through. So let all the other producers in Hollywood be wise, be mae-westy, be brash or brazen. Let other stars learn all the answers. But let Mickey and Donald, and Toby alone, won't you? I think even Toby might be a pretty nice fellow if you'd let him be himself.



3 Girls on



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA WARREN

The three girls took turns lighting up. "Three on a match!" exclaimed Pat. "That means something is going to happen."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

When I tell you that I've enjoyed reading this first instalment of "3 Girls on A Match" more than any serial SCREENLAND has ever started, I mean that it gives a feeling of the true lives and struggles, hopes and dreams of ambitious girls in movieland more vividly than any other, and I think you'll agree with me. Pat, Ann, and Olga will walk right into your hearts, to say nothing of their several suitors. Here's excitement, drama, romance, as only Beth Brown can write; and I'm proud to present this new serial by the very popular author whose new book, "Riverside Drive," looks like another best-seller for Beth.

D. E.

IT WAS seven in the morning when the telephone rang.

Pat rolled off the davenport and reached for the instrument. Who in the world could be calling so early? It couldn't be Bud. He knew better. Maybe it was Olga to say she was still at a hotcha cinema party out in Beverly Hills. Maybe it was Mr. Dewey again telephoning long distance for his daughter Ann to come home to Dubuque. It might even be the talent scout from Paramount who had tested Pat six months ago. This was Hollywood, and the strangest things happened in Hollywood.

A smooth voice came over the line: "Pat O'Day?"

"Why, yes—" The red-headed Pat tried to place the caller. In her best drawing-room tone: "Who is it, please?"

"Major Piano Company."

"Oh."

"Yeah, that's right." The voice grew gruff. "There's gonna be a van around to pick up the upright. No payments—no piano." The threat was punctuated by a metallic click.

Pat put the receiver slowly back on the hook. No piano meant no music lesson today—and no music lesson today meant no part in musicals tomorrow.

She looked out on the sunny street lined with court upon court of one-story wooden bungalows. Hollywood

was a pretty stage drop for the heartaches that went on behind the scene.

Some day, someone would write the inside story. It would not be the story of Garbo and glamor—of the Gables and the Colmans, the Colberts and the Barrymores. No, it would be the story of the extra girl—who lived in a world of her own—a world filled with countless economies for the sake of an evening gown—a world in which a manicure and a finger wave were more important than eating and lessons in diction, singing and personality were infinitely more necessary than sleeping.

She must not forget to call Mr. Gianninni and cancel that precious half-hour. Now with the piano gone, there could be no lessons. There could be no Gianninni. Pat sighed as she went to answer the loud pounding at the back door.

It was Mrs. McGuinness, the landlady, in a flannel flowered morning wrapper. Mrs. McGuinness, fifty, fat, and florid. She owned the bungalow court where Pat, Ann and Olga made their home.

The three girls lived in the smallest of the bungalows, sharing the bed, the bills, and the dilapidated little car—and like thousands of other extras who had come to Hollywood with a dream in their eyes, always looking

a Match

By

Beth Brown

Begin the most human and appealing story of Hollywood life and love that SCREENLAND has ever given you! Meet the most enchanting three girls you've encountered in a long time! Here is Beth Brown's latest, liveliest serial

beyond. Beyond lay the brown hills. Beyond lay the movie studios. Beyond lay the proverbial pot of gold, fame, fortune, a twenty-room house with a swimming pool and bacon and eggs for breakfast. Meanwhile, here was reality in the person of Mrs. McGuinness.

"I've come to get the rent, dearie, or the key to the bungalow by ten o'clock at the latest. I ain't running no benefit for nobody."

"You'll have your money tonight."

"That's what you said last night and the night before."

"Olga's working at Paramount."

"Olga ain't worked in weeks." Mrs. McGuinness kicked the garbage can with the knowing toe of her house slipper. "You can't fool me, dearie. You girls ain't been eating regular." She humphed. "Nothing but coffee grinds."

The front door was clamoring for attention.

"The bell," said Pat.

"The rent—" said Mrs. McGuinness, "—tonight—or out you go!" She wheeled about grimly.

Pat raced through the living room to see who was at the front door.

"Top of the morning!"

"Oh, hello, Bud."

Bud Bradley was Pat's boy friend from the old home town. He had driven all the way from Tallahassee in the hope of persuading Pat to

Bud looked on gloomily. The brightness had gone out of his world. "For the last time, Pat," he said, "how about you and me?"



give up the movies and marry him. The diamond ring was still in his pocket but Bud had not given up hope. His handsome face shone with early morning scrubbing. His bright voice brimmed over with boyish exuberance. "How's my little chickadee today?"

"You're kind of early."

"You know why." He leaned across the geraniums in the low window boxes and kissed her. "All set for the beach?"

"Will be in a jiffy. Have a sit outside while I get Cheopatra off the couch."

"Got a surprise for you."

Pat rewarded him with a dazzling white smile that lighted up her heart-shaped face. Red hair, retroussé nose, full lips, stubborn chin—Pat radiated a zest for life seasoned by a sense of humor. "Chocolate cigarettes?"

"Guess again."

"Rubber lamb chop?"

"Not this time."

"I give up."

"Mrs. Duffy fixed us a roast chicken——"

"Gosh! Bud!"

"A whole one. And cold slaw and potato salad and sweet and sour pickles. I've got the grub all packed away in the rumble seat of the car."

"Wait till I tell Ann and Olga."

"Ann and Olga nothing! They aren't in on this party! This one's strictly private—for little you and me."

"Just as you say—" Pat plucked two wilted geranium leaves and stood there, studying them disconsolately.

Bud reached over the flower box, caught her hand, held it. "You can't fool me, honey. I know you're up against it. Why don't you give it up? You'll never get anywhere in this racket. It's just like reaching for the moon. Hollywood may be all right for the Harlows and the Garbos but Tallahassee's where you and I belong. Come on, Honey. Pack your things and let's go home—" His eager voice grew sober. "I've got my eye on a little white house with a garden. I'll get you a girl to help with the work, I'll do my darndest to make you happy. Honest I will!"

"Thanks, Bud." Pat was touched. In a husky voice: "You're one swell egg."

"Then it's yes?"

"I don't know, Bud. I don't know what to say—" She looked beyond him toward the hills. "I'd like to stick it out till I make good."

"You've been here three years, Pat, trying to crash the gates—"

"Yes, I know. And I'm still an extra at fifteen a day—two days a month if I'm lucky."

Bud persisted: "Isn't your arm tired reaching for the moon? Aren't you ever coming down to earth?"

She smiled ruefully. Then her soft voice filled with yearning and her big eyes filled with hope. "Gianninni says I'm good. He thinks I've got what it takes. He—" (Continued on page 78)

The Younger Set of Hollywood

SOMERSET MAUGHAM once wrote, "To me, nothing is more wonderful than the consciousness of youth which in these days the young have. They are deeply aware that it is lovely and fugitive. They know, as we of a past day did not, that it is precious and that they must make the most of it."

Nothing truer was ever written—particularly of the younger set in Hollywood. Not only do they realize that youth is fugitive, they know that fame is fleeting. Even more wonderful is the fact that most of them have sense enough to make sure that success is going to be lasting.

They have looks, fame, position, and money enough to enjoy themselves while they're young. If you ask me, they're God's chosen people, for there is nowhere else on earth that youth rides as high and importantly as it does in Hollywood.

The beauty of it is that with all their success, most of them are just average kids. Take Tom Brown—and if you don't want him, I'll take him. I've known Tom for about five years now. He made one of the very first talkies—"The Lady Lies"—with Claudette Colbert



Pert Patricia Ellis, above, a leader of that "younger set." Tom Brown, right, "tells all" about some of his pals—below, left to right, Robert Cummings, Olivia de Havilland, Eleanore Whitney, all gay hopefuls.



and Walter Huston. Then he went back to New York, stayed there on the stage and radio for a few years and came back to Hollywood, practically a star at Universal. Tom never clicked as a star but, with the exception of Frank Albertson, he's the best juvenile in the business and he has worked steadily. He has also been mighty prominent in the social life of the younger set.

Nowhere else in the world does Youth ride as high as in Hollywood! So let us tell you the amazing true story of these boys and girls who are winning fame and fortune and still keeping their feet firmly on the ground



By
S. R. Mook

June Travis, below, is a pampered "only child" but chose picture work. Above, left to right, more members of the group of fortunate youngsters who are acquiring the wealth and prestige that usually take lifetimes to attain: Anne Shirley, still in her teens; Ida Lupino, the little English girl who joined the Hollywood colony; and Johnny Downs, who began with "Our Gang" as a kid. He's still a youngster.

I always get a terrific bang out of Tom! He talks in italics. Everything is so important it has to be emphasized. One of Booth Tarkington's heroes come to life—or Samuel Merwyn's "Passionate Pilgrim."

If anyone else said some of the things Tom says you might smile inwardly and think "adolescent." It's only Tom's intensity and terrific enthusiasm that amuse me. His ideas are sound and well-thought-out. His vocabulary and flow of English might well be envied by almost any actor in Hollywood. Few of them can equal it.

A few years ago Tom, thinking it would be a good idea for all the young actors of Hollywood to know each other, organized the Puppets Club. Practically every youngster in Hollywood who stood any chance of getting anywhere, and some who didn't, belonged.

"It was swell for a little while," Tom said, speaking of the club, "but in a club with as large a membership as ours there were bound to be a few discordant spirits. We didn't like to kick anyone out; and anyhow, we began to grow up, so finally we thought the best thing to do was just disband. Now we see each other once or twice a month and the rest of the time we have dates with whom we please, and sometimes double-date. It works out much better this way. Right now, Toby Wing and I have been seeing a lot of each other. I suppose I hand her some laughs and she hands me some. She has a swell sense of humor. The nicest part of it is there's nothing serious. We just enjoy being with each other."

The list of girls who have enjoyed being with Tom at one time or another reads like a directory of Hollywood's feminine Who's Who. I remember when he and Ida Lupino handed each other laughs.

Life isn't all laughs to him, though. He has a goal and he knows what he wants. "Maybe I'm not what you'd call *old*," he explained, "but I'm not a kid any more. (Continued on page 70)





SCREENLAND spends a whole day with Bob and reveals many unknown facts about the boy. Reading down: he begins the day by turning on the radio, for he must have music wherever he goes. Next, breakfast—but not much of it. Then, telephoning for a date with Babs, and looking over his domain.



WHAT is Robert Taylor like without benefit of ballyhoo?

I'm telling *All!* I have just spent an entire day with him, informally. It was his first day away from Garbo and "Camille," the only free time he's had in more than a month. He wasn't on guard for a regular interview.

So what? Oh, the things he did and the things he said—! If you think you have already heard the Facts about the handsomest guy in town, you're in for a flock of genuine surprises. I went to his house for breakfast and stayed on. Bob was one big surprise after another and the joke was on me, too; I'd often talked to him at M-G-M and thought I had him perfectly cataloged. Now I've learned something important: for the absolute low-down on your favorite movie star one must tag along on a *real* day, when he's far from a bustling studio. It's as smart a trick as having your new enthusiasm with you on a camping trip!

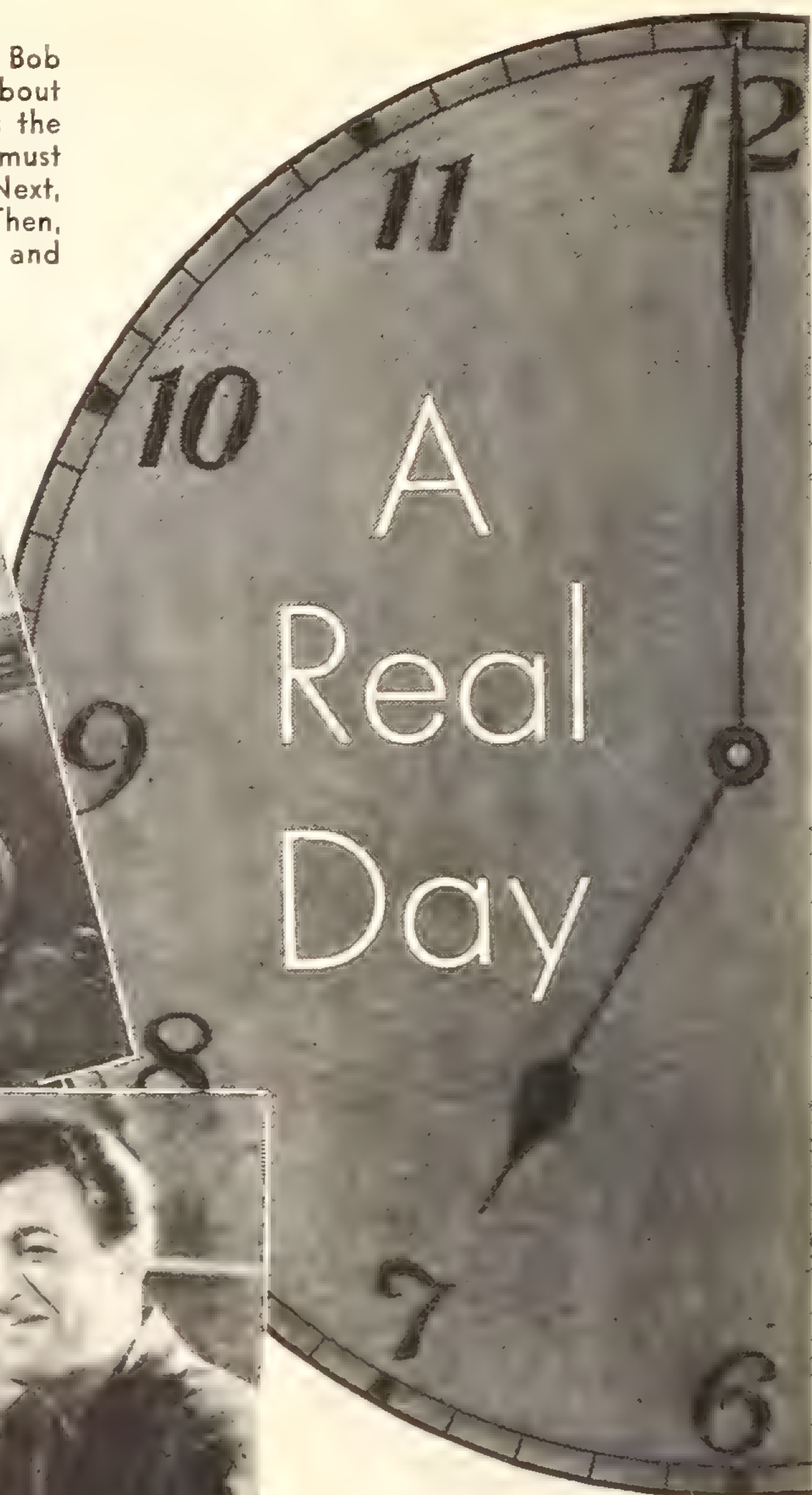
Bob phoned at 8:00 in the morning. "I'm finally a free soul. I'm going to relax today, but I need company. Maybe we can get in some tennis. Or I'll take you for a ride!"

Little did I realize what these offers portended. He has acquired a serve that is definitely maddening. And as for the latter crack, hmm—that devil Taylor!

It appeared he had found a telegram under his front door when he'd arrived home at 11:00 the night before. It advised him that he wouldn't have to work this day—the studio resorting to a wire when nobody was home to answer the telephone. Bob had been moonlight driving down Malibu road with Barbara Stanwyck and Joe, his "man," had been celebrating his own night off by calling on his girl.

I hurried to the Taylor establishment, which is a compact, one-story bachelor cottage on a beautiful tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills. There is no wall secluding it, and the porch is decked with flowering plants. Inside the rooms are all in warm brown shades and are furnished in simple but excellent taste. They aren't cluttered up and the sunlight pours in through many windows. Bob's been renting for the past year and it's easy to gather that he's an ideal tenant for a discriminating landlord.

He came to let me in himself, in a gaily checkered lounging





Left, Rembrandt in his studio. Below, dramatic episodes in which Laughton, Elsa Lanchester as Hendrickje, and Gertrude Lawrence as Geertje, enact the chief characters.

Great biographical drama starring Charles Laughton as the heroic genius whose life was as courageous as his art

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please See Page 84 for Cast and Credits

collectors as no auction of our time has ever assembled. The auction is now open. I will take your offers."

"Forty thousand dollars!" Vienna began the bidding and soon the room became alive with voices mounting with their bids. Hundreds of thousands of dollars tossed about as lightly as if they had been as many cents until at the end the director from the New York museum stopped them with his bid of five hundred thousand.

"Rembrandt's laughing self-portrait goes to the United States of America!" the auctioneer announced, and the excitement died down almost as quickly as it had stirred; and now those who had been defeated in their bidding crowded closer around the painting.

"Five hundred thousand dollars!" A man's voice broke in. "If Rembrandt's entire output were placed on the market, how much do you suppose it would bring?"

"Let me see," a foremost art critic did some mental calculating, "including the drawings and etchings I should say thirty million dollars."

"More like forty million," interposed another.

"How Rembrandt would laugh!" said the man who had first spoken, and his eyes looked deep into the painted eyes staring at him.

"He does!" The art critic
(Continued on page 84)



London

Where they work a lot—and play a little! Our exclusive department from England keeps you informed as to the world-wide adventures of your movie darlings

By Hettie Grimstead



MUSIC greets me when I arrive on the set, for Miriam Hopkins is playing the piano between shots of "Triangle." Characteristically outspoken, she has plenty to say when our conversation turns to her former films.

"'These Three' was by far my best picture—gracious, how I had to argue with Sam Goldwyn before he would allow me to wear those spectacles! That school-teacher was a real living woman, genuine characterization. I want to play human beings on the screen, not glamorous daughters of luxury, and I mean to in the future. I haven't any illusions about my art. I know I am not a second Bernhardt or a Duse but since I've been an actress all my life, I do know something about acting. I could do good character work and I will, very soon."

This latest rôle of



Miriam Hopkins, above, likes her new rôle in a British picture. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone, left, appearing together in an English film, have afternoon tea on the set. Elisabeth Bergner, left, below, has a modern part in her current cinema. See Dietrich, below, greeting a baby "extra," as Marlene enacts a Russian rôle in "Knight without Armor," in England.



hers should satisfy even restless, vital Miriam, for it is unusually interesting. As the dramatic critic of a London newspaper, she writes a false notice about a performance of "Othello," to help her friends the two stars who are happily married in actual life and completely opposite to the rôles they played on the stage. But inspired by Miriam's notice, circumstances turn the man into a modern replica of the jealous *Othello* while the woman takes up the attitude of *Desdemona* too. Comedy-drama

with a sound background of psychological truth and some lovely dresses for Miriam, including a draped silver satin especially created by the designer who made the Duchess of Gloucester's wedding-gown and other Royal models.

Talking of fashion models, Marlene Dietrich arrived in London wearing her sumptuous cape of red-gold foxes and bringing twenty-one trunks, twenty-nine handbags, a black steel jewel-box, a Hollywood girl hairdresser, two maids, eleven-year-old daughter Maria and accompanied by husband Rudolph Sieber who's slim and dapper and has exquisitely-cut blue suede gloves. She has come to play for Alexander Korda in the great new studios he has built at Denham in Buckinghamshire, a modernistic concrete oasis of film efficiency amidst the sleepy wooded (Continued on page 30)



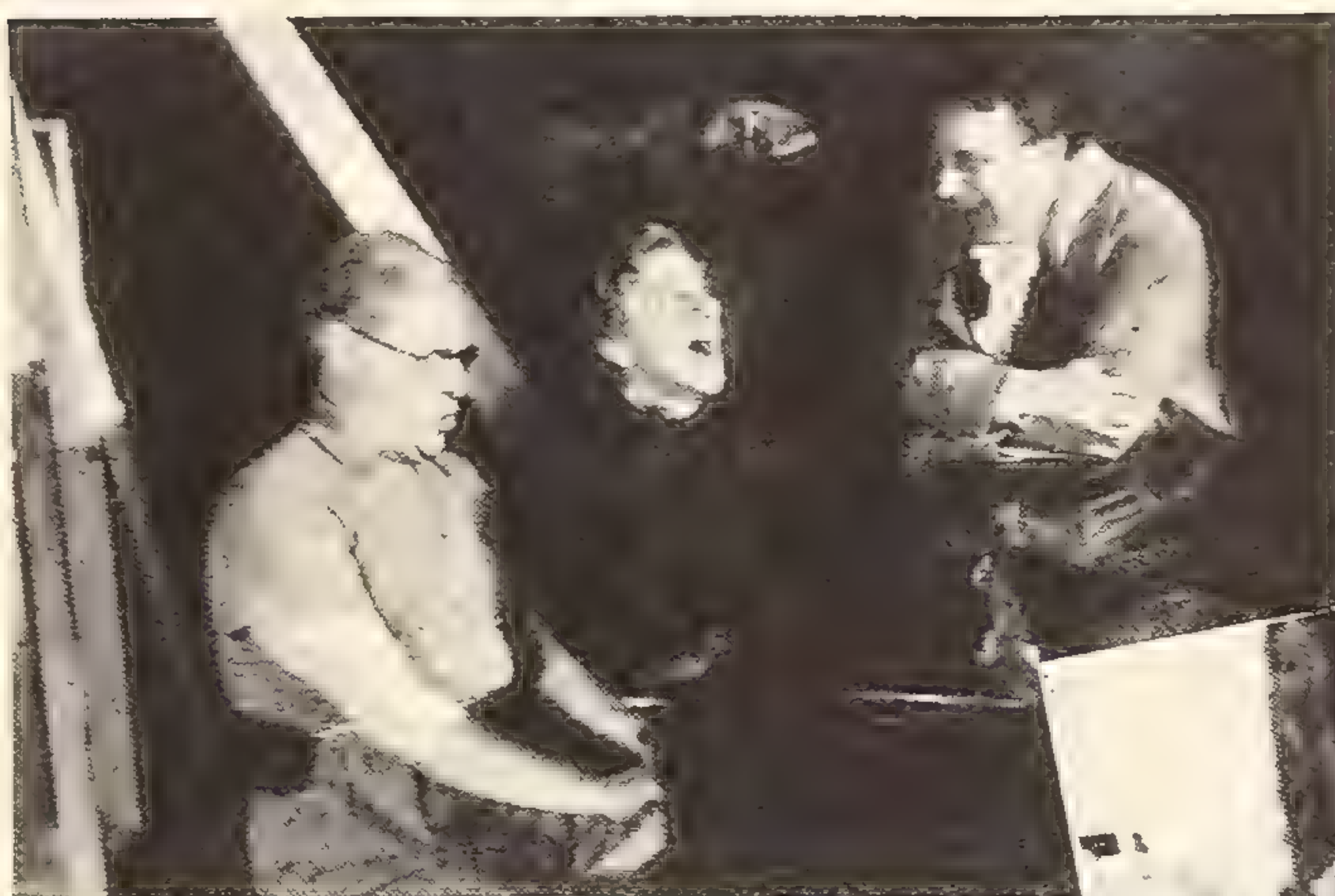


Paris

Where they play a lot—and work a little! Your favorite film stars take on new interest as they sparkle in that dear Paris, as reported by our exclusive correspondent

By Stiles Dickenson

Sylvia Sidney, above, brightened Paris briefly on a recent visit. Jimmy Durante, center in the picture at right, made Paris much gayer during his stay. Lew Ayres and Fred Astaire, lower right, were welcome visitors. Finally, Bette Davis and her husband "did" the town from cafés to catacombs, while Bette was "on vacation" without leave from her studio.

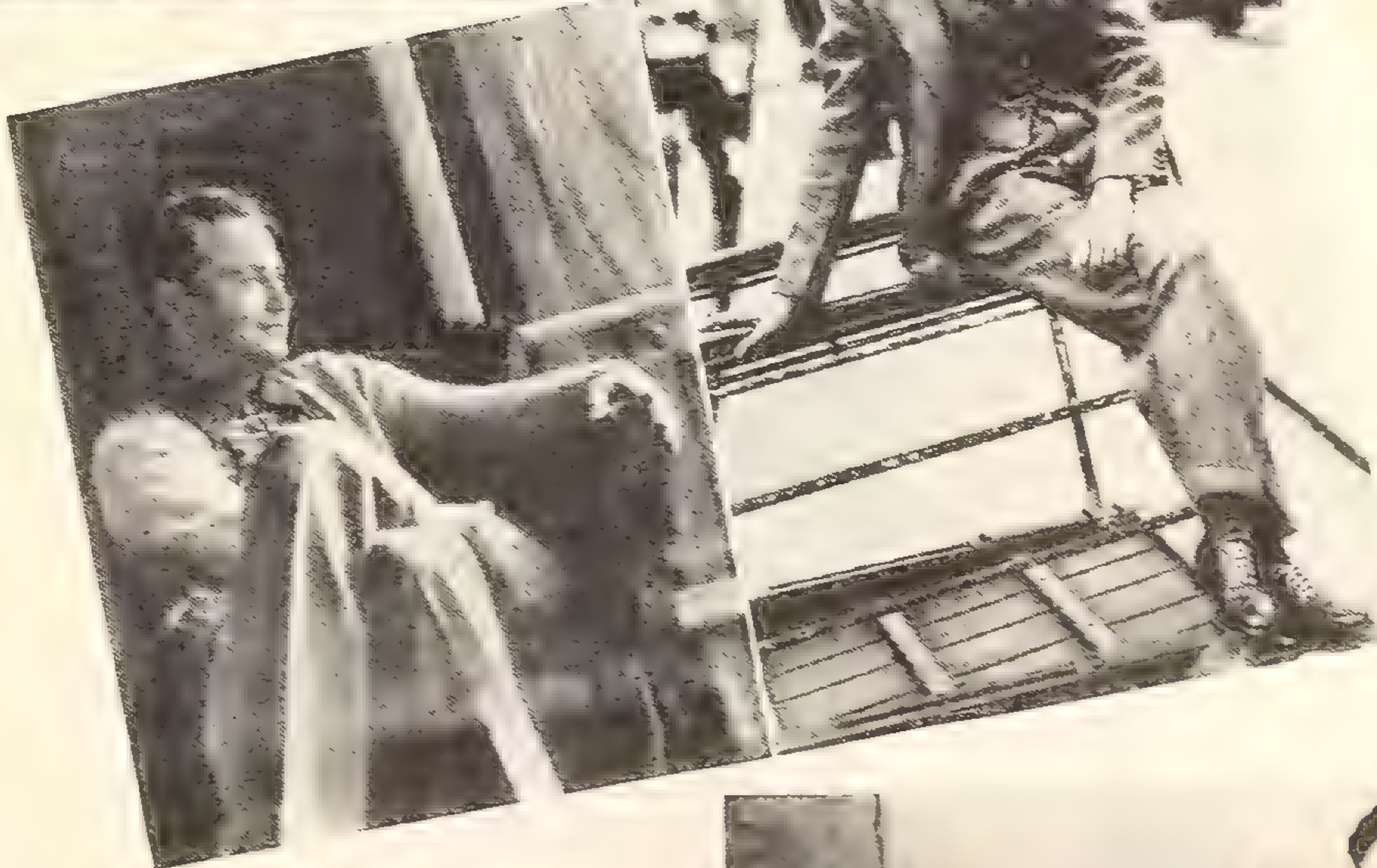


we in Paris were grumbling about our cold, wet summer. So it was nice to see the radiant, blonde Bette on an otherwise cheerless day. Her off-screen personality is as vivid and clearly marked as on the screen, and her huge eyes carry a world of expression in their clear depths. I was sorry she left so soon, for

I should have liked to show her some of the sights of Paris—but not the sewers. She flew off in the rain to London leaving a very dark and empty Paris behind her.

Fred Astaire's holiday visit to Europe was quite as one thinks of him on the screen. A leap and a bound from the boat at (Continued on page 94)

"WONDER what keeps Ham so long in the sewers!" said Bette Davis at the Crillon. To the casual reader that remark no doubt needs a bit of explaining. The big-eyed blonde star was waiting for her husband, "Ham" Nelson, who was on a tour of the catacombs of Paris. The visit didn't appeal to Bette, much to our gain. She was in France for a little sight-seeing while anxiously awaiting the outcome of her studio quarrel with Warner Brothers. If the court verdict turned out in her favor she planned to fly to London and make "I'll Take the Low Road" with Douglass Montgomery as leading man. It was raining hard and Bette took it as a good omen, for most of her successful ventures have started amid rain storms. It rained torrents when she married Nelson four years ago. They are still happily married. It rained hard the first day of shooting "Of Human Bondage." We all know what that film did for her. "Not only that, but it simply poured the day I was born, and how the rain comes down at every opening of all my pictures!" One of Bette's favorite actresses was the late Jeanne Eagels, whose success in "Rain" made Broadway history. Such a sweet cheerful soul Jeanne was when



What Women Wish Men Wouldn't Do!

SOME of the glamorous gentlemen of the screen expressed themselves, in SCREENLAND, not long ago about what they wished women wouldn't do. Well, now, girls, that started something! I was really amazed at the number of feminine screen stars who bristled, (in ladylike fashion, of course!), and said, in effect, "So that's what the men think of us! Let us tell you that *we* have some complaints to make, too!" I quaked a bit, as who wouldn't? But it seemed only fair to allow the feminine contingent to have its say.

Virginia Bruce was the first one, with a rather plaintive note in her voice.

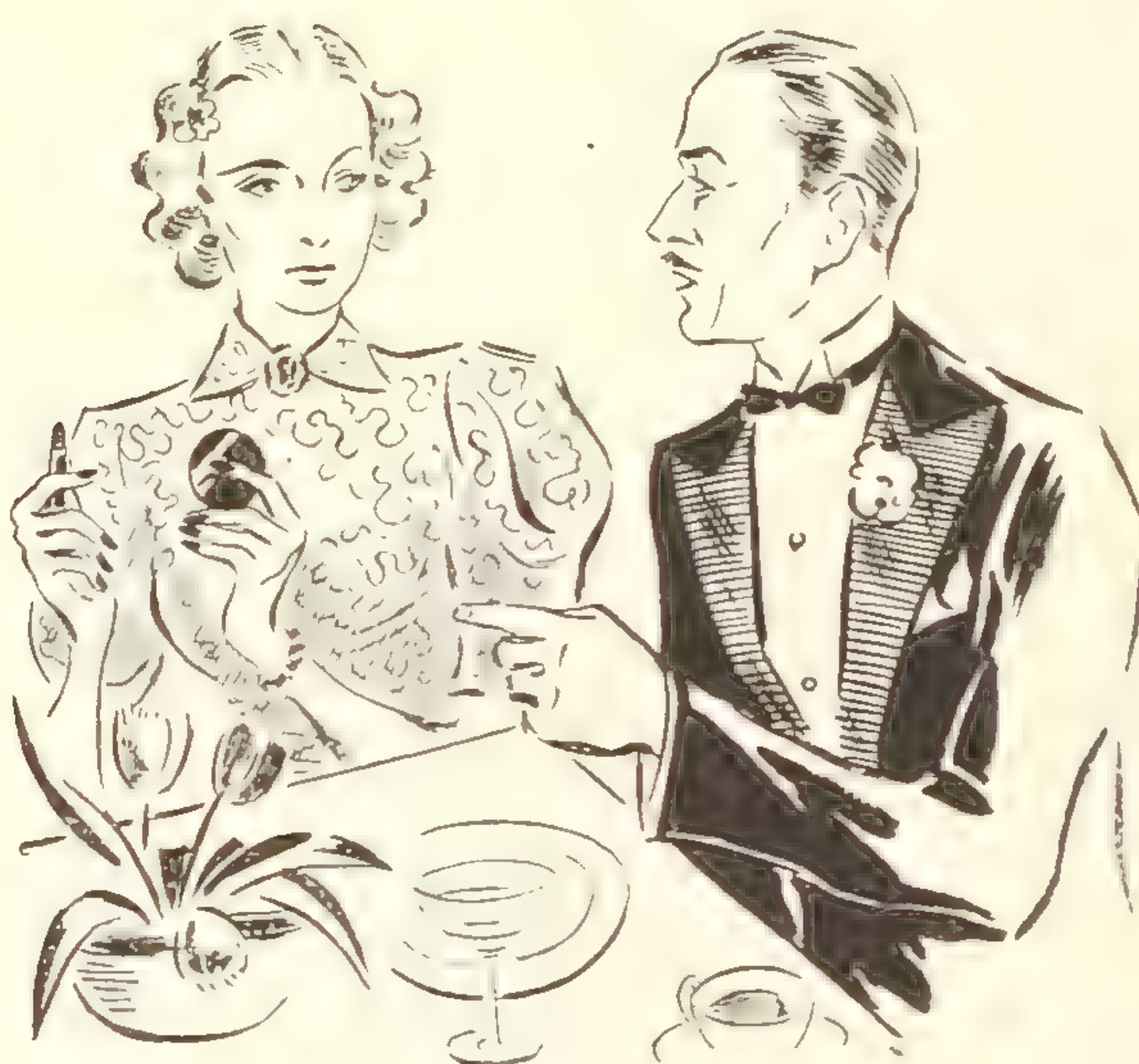
"Why," she inquired, "must men always try to remodel us? If a man is attracted to a woman and proves it by calling her, sending flowers, deluging her with invitations to accompany him here and there, it is only logical for her to believe that he is attracted to the woman he first met. But—does it work out that way?"

"You know as well as I do that as soon as he has succeeded in establishing a relationship which approaches intimacy, he begins to make suggestions about how she should change her personality.

"I don't like those red fingernails," he remarks. "If you want to please *me*, you will wear a natural tint at your finger tips. I don't like that heavy lipstick. I don't like that artificial wave in your hair. I like a natural, soft, unstudied hair-line. I wish you wouldn't wear slacks in public."

"Of course, he doesn't say *all* these things at one time. But one by one, he expresses these opinions. At first you are puzzled. He fell in love in the first place didn't he, with a woman who stained her nails red, who wore slacks in public, and who patronized the most fashionable hairdresser she could afford?"

"Perhaps red fingernails



Virginia Bruce, top, wants to know, "Why do men always try to remodel us? If we like red fingernails and lots of lipstick, we'll use 'em!" Dolores Del Rio, above, dislikes men who won't dress for evening when she's in a dress-up mood. Read the story to discover the reason for Joan Bennett's look of reproach and disapproval, at right.



express you. Perhaps you are happier with that artificial hair-line than you could possibly be with the one Nature gave you. Perhaps slacks are a symbol to you of comfort, convenience, and independence, symbols of the woman who first attracted him!

"The average man's 'ideal woman' seems to be someone who might have stepped out of Godey's Lady Book. We wish that they wouldn't try to cram us back into conventions which are as constricting to our spirits as the old-fashioned bodices and tight shoes were to women's bodies!"

Fastidious Dolores Del Rio wishes that men would not sacrifice quality to quantity in their clothes.

"I can't bear a man in a cheap, ill-fitting suit," she said, wrinkling her nose in a manner which left no doubt at all as to her feelings. "No woman of any taste objects to a man in a shabby suit if it is well-chosen and well-tailored. If his finances make it necessary for him to choose between one good suit and four bad ones, let him, by all means, choose the good one even if he must wear it until it is threadbare and shining. Women will like him better for that."

"Also I am impatient with men who dislike to 'dress' for an evening's entertainment. That is, perhaps, selfish of me. I enjoy wearing pretty clothes. I like myself in evening frocks. I have a better time if I 'dress up' for a party than I do if I must go in street apparel. It can't be really painful for a man to don a dinner coat for an evening. Yet, so many men raise childish objections to this small formality. Women wish they wouldn't!"

Anita Louise introduced a youthful note into this discussion.

"I can't abide men who don't wear garters!" she announced, her lovely chin in the air. "And I wish—oh, how I wish—that they would never hum while we are

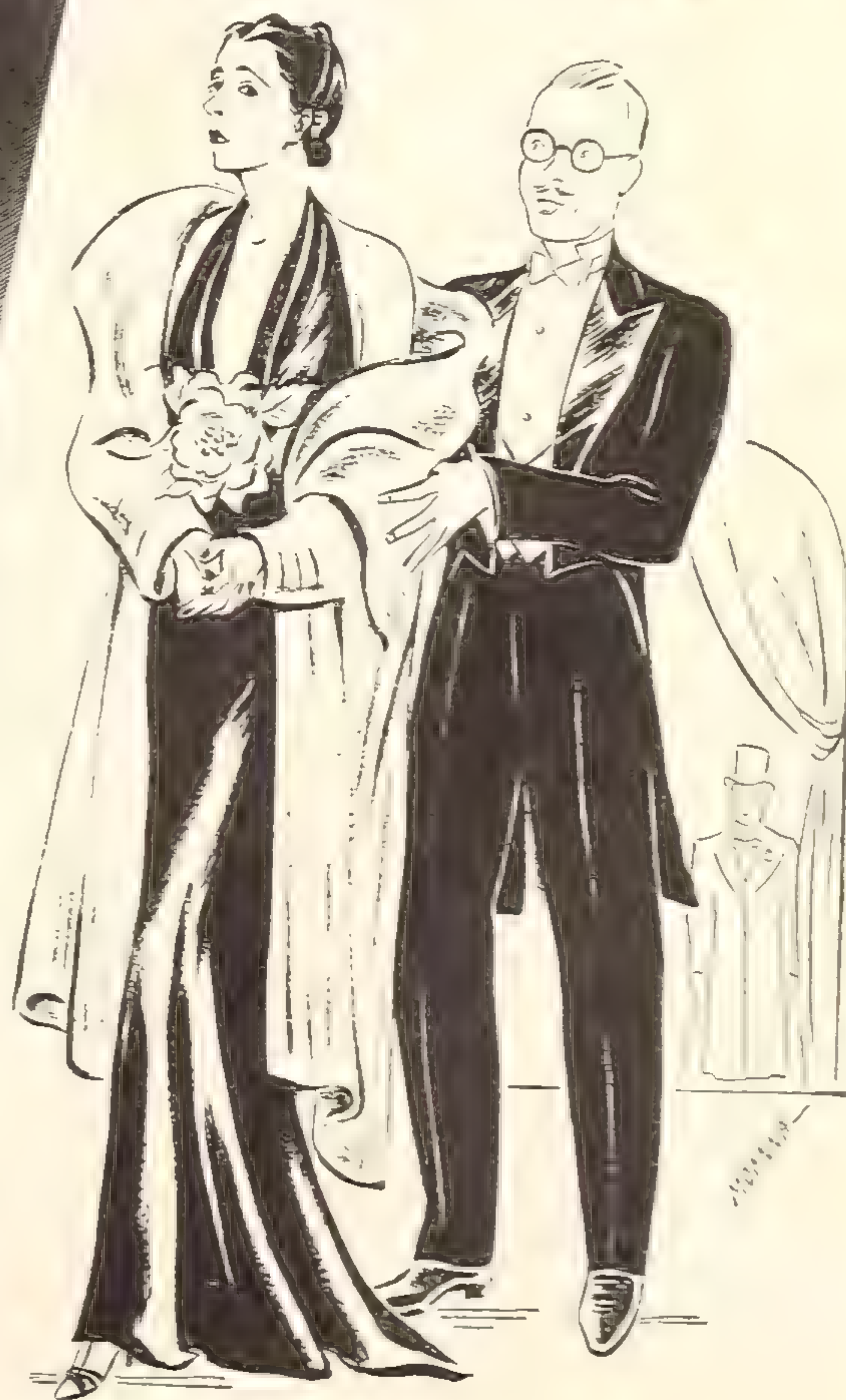
The girls of Hollywood, up in arms over that article we ran called "What Men Wish Women Wouldn't Do," speak their minds about their masculine critics in sizzling style and quite unmistakable terms

By Helen Louise Walker

dancing! They nearly always do. There ought to be a law!

"As for the man who calls you on the telephone and begins with, 'Well, how have you been?' and then goes into a long, long, meaningless conversation—I can't tell you what I think of *him*! But the next time he calls, he is told that I am out or busy or indisposed or something. I really think," she added, with a note of wonder, "that they believe that they are being entertaining!"

(Continued on page 76)



Anita Louise, top, can't abide men who don't wear garters! Kay Francis, above, is likely to scream if you remind her of that "Best-Dressed Woman" title, and definitely resents being typed as an exotic decoration to any man's evening. Jean Harlow, left, values the romantic gesture, and regrets its omission by modern suitors.

Co-starring in Their Greatest Romance!



The most amazing chapter in the life-success story of Joan Blondell is her romantic romance with Hollywood's most popular crooning star. Top, the latest portraits of the happy Powells.

FOR a gal who came to Hollywood in 1930 in an upper-berth on a very unchic train I must say that Joan Blondell has done all right for herself. A few weeks ago I was one of the hysterical seer-offers who, with rice in my hair, (and I'd like to know who threw that old shoe), watched Joan sail out of Los Angeles Harbor after a most unique ship wedding in which she said "I do" to Mr. Dick Powell in a gay effusion of orchids. From a cramped upper berth to the *deluxe* bridal suite of the S.S. Santa Paula in six years is really something to talk about, around the fire-side of an evening; or, if you prefer, around the bar at the Trocadero.

When Joan stretched herself at the Santa Fe station six years ago, after three thousand most uncomfortable miles, she didn't know where her next job was coming from; she was in Hollywood purely



And so they were married! But the love story of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell doesn't end there; it's just beginning. So read this really authoritative feature by the one writer in all Hollywood who knows them best

By Elizabeth Wilson

on speculation, and speculation in Hollywood is just about as comfortable as a park bench on a cold night. Being a member of the famous Blondell Act, (which had gone the way of all good vaudeville), Joan knew what to do with grease-paint and curtain calls and she had a definite feeling that she could out-emote Garbo or out-sway Mae West if given half a chance, but Hollywood can be awfully mean and unappreciative when it wants to be. The Blondell fortunes had been at low ebb for several years, ever since Mr. Blondell had lost his shirt and Joan's middy blouse in a San Diego real estate boom, which really went boom. As Joanie explains it today: "Just think, if only Johnny, [the family calls Mr. Blondell Johnny because he doesn't remind them of John Barrymore], had bought Brentwood or Holmby Hills, instead of a lot of land undersea in San Diego, we could all be wearing lorgnettes today."

After running a store in Denton, Texas, and being a salesgirl and a librarian in New York City, Joan got a break in the stage productions of "Daisy Mayme" and "Penny Arcade" and with her filthy lucre gained thereof bought herself a couple of dresses and an upper berth and set out for Hollywood to establish once more the Blondell fortunes which this time would *not* be sunk in San Diego real estate. After a fair success in the screen version of "Penny Arcade," in which Mr. James Cagney also made his Hollywood debut, the Warner Brothers signed Joan on a long-term contract, but they weren't giving out much money at that time and Joan soon discovered that she was working practically for the experience

and little else. It was just about that time that I first met her, and started a friendship that has lasted until this day, which is a pretty good record for Hollywood, I must say.

I'll never forget that first interview; if I live to be a hundred I'll still be cackling about it. It was a cold, (yes, even in California), January afternoon that I pulled my old beaver about me, went into second, and greatly resembling an iceberg arrived at Miss Blondell's mountain-top home to interview her on the life and loves of Joan Blondell and to what did she attribute her success—which caused a loud snort—and did she believe in marriage or a career or what. Now my frigidness wasn't entirely due to the mountain breezes. I had seen Miss Blondell in "Night Nurse," (remember Mr. Gable?), with Barbara Stanwyck, and "Blonde Crazy" with Jimmy Cagney, and "Union Depot" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and I thought her a grand actress and probably a swell gal that I'd like to know. But other fan writers had warned me that Miss Blondell of the big blue eyes wasn't the coziest person in Hollywood by any means, that she had the distinctly disturbing habit of deciding the minute she met a person that she didn't like the person, and that it would take more lava

than Vesuvius could toss up in a lifetime to thaw her out. My, my, I was scared stiff.

Joan and I discovered that we had friends in common, before either of us had a chance to completely jell, and there's nothing I always say like friends in common, and the first thing I knew we were hitting it off beautifully. I stayed (*Cont. on page 90*)

SCREENLAND shows you, here, the outstanding costumes from Mrs. Dick Powell's trousseau. Beginning on page opposite, and reading from left to right: travel costume of satin and wool, worn with pirate hat; black afternoon frock, with belt accented with a touch of turquoise, also seen in her clown hat; bridal negligée of beige crepe robe, worn under a tie-on coat of honey-brown chiffon; Juliet gown of blue-green velvet; bolero town frock enhanced by military braid and white jabot, worn with high-crowned felt; and finally, ensemble of brown wool dress topped by fitted jacket in brown and green plaid, with revers and cuffs of beaver; her hat has a single pheasant feather.



Scotty Wellbourne

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.



The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.



In this reunion, they almost parted forever.



Inseparable comedy pals... the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in **REUNION**

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON

HELEN VINSON

SLIM SUMMERVILLE

ROBERT KENT

DOROTHY PETERSON

JOHN QUALEN

ALAN DINEHART

J. EDWARD BROMBERG

SARA HADEN

TOM MOORE

GEORGE ERNEST

MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson



From Pagan to Puritan



In romance of today, Claudette is as modern as tomorrow. In historical drama, the ever-colorful Colbert is as quaint as this story of early New England demands. The advance views here prove that. Here's Claudette re-living a character whose legend comes to us from the early 1690's, in scenes prior to the heroic romantics Fred MacMurray introduces as the dashing swashbuckler, playing opposite the star with whom he made his first great impression in "The Gilded Lily."

It's a far flight from calculating Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" to "Maid of Salem," but Claudette makes it—though the elapsed time is too long for the comfort of Colbert enthusiasts



Sonja Henie, skating champ, glides over it in "One in a Million," left. "Ice Digging—" Claire Trevor, above, shows Robert McWade the kind of ice she likes, in "15 Maiden Lane." Right, Michael Whalen finds nothing icy about Doris Nolan's shoulder in "The Man I Marry."



Skating On Thin Ice!



Now, Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, are you trying to steal the Veloz and Yolanda honors? Looks that way as you dance off to the right in "Champagne Waltz." Above, it's a slip of the razor, not a skid on the ice that worries Laurel as Hardy shaves him in "Our Relations."





Marie Wilson, above, just can't stop clowning, and—uh, huh—the ice comes up to meet her half-way. Below, William Powell and Myrna Loy turn ice into thin air between their lips; while Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy follow suit, in "Libeled Lady." Close call, eh?



Maybe it's risky, but Hollywood's boys and gals take a chance to add zip, zest, and romantic zeal to our screen entertainment



Here they come! Gladys and Fred trip the light fantastic, without a trip, as they finish their waltz. Bravo, Gladys and Fred. Above: Aha! The ice that cools champagne; makes it hard to keep your balance. Reginald Denny and Eleanor Hunt in "We're in the Legion Now."



Joan Crawford prefers the lowly-aristocratic dachshund. Joan, at right, with Pupchen; above, with Pupchen and Baby. Below: lovely Jean Harlow with her huge and handsome St. Bernard named "Nudger," and, if you'll look closely, her toy Pomeranian, Oscar. There's even a miscellaneous doggie in the lower-left corner if you can find him!



Joan and Jean —and Company!



Crawford and Harlow are rival cinema queens, but they have a hobby in common—their own pet canines. Query: what would happen if Jean's "Nudger" should meet Joan's "Pupchen?"

The battles of the Hollywood beauties! At M-G-M for years, Crawford and Harlow looked askance at each other's fame and progress. Now, it seems, they've made up. But on the 20th Century-Fox lot a "situation" seems to be developing to rival the old Joan-Jean feud. That fiery little French girl, Simone Simon, and that flower-like little Scandinavian-American, June Lang, are the perhaps unconscious participants in a talent fight. For instance: Simon was scheduled for the new Warner Baxter picture. Next thing we knew, she was NOT in the Baxter picture, and June Lang was. We like 'em both, so we're not making any bets!



The Lovely Rivals

Simone Simon and June Lang





The usually serious Mr. Douglas gets a touch of that madness, and you'd never recognize "The Gorgeous Hussy's" John Randolph in Miss Dunne's gay partner in her new romantic comedy. They go rural, they go fishing, they permit a canine actor to share their scenes; and it's all fun.

Dignity Be Darned!

No more heavy drama for Irene Dunne, if she can help it. "Show Boat" started Irene's emancipation act, and she stays deliciously silly in "Theodora Goes Wild," with Melvyn Douglas



Irving Lippman





Binnie Barnes and Victor McLaglen, two real people and splendid troupers, are teamed in "The Magnificent Brute." Binnie remembers when she scored in that artistic success, "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," and Vic hasn't forgotten he won that award for his work in "The Informer." But she'll don a blonde wig and he'll fight and swagger his way through their new picture, and let Art take care of itself, which it has a way of doing.



Who's This Guy Art?

Art's all very well, but give Victor McLaglen a good part, and he'll play it with a grin and like it, whether it wins him any more Academy Awards or not

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Errol Flynn in
"The Green
Light"



Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling book has become a motion picture, with Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in the leading rôles. Like all Mr. Douglas' popular stories, this one has a strong undercurrent of spiritual feeling, which Mr. Flynn and Miss Louise, with their clean-cut youth and fine intelligence, seem particularly suited to interpret. The large picture on this page is literally "The Most Beautiful Still of the Month," with Flynn sharing honors with a beautiful red setter; the other two portraits were selected for their human interest as well as pictorial appeal.



About Face!



Take Claude Rains, above. You'd hardly know him, here, as the somewhat sinister, if smooth villain of the elaborate costume drama "Anthony Adverse." Today he's politely pursuing Kay Francis in a modern movie. Ross Alexander, upper left, has forsaken those completely wacky rôles for rapid-fire characterizations such as he performs in "Here Comes Carter." As for Jean Muir, consider how she has changed her type for "Once A Doctor," with her new coiffure, far left, so different from her usual demure effect, left.



The smart actors of Hollywood are those who change their personalities every few pictures. We're giving you good examples here

Back to Nature

Via

The Movies



Screen fame leads but definitely to the simple life, the primitive sometimes, and the healthful, always, life under the skies. See here!

Where the pavement ends, look for the glamor girls, and the romantic chaps, who are glad to go back to nature. At top, Johnny Weissmuller would rather be Tarzan in the jungle than Romeo on a balcony. Maureen O'Sullivan's the reason. Center, above, Dorothy Lamour in "The Jungle Princess," is wooed by Mala, the Eskimo, but then Ray Milland, with Dorothy at left, comes along—very glad to go native.



Allan Jones sets sail in his schooner, the Alrene, (get it? Allan's bride's name is Irene Hervey), when the urge to get back to nature is strong. Below, Dolores Del Rio is a devotee of outdoor sports.



Virginia Bruce takes her share of the simple life playing tennis. Above, Right, Betty Furness also gets interested in the Back-to-Nature parade, by studying about vegetables—dressed in a swank swim-suit.



Kenneth Howell and Jeanne Dante, upper center, can't see the wonders of nature, for the wonder in each other's eyes. Above, Jean Charburn and Juan Torena take to the out of doors in "Devil on Horseback." Left, George Houston sails the seas in "Captain Calamity."



"Under Your Spell" is the apt title of Lawrence Tibbett's new screen vehicle, in which he sings opera arias, plays comedy with Gregory Ratoff, above, and amuses the youngsters, for good measure.



If Tibbett puts us under his spell, the dashing Barrie girl does the same thing to Larry Tibbett, judging from the allure Wendy projects at the left, and how, (and how! is right), the great operatic baritone responds in this scene below.

Sing,

Larry,

Sing!

That's the cry of screen, opera, and radio enthusiasts! And Tibbett's great voice always responds. Pretty Wendy Barrie is the object of the songs in his new film





Waiting for the rainfall of coins! Donald Meek, Edith Fellows, Crosby, and Madge Evans, seen in an amusing moment in "Pennies from Heaven," Bing's new picture. Right, the shower of applause from the skies will start soon, for Crosby's crooning. Upper right, a new portrait. Below, the new team: Madge Evans and tuneful Mr. Crosby.

Croon,

Crosby,

Croon!



Bing, your public—and that's an awful lot of people, if you ask anybody—are waiting anxiously for your new film, to hear you croon and make love to Madge Evans



Don Ameche, left—you'll meet him in "Ramona." Above, reading down: Left, Alexander D'Arcy, young hopeful at Warners; Thomas Beck, 20th Century-Fox will feature him. Center, Tyrone Power Jr., inherits the name of a great tragedian of the stage from his father; James Ellison, a Paramount discovery, and very popular in Hollywood. Right, Jerome Cowan holds his face in his hands—but he should worry, he's under contract to Goldwyn; Tex Ritter is a new western star from radio; Craig Reynolds, young Warnerite

New versus

These young blades are trying hard to make you like them as well as—



Pat O'Brien looks over the crop of youngsters and smiles them a welcome, right. Above, reading down: Left, Charles Boyer, whose acting might well serve as a model for youngsters; George Bancroft, who has held his popularity for years. Center, Ralph Bellamy merits the applause he always gets; James Stewart—how neatly he crashed the magic circle! Right, Clark Gable—well, Clark's in a class all by himself; Paul Lukas, who has made the middle-aged romantic a popular favorite with girls of all ages. Stout fellows, all.

Old Friends

These familiar and always welcome
established stars of the screen world

The Girl Who

At twelve she was the unnamed dancer who doubled for famous screen stars. Today Hollywood hails her as a foremost emotional actress. Here's a life=portrait etched in fascinating detail

Recruited from the screen, Margo received the chief feminine rôle in Maxwell Anderson's great play, "Winterset," and scored a triumph. Then Hollywood called her for "Lost Horizon." Now she repeats her part as MIRIAMÉ in the screen version of "Winterset." Left, two character studies. Below, scenes from "Winterset," with Burgess Meredith, in the part he played on the stage and which he recreates in his screen début; and with Edward Ellis and Meredith in another tense scene.

Portraits and scenes from
"Winterset" by Ernest
A. Bachrach



Calls Herself Margo



MARIE Margarita Guadalupe Balado Castilla was never one to allow anything to stand in the path of her progress. So she changed her name to Margo. This was long ago, when at the tender age of five she left her native Mexico City and danced her way to Hollywood. Today, Margo has lived all of nineteen years. Yet into that brief span of time has been crowded an emotional wisdom that hails her as a dramatic genius by leading critics all over the country.

To tell you of Margo's qualities, is like trying to describe the innumerable facets of the famous Kohinoor diamond. She's both woman and child, hoyden and aristocrat. Emotionally she's as taut as a string on a Stradivarius. Mentally she's as keen as the wind. There's a Chaplinesque quality to her humor, but at the same time she can outdo the four Marx brothers. Behind the mask of Margo there lurks something born out of centuries of suffering—something as new as tomorrow's dream.

At the age of twelve, Margo was doubling the dances for those high-priced leading ladies who played opposite Ramon Novarro in his earlier pictures. The fifty dollars a week Margo received for her talents supported a mother, grandmother, three cousins, and herself. Spare pennies were hoarded savagely, until there was enough to buy a book of poetry or a rare recording. Many times Margo went without her dinner or made a meal of crackers and tea. But there was always food for thought, music to quench an insatiable thirst.

Hollywood actually became Margo-conscious, when at the age of fifteen she danced to the tantalizing strains of her uncle Xavier Cugat's rumba orchestra. It was at the famous Cocoanut Grove, the last night the Maestro would play before departing for New York City to fulfill an engagement at the Waldorf Astoria. Tables were

Her real name is something a lot different and a lot longer but this brilliant little Mexican actress named herself "Margo" and it suits her. The accompanying story, written by her best friend among Hollywood writers, reveals her to you as no ordinary "interview" ever could.

By Jerry Asher

huddled together to make room for more tables. The place was choked with people. Outside waited a huge crowd, hoping to be squeezed in at the last moment for one final dance.

Before her mirror in her dressing-room, sat the bright-eyed Margo. Her costume was gay and festive. For some unknown reason, this night more than ever, she was trembling with the joy of living. Little more than a child, her body had already taken on the subtle curves of maturity, the gazelle-like distinction of the dancer. Faintly, she heard the opening chords of Albeniz' *Cordoba*. This was her number, the number she interpreted each night, according to the mood the music inspired in her.

Snatching up a scarlet shawl, she glanced back for a moment in the mirror and then flew out of the dressing-room. To get into the Cocoanut Grove, she had to pass through a flowered-bordered patio. Impulsively she grabbed fist-fulls of roses as she hurried along. Lights were dimmed and the Grove settled down into hushed silence. Out into the spotlight stepped the little Mexican girl, whose hair was a mad array of carelessly woven roses.

The music burst forth and Margo started to dance. Faster and faster went her feet. Her eyes gleamed like two slits of moonlight. Then, as (Continued on page 69)



DODSWORTH—Samuel Goldwyn



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



THE most impressive domestic drama ever screened, "Dodsworth" is one cinema adaptation of a play more convincing than the original. Sinclair Lewis' creation of the character of *Sam Dodsworth*, successful albeit simple, honest, direct businessman who retires to enjoy life and leisure, constitutes an important contribution to Americana; and in Walter Huston *Dodsworth* finds his perfect interpreter. It is one of those rare meetings of the ideal actor for the rôle of a lifetime; and Mr. Huston never misses. His portrayal carries all the qualities of acting greatness. William Wyler has directed with top-flight skill and sympathy the European adventures of *Sam* and his luxury-loving wife, *Fran*, played superbly by Ruth Chatterton; he has lavished his directorial inspiration on every member of the splendid cast; and the result is warmly human, richly real, supremely satisfying entertainment. The "other men" in *Fran's* selfish life who in another movie might be gigolos here emerge as human beings. Mary Astor as "the other woman" is infinitely charming. Maria Ouspenskaya is uncannily good as the mother of *Fran's* Viennese suitor. Oh, see it! See it second-run and revival—But see it!



VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE—Paramount



I STRONGLY suspect that this picture is merely the legitimate grand-daughter of *Madame X*, and that if I were a real critic I would hide my emotion behind a mask of amused indifference. I'm sorry I can't, because it got me. Right from the start, it got me, beginning with Jackie Moran's sneak visit to *Carrie* and continuing with his return with his stray cat and his owl—imagine, an owl!—and through *Carrie's* weird seizure of maternal instinct and adoption of *Paul* and *Lady*—yes, it went right on bringing the old lump back to the throat while *Carrie* became a successful business woman and sent her big kids through school and—then it went too far, and I froze up on *Carrie*. If only, somehow, another ending could have been devised, I think this picture would have been one of our all-time "colossals"—to women, anyway. But who can believe in that ending? Just the same, *Carrie* will win you and hold your interest and sympathy through most of her life and hard times. Wesley Ruggles has done some grand directing. Gladys George as *Carrie* is marvelous. Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt are amazingly real. Dudley Digges, John Wray, John Howard, Arline Judge, Isabel Jewel—fine.



CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS—Filmarte-Tobis



THIS picture won the Gold Medal at the Venice International Exposition, and was awarded the Grand Prix du Cinema Francaise. Now don't duck. If it is ever playing anywhere in your town, see it by all means, even if you don't know a word of French and don't want to learn. Yes, it was made by a French company, with an all-French cast; but the dialogue titles are well translated into English, and the pantomime is so perfectly expressive you don't need to read the titles anyway. It's a gaily fantastic, rousingly ribald picture with a rich comic idea, and it is pure cinema, the motion picture when it is art. An imaginary invasion of the town of Boom in Flanders, in 1616, by a Spanish Duke and his troops, which encounters passive resistance from the men of the town and more hospitable reception from their wives, is the basis of the idea; but that gives you no inkling of the charm and wit of it, the magnificent characterizations, the beautiful backgrounds, the sweep and surge of the action, the sly innuendo and endless invention of its writers, director, cameramen, and cast. Francoise Rosay and Jean Murat are revelations of great, subtle acting. Hollywood, see this and marvel!

BEST MAN'S PERFORMANCE IN MANY MONTHS:

Walter Huston in "Dodsworth"
—a classic American characterization in a perfect picture

BEST WOMAN'S PERFORMANCE:

Gladys George in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie"

TALENT BATTLE OF THE SEASON:

Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, and Simone Simon in "Ladies in Love"—
Loretta Wins!

BEST COMEDY PERFORMANCES:

Frank McHugh and Joan Blondell in "Three Men on a Horse"



LADIES IN LOVE—20th Century-Fox



OF COURSE you'll see this if only to watch Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon battle for first honors. Well, if I must pick a winner, I choose Loretta. Here the Young girl really comes into her own. The provocative quality hitherto missing from her movie assets suddenly appears, and from a lovely, rather wistful girl Loretta blossoms into a slightly dangerous and certainly dazzling siren. She's one of the four "Ladies in Love" who battle for their romantic rights in that so-gay, so-sad Budapest. Loretta is the idealistic one, Janet the maternal one, Connie Bennett the wise one; and Simone? Well, she appears like a wanton breeze; briefly, but devastatingly, and in her most alluring "Girls' Dormitory" manner she steals Paul Lukas right from under Connie's patrician nose. Miss Bennett, by the way, was never more poised and smoothly beguiling. Janet Gaynor proves again what a grand trouper she is, as the sweet little soul who finally wins Don Ameche's love and the security she craves. It's Loretta who loves and loses! They're all really swell. Alan Mowbray as a "mad magician" is a perfect delight in all his scenes. Tyrone Power, Jr., and Wilfred Lawson are fine.



THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Warners



HERE'S a howlingly funny picture! Its aim is inelegant amusement, rowdy, raucous, and unashamed, and it attains its purpose, thanks to the fidelity with which it follows the lines and situations of the original stage hit, and to its excellent cast. If you've missed one of the many companies enacting "Three Men on a Horse" in the theatre, you'll want to know that the "first man" is a gentle greeting-card versifier whose secret hobby is race horses—picking 'em to win, though he loses the bets. Through a series of farcically fantastic happenings he falls in with some gamblers who decide to exploit him, and he sees the well-meaning Irwin picking winners instead of following his natural bent writing Mother's Day verses. Frank McHugh has his juiciest rôle to date in the principal part, and he is even better than you'd imagine. Here's an important new comedy star in the making: Joan Blondell as the dumb chorus-girl friend of one of the gamblers is deliciously, deliriously funny; here, definitely, is the very "First Comedienne" of the screen. Contributing heavily to the hilarity are Sam Levine and Teddy Hart of the original stage, making auspicious débuts; and Carol Hughes.



RAMONA—20th Century-Fox



THERE is a rather lovely lyric charm about this picture quite independent of "effects" of acting, direction, or color. Oh, yes—it's an "all-technicolor" piece, with very vivid blue skies and very green grass and very red apples; and also, mercifully, a very beautiful Loretta Young and a handsome Don Ameche. I'm still not completely converted to colored films; they still bring a rush of red to the eyes and brain; so I'm obliged to judge this picture apart from its brilliance of background. It follows faithfully Helen Hunt Jackson's classic story of early California, relating the romance of *Ramona*, half-Spanish, half-Indian, and *Alessandro*, all-Indian; their runaway marriage, their happy home, their tragedy when their home is seized and they are forced to flee with their baby. Loretta and Ameche make you believe it, and bring the plight of the early Indians uncomfortably and belatedly to your attention. Some of the scenes in soft browns and blues, the interiors, are exquisite, and make me hope that one day color will be used to genuine dramatic effect. "Ramona" has lovely moments, most of them Loretta's. Pauline Frederick, Pedro de Cordoba, Victor Killian, and Kent Taylor are excellent.



Chester's Home-life Movies

"AS I WAS coming home to meet you and tell you all about my amateur pictures," said Chester Morris, ushering me into his library, "a friend of mine flagged me down. 'Wait! Wait!' he yelled, 'I have something to show you!'"

"I stopped. I thought he had a contract for a million dollars, maybe. But what he had was half a dozen pictures he had taken himself of his little girl. He wanted to show them to me and gloat over them—he wanted me to tell him which were the best—and to explain how he had shot them.

"It's getting so that you can't step outside without seeing someone with a camera. Must be a germ.

"I have a still camera, of course. But the thing that's more fascinating to me is the home movie outfit. Let's talk about that. Mine is a 16 m.m. camera and I've had it for six years. Now, I'd almost as soon part with the family dog!

"Mrs. Morris' father had a little movie camera when Brooks, my son, was born, so he took some stuff of the baby. It was interesting to see the changes in him from month to month, and we talked about getting a camera ourselves. The thing that actually decided us was a trip on a freighter we took six years ago, just before Cynthia was born. We made a record of the trip and every time we wanted to live it over, we ran the film. It was swell!

"Then along came Cynthia. When she was two weeks old, I began making shots of her, and now we have the kids in every stage of development to date. It's better than the old family album because you have all their first steps, their expressions and so on.

"It was all very simple when they were babies, but much more complicated now. Movie actors' kids are camera-conscious, I think. They have a sort of sixth sense that knows the minute a camera begins grinding. They begin to pose and show off and aren't a bit cute. Brooks at eight is awful. He gets his finger into his mouth and giggles and struts—not amusing anybody, unless it might be himself by the time he's thirty.

"Frank Buck of 'Bring 'Em Back Alive' has nothing on me when I'm shooting the children. I hide behind hedges, lie under clumps of shrubbery, lean from balconies or windows, or the branches of tall trees, anywhere at all so the camera won't be noticed. Then they're

A brother under the skin to millions of camera fans, Chester shoots his own pictures. Right, a close-up made without artificial lighting or facial make-up.



perfectly natural. They don't know what's going on.

"I think the best shots you can get are those you make when your victims don't know you're shooting, whether they are five or fifty; but it's not always practicable.

"If I want to take scenes in the house—say around the Christmas tree or at a birthday party, where the kids can't be caught unaware, I make them smear their faces with cold cream. That gives them a shine and I get high lights where I want them. Grown people, too, might photograph better if they did this, but try and make *them!* I never use make-up myself, on the screen or for my home pictures. Women always feel they must put something on their eyelashes and lips. Maybe they're right.

"Outdoors, I don't use extra light. I rely on the sun, and try to get a white wall with the sun on it to give me what backlight I may need. Cameramen on the set are always trying to get that third dimension in their shots—that illusion of depth. The way to get it is by backlighting. So I go in for backlighting. You can use the hint with your still camera—just get something that reflects the sun to throw the reflection into your shot.

"When we were on location in the desert for 'Three Godfathers,' I used this reflection idea for stills—the sun on the sand was so strong it threw the light up into hat-shaded face.

"In the house, though, I use flood lights. If I'm using color film, it's necessary to have three of these flood lights. A bulb lasts two hours, so you learn to turn it off except when you actually need it, but they only cost 100 cents so you can replace them.

"One night Lillian Emerson gave a Bavarian and we all went in costume. When the gang gathered here ready to go, it was all so gorgeous I cried: 'Hold it, everybody!' lined up my lights and took some shots in

"If you want to have fun, try this," says Chester Morris as he divulges pet tricks for making the most of his hobby—"quickies" of family and friends

By Ruth Tildesley

night and practically rolled on the floor when he saw it. "Sue—Mrs. Morris—shaved her eyebrows off in the interest of her art and painted exaggerated Garbo eyebrows that went 'way up into her hair. She is knitting baby sox, and the title is: *'Ann, a one-man woman—and darn sick of it!'*"

"Everything you ever heard of is in that picture, war and gold and love and tragedy!

"I have always wanted screen credits, so this being my picture, I get them. The credit sheet says,

Producer Chester Morris
Director Chester Morris
Writer Chester Morris
Editor Chester Morris
Star Chester Morris

"That picture cost \$500 before we were through with it, but that was silly. I took all the angles of each scene and then cut them out—had more film on the cutting-room floor when I finished than I had in the picture. I could do it again for a fraction of the cost.

"If you think you'd like to get somewhere in Hollywood, there's nothing I know of more illuminating than making your own movie in your own way."

Many Hollywood players use their home movie outfits to give themselves tests for parts they are to play or hope to obtain," Chester informed me.

"For one rôle," he said, "I was told I could wear a wig instead of growing my hair. This would have been more convenient, as I could have enjoyed my normal haircut when I

(Cont. on page 76)

color. You never saw anything more flamboyant!

"Color film costs \$9 a reel, so you don't waste it. You just grab a shot here and there, if you simply can't resist it. You can't duplicate your color film, either, except in black and white; but you can make as many prints of the black-and-white as you want."

The most fun Chester Morris ever had, according to him, was with a movie he wrote, produced, directed, edited, and starred in.

"If you really want to know what fun can be, just try it!" he recommended, enthusiastically. "My brother Adrian and his wife, Mrs. Morris and I were the cast. I wrote the story, and engaged them, paying them each 25¢ a day, whether on location or at home. It had everything in it! It began with me digging in the Hollywood Hills, and finding a diamond, the largest in the world. It was really a glass doorknob. Then we used a slow motion grind on the camera, so that when it was speeded up in the projector, it looked as if I was running like an Olympic champion up and down hills, in and out of streets, on my way home to show it to my wife.

"It's all crazy. But we show it at parties and people make us bring it over to theirs, and everybody breaks down. Frank Morgan was over last



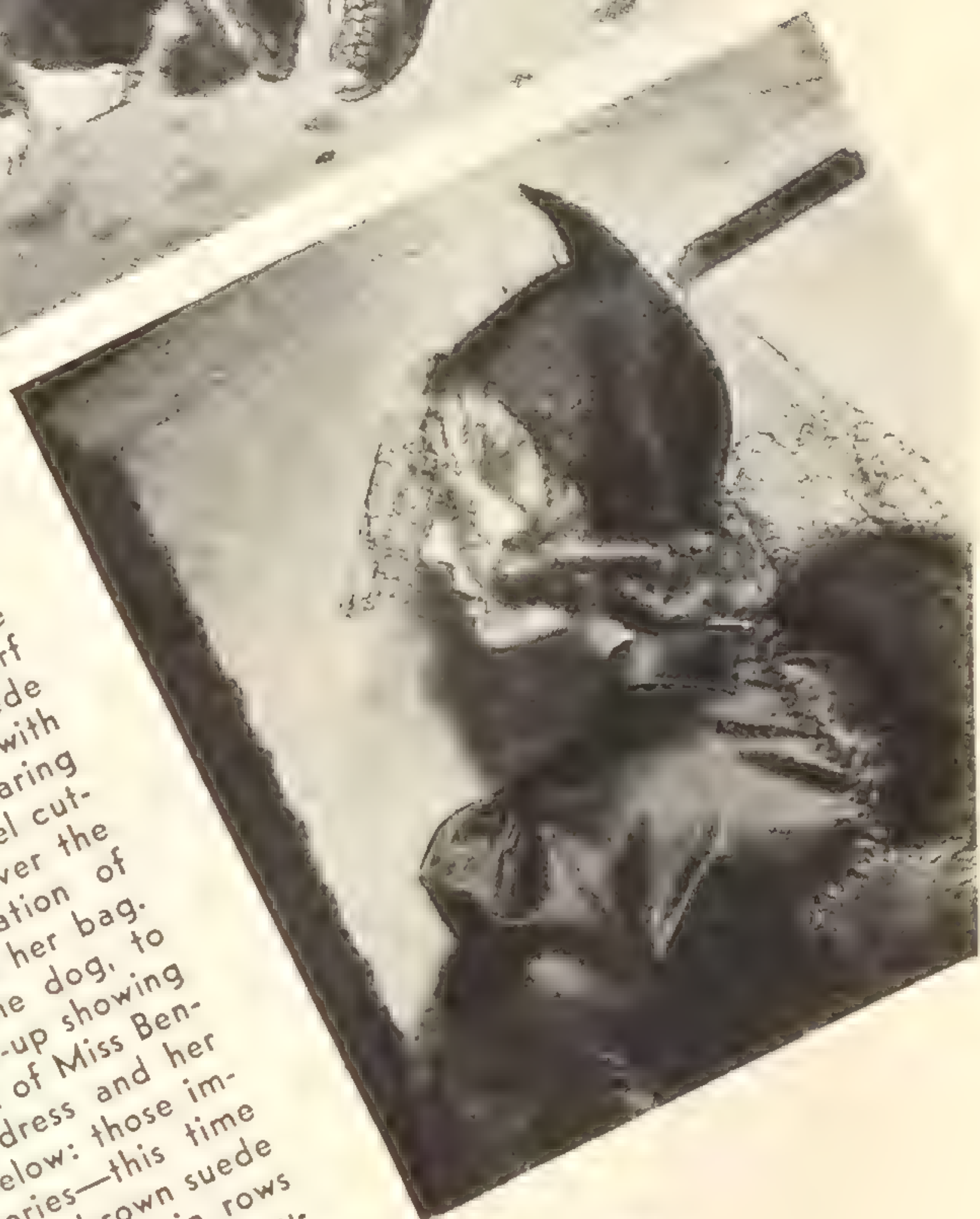
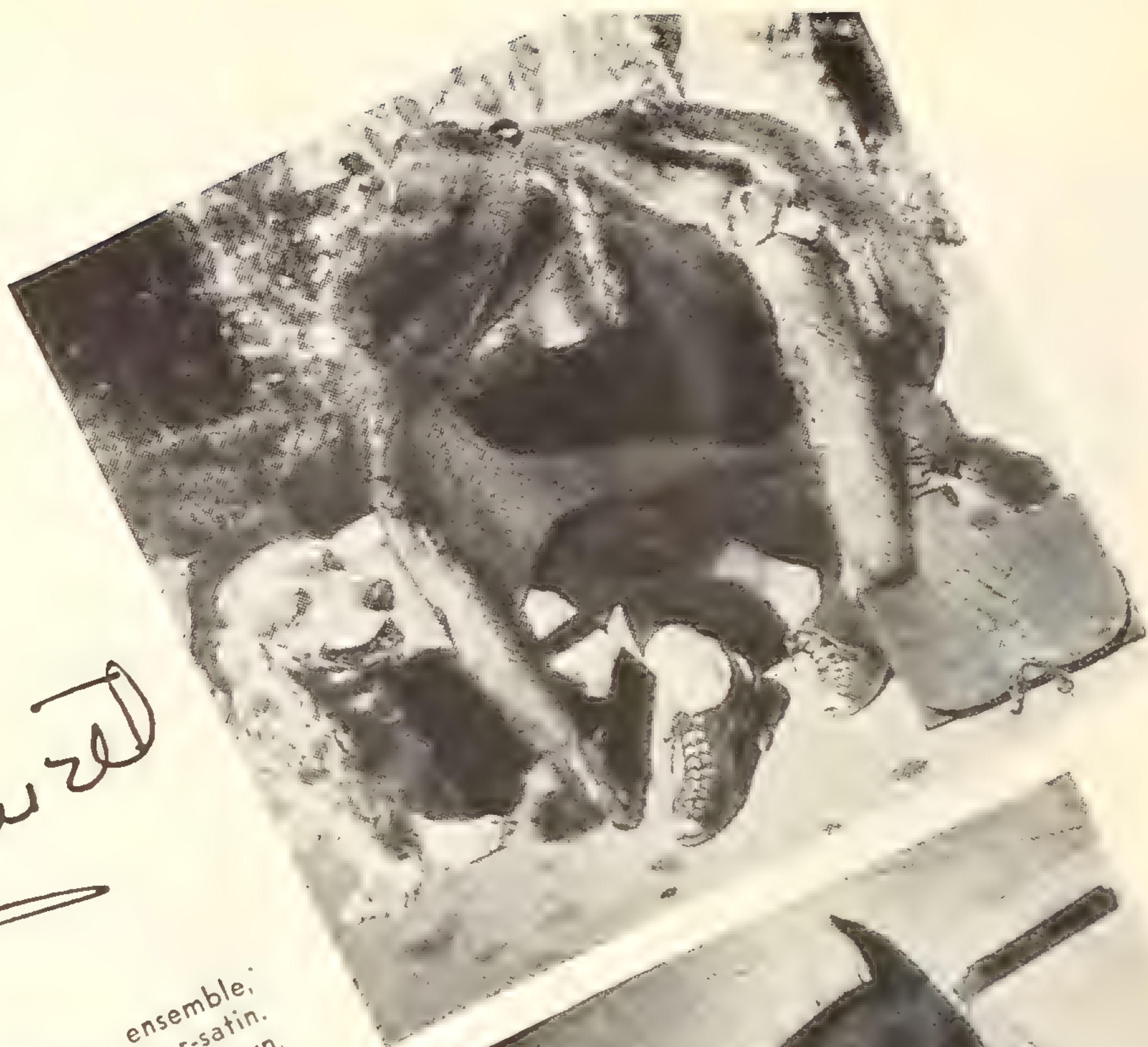
Brooks and Cynthia, the Morris children, are Chester's choice for stars of his movies. Above, making a home-life scene; two shots enlarged from one of his reels; and at left, Chester cutting and editing one of his home-made film epics. Some fun!

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Frances D. Bennett

Striking afternoon ensemble; left, in iris-blue slipper-satin. Tiny slippers to match the gown, a four-skin silver fox scarf and wheel muff, a hat, again in blue, with medieval crown and voluminous veil — la Bennett is equipped for the cocktail hour! Top: close-up of smart accessories in perfect accompaniment to Connie's chocolate brown suit: six-skin brown suede and sable turban, brown suede gloves, bag, and shoes, with the latter initiating a daring note for Fall, toe and heel cut-outs and open lacing over the instep. Clever duplication of the lacing is shown in her bag, to And don't forget the dog, to match! Right: close-up showing the buttoned back of Miss Bennett's afternoon dress and her medieval hat. Below: those important accessories—this time gold chains on her brown suede bag, tiny gold buttons in rows on her gloves, an old-gold bouquet pin at her throat, and gold bracelet with diamond fob.



Not only one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, but in the world, Connie Bennett consents for the first time to pose in her own important new clothes!





Left, the very feminine suit which is always included in Connie's wardrobe: of marine-blue serge, with blouse of hand-made lace. Marine-blue accessories in suede gloves, bag, and oxfords—and don't miss the very mad little hat with its two-point crown, red, green, and blue stars, and nose veil. Far left: Miss Bennett's personal choice in fur ensembles: black Persian lamb with matching turban and muff, which boasts a single pink camellia!



And now for a full-length view of the favorite wardrobe in all Connie's gorgeous wardrobe! Her own personal pet is the ensemble of chocolate-brown jersey and nutria cape and turban pictured at far left. We showed you a close-up of this costume on the opposite page. Left: chic basis for her mink coat and muff is a beige wool frock with unusual pockets, with which she wears an off-face hat with peaked brim whose turned-back clip is pierced with a jeweled clip, and with which she carries a soft heart-shaped, doeskin bag.



Elegance is the word for Constance Bennett! Here are first views of her new personal wardrobe

More Glamor

Two of Miss Bennett's favorites from her new selection of evening gowns, chosen for simplicity of line quite as much as for elegance. Right, the most feminine of all dinner gowns, a printed chiffon in cobalt blue and jade green, in pencil silhouette, with graceful twin trains falling from the shoulders in wide lengths of the material. Hugging her slender waist is a sash of deep purple velvet. Below, a gown of mousse-brown crepe distinguished for grace and beauty: a dusty-rose sash looped at the back and falling to a double train, delicately and effectively "breaks" the brown monotony, as do the roses worn at the front waist.



Connie Bennett bought her new clothes in record time so that SCREENLAND readers could see them in this issue! We hope Connie enjoys wearing them as much as we've enjoyed picturing them for you

Miss Constance Bennett posed for these photographs wearing clothes from her personal wardrobe exclusively for SCREENLAND's Glamor School. Photographs by Harrell

For Good Evenings!



This is the season of authentic charm in clothes. See these lovely Hollywood examples, offered by Carole Lombard and Marian Marsh

Carole Lombard, above, left, is wearing an exquisite pleated flesh chiffon costume originally intended to be a robe de nuit; but in keeping with the vogue which has swept Paris, New York, and Hollywood, Carole wears it as a hostess gown. Marian Marsh, right, above, tops her crushed strawberry satin evening gown with a silver lamé jacket. Marian, again, at right, is wearing her other pet evening gown, this one of moiré in a ruby-jewel tone, with lovely neck so becoming to lovely rounded youthful shoulders and back, and clasped in front with a very Oriental jewelled clasp in brilliant simulated rubies and emeralds. Skirts must swing and cling for evening in this festive season. Fabrics may be lamés, satins, moirés, taffetas, and what-not; but they must be dazzling and they must be romantic!

His success story is as amusing as his highly individual screen humor. Stander is Hollywood's No. 1 short-order cook—a funny man who takes his work seriously, but smiles as he does it.

"Black Sheep" Stander

Friends who used to worry about him, now join the world in laughing out loud with Lionel

By Franc Dillon

"YOU'LL never amount to anything," was a prediction that Lionel Stander heard often during his youth. It seemed to be the unanimous conviction of his adult associates that he was a black sheep and nothing could be done about it.

"Aw, they just weren't good fortune tellers," Lionel drawls now, if you ask him about it. And when his former well (?) wishers join the chorus and sing, "I always knew he would make good," Lionel only smiles and invites them to visit him in Hollywood. His phenomenal success in pictures may indicate that what they needed was a black sheep.

At any rate, he tried his hand at every other kind of work and actually, the only accomplishment at which he achieved even passable success was crap shooting! And, strangely enough, it was this doubtful pursuit that started him on his career as an actor.

When he was confirmed, at the age of thirteen, he was presented with a handsome watch. And as soon as the services were over he rushed to the nearest little shop which had three golden balls over the door and, in return for his watch, received a ticket, which he promptly threw away, and what was to him a vast sum of money.

He has never owned a watch since. Time, apparently, means nothing to him, but he always keeps appointments promptly and has no tolerance for people who are late.

Eccentric? No, that's much too strong a word for a nature that merely exhibits delightful, illogical, charm-

ing contradictions. And it does make him different from everyone else in Hollywood, both on and off the screen.

"But I'm *not* different!" he protested to me. "I've even gone Hollywood. When you've read your own publicity for a year and a half, you're bound to. Hollywood's a mental Nirvana, a place where there's more acting off the screen than on. You begin to believe what you are doing is art."

And then he proceeded, as fast as he could talk, which is about the speed of a machine gun—and not dissimilar in tone—to tell me all the things that make him different.

Of course, if you saw him in "If You Could Only Cook," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Meet Nero Wolfe," "They Met in a Taxi," or any other of the ten pictures he has made during the past year and a half, you don't need to be told that he is different in pictures, so different that within the past six months he has become an outstanding character comedian in Hollywood and is in demand for more pictures than any one actor could make. But off the screen, too, he is just as original as the characters he plays.

In the first place, he has no delusions of grandeur. He honestly knows there are no grounds for describing him as "handsome."

"I have a brother who is the Clark Gable type," he will tell you with no little pride. (Continued on page 66)



IF the screen outgrew a silence of years of speechless story-telling as it revealed tales of love and adventure—and the more love the better for the box-office—it certainly can outgrow a lot of other things. Everybody is entitled to his wish as to what should be outgrown next. But for my part, the sooner the end of this “typeing” business, the better—for we, the public, as well as the stars who find themselves playing fifty-seven varieties of the same character while golden story opportunities pass ‘em by, because it’s not “their type.”

It will be better even if for no other purpose than to bring a truce to all this conversation about “typeing.” Everybody gets around to talking about it sooner than later, and as a topic of tiresome talk, “typeing” tops the weather, which is also something everybody discusses but few if any do anything about.

When a real hardy soul, like Adolphe Menjou, who had the temerity and talent to break with tradition forced upon him by the “type system,” comes along, it’s time to do a lot of cheering for Adolphe.

Menjou, weary of being the “boulevardier,” turned to banter, with such good effect that he now stands at the top of the list of film comedians. Now let’s hope they don’t pin the “comedy” label on him, just as, previous to his portrayal as *Walter Burns*, wise, hard-boiled, fast-thinking editor of Hecht and MacArthur’s “Front Page,” Hollywood had Adolphe tagged “polished man-about-town type.” After his smashing and laugh-provoking impersonation of the bibulous ham in “Sing, Baby, Sing,” not only the producers, but the public, too, are going to yell for more Menjou comedy.

Changing your personality on the screen is a great trick if you can do it. It has its rewards. Menjou assured us, after returning from Europe where a vacation tour with his wife, Verree Teasdale, was cut short by demands for his presence in Holly-

His High Hat was a Hindrance

Adolphe Menjou went from riches to rags and got the best of a bargain for new recognition

By Tom Kennedy

wood, that he’s enjoying life in his new “changed personality” phase.

He’s still the very well-dressed man off-screen, but these days Menjou doesn’t have to represent in every picture the fashion-plate he came to symbolize as far back

as 1923, when he played the suave, sophisticated man of the world in Charlie Chaplin’s self-written, produced, and directed masterpiece, “A Woman of Paris.” So secure was Adolphe Menjou in his eminence as top choice for this type of part, that he was (Cont. on page 89)

Hollywood thought Menjou was strictly a boulevardier type, the kind he did in “Morning Glory” with Katharine Hepburn, who played this scene with him at left. Then he decided to prove he could do comedy too, and hit a new high in popularity in “Sing, Baby, Sing,” in which he matched comedy thrusts with Ted Healy, with him in the scene below, and other great laugh-makers. Right, off-screen, with his pet schnauzer, Blitz.



Here's Hollywood!

THE way it now looks, Joan Crawford is going to be a grass widow. Franchot Tone has finally succeeded in getting permission to do a play in New York. Joan plans to accompany him and do her Christmas shopping while he is busy rehearsing. She will remain as long as she can and only return when she has a picture waiting.

JUST because Loretta Young refused to accept an inferior rôle in a certain picture and hurriedly departed on a trip to Honolulu, the Hollywood scandal mongers immediately started a rumor that Loretta's health was failing her again. The night before she sailed, Loretta and Eddie Sutherland never missed a dance at the Trocadero and were the last couple to close up the place.

THE greatest tennis enthusiasts in Hollywood are Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. At the recent matches, for fear they might miss one teeny-weeny stroke, Carole brought along a lunch basket and a thermos of coffee. Both she and Clark refused to budge, even when they should have gone out to an important phone call.

THE studio had to send out a radio call to get Robert Taylor back to make love to Greta Garbo. When "Camille" was held up, due to Garbo's illness, Bob climbed into a plane but refused to tell his destination. Garbo recovered sooner than expected, so a frantic call went out to Bob, who wasn't supposed to return until the following Monday. Bob won't tell where he heard the broadcast, but it must have been a most unusual place. Every time it's mentioned to him, Bob bursts out laughing.

HOLLYWOOD has taken Henry Fonda's bride right to its heart. And maybe you think she didn't make a hit with Jimmy Stewart and the rest of the bachelors, when she begged them to remain right on and live with her and Henry in the home they had originally occupied. But the boys declined with thanks and gratitude. Jimmy

Pointers on what's news in
romance behind the screen

By
Weston East

and writer John Swope have taken a bungalow on Sunset Boulevard. Myron McCormick and John Patrick, the balance of the foursome, have taken a Hollywood apartment.

LEW AYRES went on his way to Europe, but he almost changed the entire course of his life at the last minute. A close friend of Lew confides that Ginger Rogers called Lew just before he left and suggested that they give married life a second try. Lew is said to have weakened, but on second thought he decided to carry out his plans. Who knows, if Ginger is still in the same mood when Lew returns to start his new career with Paramount, Hollywood may see this nice couple restored to their original happiness.

AS A little token of his affection, Dick Powell recently presented Joan Blondell with the trickiest Cord car that Hollywood has ever seen. It's the biggest thing since "Ben Hur" and Joan threatens to hire an Indian Guide to show her all the fine points.

THE day after Madge Evans finished working with Robert Montgomery in "Piccadilly Jim," Madge went around to see Bob and tell him that she had been loaned out to play opposite Bing Crosby. "What's the name of the picture?"

"'Pennies from Heaven,'" answered Madge.

"Well, maybe you can find out if prosperity is just around the crooner," said Bob drily, as Madge did a slow burn.



Out Hollywood way they fence for health, beauty, and also good rôles, and Victoria Vinton, left, though a comparative newcomer, catches on quickly. Victoria's "on guard" to maintain that very trim figger.

FOR weeks Margo stood in the pouring rain, doing her dramatic scenes for "Winterset." Occasionally, just to be sure that every inch of her was drenched to the skin, Director Al Santell would have Margo dipped in a rain barrel, for good measure. One particularly long, damp day, Margo thought she just couldn't face another rain drop. As she came out of the scene, ready to burst into hysterics, she came face to face with Joe Penner, (whom she had never met). "Thay," lisped Joe, in his high-pitched raspy voice, "I could useth you for a duck!" Margo burst out laughing, turned around, and went back and did her best scene in the picture.

Wide World



Ah, there, Nelse Eddy! Don't look so surprised behind those dark glasses. We knew you soon as we saw you with your charming companion, Ann Franklin, of Beverly Hills, at the tennis matches.



And here's Hollywood's newest screen team: Elissa Landi and Edmund Lowe, celebrating new contracts with M-G-M by appearing together for the first time, as stars of a mystery screen play.



Here's the home Garbo bought in Sweden. It's a 19th century house of 10 rooms, on an estate that dates back to the 16th century, near Stockholm, Greta's home-town. Planning retirement?



The peal of wedding bells, long predicted for Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor, rang out merrily not long ago, and the happy couple here tell us it was sweet music to them. Good luck to them!

ASIDE from the fact that the first day Fred Astaire returned home from London the cook walked out, the second maid was taken ill, one of the upstairs bath-tubs leaked and ruined the living room ceiling, his tennis court cracked, and the diving board on his swimming pool wouldn't work—Fred discovered that his dog had broken loose, ran next door to the Chaplin estate, and almost chewed Paulette Goddard's pet pooch to shreds. Fred smiled that good-natured smile of his, took care of everything and then went on to the radio station, where he rehearsed the first program of his thirteen weeks of broadcasting.

IF THERE actually was any display of temperament on the set when Connie Bennett, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon worked together, it will never be known, as far as each girl is concerned. In spite of rumors, in reply to the question each girl looks very amazed and exclaims, "Well, if there was anything that went on, I certainly didn't see it." (Hi, Connie—and how do you like Simone?)

THE way movie stars get engaged in Hollywood is something to write in your diary. When Gail Patrick called it a day with Bob Cobb, she struck up a nice friendship with John King, a new leading man in pictures. John is tall, dark and handsome, a good dancer and someone

whom Gail could enjoy being with without having to be serious. One morning rushing out to the Paramount ranch for location work, Gail dashed into a gas station. The attendant took one look at her and said, "Do you mind if I congratulate you on your engagement?" It was still six-thirty in the morning and Gail was rather sleepy-eyed. But she came to with a start and demanded to know what the man meant. He handed her a copy of the morning paper. There on the front page was a huge photograph of Gail and John with a vivid announcement of their engagement. After Gail had recovered her breath, she got out and phoned to John, to let him know that he had asked her to marry him and the answer was—"No."

HOLLYWOOD would have you believe that Elissa Landi and Nino Martini are "that way." But Elissa has a brother by the name of Toni, who doesn't know that it stimulates interest in movie stars if their fans think they are in the throes of a great love. Toni says there's absolutely nothing to the Landi-Martini affair and Toni should know.

WHEN their picture, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," was previewed at a downtown Los Angeles theatre, Arlene Judge and John Howard attended and took along Arlene's little boy to see his mommy act. This romance is getting stronger by the moment and John shows unusual interest in Junior Ruggles. Junior's father is Arlene's estranged director-husband, Wesley Ruggles, who showed Arlene and John how to make screen love in this current picture. Where, oh, where, could this happen—but in Hollywood?

ROBERT YOUNG still continues to add to his wife's collection of jewels. For this month's anniversary, Mrs. Young received a pair of diamond and ruby clips that can be clipped on Mrs. Young wherever they will fit.

RAY MILLAND, the handsome young Britisher, who is making quite a name for himself in Paramount pictures, is taking an awful ribbing from the "Big Broadcast" company. When Ray finished working with them, he went right over to the "Queen of the Jungle" company and started with them. For this part he had

Randy Scott points east, but peers in the other direction to find Mae West putting that look on him, in "Go West Young Man." Right, Lily Damita and husband Errol Flynn at the tennis championships.

to wear those abbreviated khaki pants they wear in the tropics. Ray, who is all male and a couple of yards tall, happens to have very good-looking legs. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen and Martha Raye saw him walk into the commissary wearing his shorts. They immediately sent a waitress over with a note asking for an autograph. It was addressed to "Marlene Milland."

FRANCES FARMER may be happier being loaned out to Goldwyn but her hubby, Lief Erickson, isn't very diplomatic when he tells about it. Whenever anyone on his own home lot stopped Lief to ask him how Frances was getting along, he completely floored them by saying that Frances liked working on a strange lot, because she didn't have to say good morning to everyone—and therefore could keep in the mood of her characterization.

BETTY FURNESS, who goes for anything new and crazy, has temporarily forsaken those hats that looked as if they were designed for Frankenstein, and has gone in for fancy jewelry. And Betty's newest gadget is one of those trinket bracelets. It features one tiny oblong gold cylinder. Tightly rolled up inside, is a dollar bill that Betty reserves for "Mad Money." Allan Lane is the donor, who has never made her mad enough to use her spare cash!





Wide World

Clark Gable, growing side-burns for a new rôle, and Carole Lombard were too absorbed in the matches at the Los Angeles Tennis Club to notice the interest their presence created.



Warren Hull, rising screen juvenile, is very much the family man in private life, and very proud of it. Here he is with his wife and three sons: Warren, Jr., 6; Paul, 2; George, 4 years old.

LORETTA YOUNG has every reason to be proud of her sister, Sally Blane. Aside from being a capable actress, a devoted wife to Norman Foster, and a wonderful mother to little Gretchen Foster, Sally is also mother confessor for all her close friends. It was Sally's sweetness and kindly understanding that weathered the Young family through many a storm, when the girls were struggling for success. Recently, when Maureen O'Sullivan married John Farrow, Sally was matron of honor. Just before they played the wedding march, the groom called Sally aside and whispered something in her ear. Sally's eyes filled with tears. Afterwards she confided that Farrow had thanked her for being "such a little mother to Maureen," whose own family was in Ireland and couldn't be with her on her wedding day.

JOAN CRAWFORD wears fewer costume changes in "Love On the Run" than she ever has before. But the gowns Adrian has given her appeal to Joan so much they already occupy a prominent spot in her own personal wardrobe.



Fernand Gravet is bringing his pet dog with him to Hollywood, where the French star will make a picture for Mervyn LeRoy.

SIMONE SIMON is learning her English rapidly and putting it to good use. On the set one day, she heard one electrician say to another noisy electrician, "Shut Up." Immediately Simone made mental note that the man retired into a nice quiet shell. The next day Simone was trying to learn her lines. Director Irving Cummings was standing close by, talking to Gail Patrick. Looking up from her script, Simone said quite casually and sweetly, "Shut Up." Gail and Cummings were so amazed, they actually complied with Simone's well-meant request.



The East's royalty at a West Coast premiere. The Maharaja and Maharani of Indore, distinguished and popular Hollywood visitors.

LEAVE it to John Beal to be original. When he gave a dinner party recently, John personally made his own place cards. Instead of the person's name being on the cards, John drew a symbolic object. Each guest had to pick out the drawing that was most representative. For Margo, John drew a Mexican jumping bean. For Julie Haydon, he drew an old-fashioned bouquet, with an orchid in the center. For himself, John drew a picture of a man behind bars—symbolic of his next picture, "We Who Are About to Die."



The stars are screen fans too! Fred MacMurray and his bride, the former Lillian LaMont, seen as they enter a Los Angeles theatre.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND was seated in a quiet corner of a restaurant, calmly eating her lunch. Suddenly she was interrupted by a little girl with an autograph book, who could only stand there and stare curiously. Olivia graciously took the book out of the little girl's hands, signed her name and then handed it back again. The little girl looked down at Olivia's signature and a look of great disappointment swept over her face. "Oh, mama," she cried, running back to her own table. "Her name isn't 'Anthony Adverse'—it's Olivia de something!"

THE day that Jean Muir returned to Hollywood, after motoring to Santa Fe and visiting playwright Lynn Riggs, Jean was met at her own front door by a strange woman. When she tried to push by, the woman stood in Jean's way. Finally, after great complications, Jean discovered that she was trying to force her way into a perfectly strange person's house. Jean's mother had moved her bag and baggage into a brand new place, as a surprise homecoming for Jean. It was!



Perfume as a "Pick-Me -Up"

Hollywood stars turn to perfume for that added inspiration to help them enact rôles their public won't forget

By
Elin Neil

Beautiful Anita Louise applies her perfume with the traditional French skill. An atomizer diffuses the carefully chosen scent so it seems a part of her.

TO see ourselves as others see us is a rare ambition in these days when it's a woman's privilege to have others see her as she sees herself—during her most inspired moments. In your personal appearance, you may play a part, provided you do it so convincingly that it seems real, first to yourself, and then to your audience, whether it's hundreds of thousands such as the movie stars have—or a very special audience of one.

There is no stauncher ally in building up personality, on or off the stage, than perfume. Blue-eyed, blonde Anita Louise has a natural flair for choosing the right perfumes and applying them in a way that makes them seem a consistent part of her enchanting self. No doubt she inherited this talent from her French ancestry.

The smart Frenchwoman practices perfuming as a real art. A great deal of care goes into her choice of fragrances. Then she applies her scent in many subtle touches so she seems to be perfumed from "the inside out," with never too much in any one spot.

The most important thing about perfume is the power it has over you, yourself—to give you the emotional lift that puts sparkle in your eyes and makes you feel right with the world. It can be a personal "pick-me-up" like a new dress or hat that you know is becoming.

This intimate feeling of harmonious loveliness is so infectious you couldn't keep people around you from catching it if you tried! A French parfumeur expresses it in the phrase "dramatic perfume," a fragrance that can lift you toward the picture of yourself as you'd like

to be and stamp the impression of you at your self-confident best in the hearts of those with whom you come in contact.

When you choose a perfume "just because you like it," you are using an instinctive feminine power of witchery that's as old as all history and as new as tomorrow night's date. And you're making your selection the same way Hollywood stars do. I asked a number of them how they choose their perfumes. Most answered "Because I like it." Some choose them according to the occasion, time of day, or season, while others pick scents which they feel suits their type. A few want fragrances that are different and distinctive, and none buy a perfume merely because it is popular.

Most of the stars use several perfumes which they vary with their moods and costumes. On the average, Hollywood perfume wardrobes contain three fragrances. Janet Gaynor uses 15!

There are very definite reasons why one should have changes in perfume. If you wear the same fragrance too long or too steadily, your nose becomes de-sensitized to it. You lose the inspiration and lift it used to give you. And, more important still, you are likely to apply too much since you can't trust your own sense of smell to tell you when to stop.

You should feel "at home" with your perfume, so you can wear it without self-consciousness. But don't feel so much at home with it that it becomes ordinary routine like your breakfast coffee. I'm (Continued on page 96)

"Black Sheep" Stander

Continued from page 60

"He is the one who should be in pictures, but he is a doctor."

Stander's deficiencies along pictorial lines have been mentioned so frequently and frankly in print that he has become a little self-conscious about his appearance. Writers fail to mention that he is more than six feet tall, as straight as an arrow, lithe and fit looking, with a charm that wins you completely; but dwell at length on his one brown and one grey eye, which seem to be entirely disassociated, even as to size and shape as well as color.

He doesn't mind, really. He will even call attention to this inharmony himself if it comes up naturally in conversation, and he thought it a good joke when he was asked point blank recently if one eye was glass. He exploded: "If I had a glass eye I would have it match the other one. I'm what is known in biological parlance as a 'sport.' Only once in about a million cases is a child born with eyes of different colors."

Although he is the picture of health, don't mention exercise or keeping fit to him. In that respect he *hasn't* gone Hollywood, and the very thought of doing anything in order to keep healthy practically sends him into a convulsion. During the summer months he might well be described as the only white man in Hollywood.

"I'm a perpetual sun-dodger," he declared. "I believe scientists will bear me out that the sun beating down on your brain too much can't be beneficial. No great mental work ever comes out of the tropics. If it does, I'll bet the artist did his work in the shade of a palm tree. As to exercise!" and the pained look on his face spoke as plainly as words. "I wouldn't think of it!"

He did play tennis for a while but when his friends persuaded him to take lessons he quit. If he couldn't play in the good old Stander style, he wouldn't play. No, he doesn't like doing things according to form. He decided his voice, which resembles a bull-frog crying for rain, might as well be made tuneful and arranged to take singing lessons. But that inspiration died a natural death when the teacher appeared to give him his first lesson day after day and never found him home."

When he arrived in Hollywood, it was with no idea of "expressing himself," but with the express idea of making money. His greatest objection then to California was that it was too far from New York. He spent half his time trying to find a friend who would sit up nights with him. It tormented him to think of precious night hours being wasted in sleep.

But he's changed since then. He has learned that you can't sit up all night and face the camera at nine in the morning.

"Even with a face like mine," he said, and shuddered violently. "Honest, I don't see how people can stand to look at me, I'm so ugly. I never go to see the rushes of my pictures because I wouldn't be able to finish the picture after one look at myself on the screen."

Of course that is a slight exaggeration. No one could be that homely.

Born and bred in New York, Stander had the Easterner's first impression of Hollywood.

"It's Davenport, Iowa, with palms," he exclaimed, and tried to get an occasional breath of cosmopolitan life by running up to San Francisco. However, he soon learned there is no geographic escape from Hollywood.

"You can't get away from it, regardless of where you go," he admitted laugh-

ingly, which is only more evidence that the Stander profile is recognized everywhere.

And now he has decided he doesn't want to escape. He has bought himself a home here, the first home he ever owned, and he amused himself during his first six months here by tearing out and remodeling the interior of the thirteen-room farmhouse. The result is as contradictory as its owner, being a white-frame, forty-year-old house on the outside and as modern as tomorrow inside. Although it is only two blocks off Hollywood Boulevard, it is completely isolated by virtue of being the last house on a street that ends right there. Being thus comfortably situated, he now refers to California with all the pride of a native son.

"What is there to go to New York for?" he asks belligerently. "There is everything here that you can get any place else. All the talent in the world is here or comes here eventually."

He resents hints that have been printed here and there to the effect that he only pulled himself out of the gutter since his success in motion pictures, and is one of the very few actors who has no poor relatives to support. He was born in Brooklyn, where his father, Louis E. Stander, a certified public accountant, had a very good business, and the family was and is quite well off."

"I always had a car," he explained, "and we lived in a \$30,000 home. I ran away from home because I wanted to make my own way in the world."

He was just fourteen when he ran away the first time and he found it such an interesting experience that he repeated the practice frequently during his adolescent years. His first job was as office boy in a shade factory, where he stayed for six months, a record which remained unchallenged until his affiliation with the screen. He might still be there if he hadn't made a slight error in misplacing \$147,000 worth of negotiable bonds. This happened when he took a street car instead of a taxi and appropriated the taxi fare for his own use. The fact that the bonds were found later made his separation from the firm no less permanent.

He worked at any number of jobs during the next few years, few of which lasted for more than a month. Sometimes he was fired. Once or twice, as when he

gave up his job as a waiter because he didn't like the rush hours, he left of his own free will. Between jobs he would return home and resume his studies. Each time, upon his return from one of these excursions, he was received by the family as the prodigal son and his father's hopes would be revived that some day he would succeed him in the accounting business. But when parental restraint grew irksome or school discipline too boresome, he would be off again to new experiences. His parents would shake their heads helplessly and his teachers would sigh with relief to have so disturbing an element removed from their classrooms.

His education, necessarily, was quite sporadic. An utter disregard for authority in any form was at the bottom of his short stays and sudden departures from almost every school he attended. It was a toss-up, whether he or his teachers had the idea first that he should leave, but leave he did, and as a result his education was gathered haphazardly at a most imposing and lengthy list of schools. These included New York City Schools, Dwight Preparatory School, Mt. Vernon High School, Bloomfield Military Academy, New York University, Duke University, and the University of North Carolina.

He is just now discovering that he attended too many schools, for his ex-classmates are arriving in Hollywood by the dozen, with greetings like: "Remember me at Duke? Can you get me in the movies?"

And because he can't, of course, get *everyone* into the movies, he entertains and finances them over rough spots.

"My two extravagances are food and friends," he likes to boast; but he confessed to me he was somewhat shocked to discover on the first of last month that his grocery bill was in the neighborhood of \$200; his telephone bill around \$100, (for it's a Hollywood habit to do your long-distance telephoning while calling on friends), and his milk, butter, and egg man presented a bill for \$63.

One of his friends aptly remarked that the Stander residence was the best short-order place in town. But his cook, who has been with him since before he owned a cook stove, fails to be discouraged and stays on. His friends drop in at all hours; the doors are never locked and there's always someone there. Last summer he took a cottage at the beach, but couldn't get in for the crowds, so he is spending this summer at home.

He has no illusions about the motion picture business. Succinctly expressed, his views are: "It is a great industry and sometimes it's even art, but not often. If it is, it's the most ephemeral art there is. One week everyone raves about a certain picture, declaring it to be the greatest ever made. It cost more than a million dollars, they say, and at last a picture has been made that is art in a big way. But the next week it is forgotten and a month later it will be showing at a fourth-run house along with bank night and another feature. Few pictures have any permanency in the minds of the public, but I think the time will come when they will have."

He insists that he reads his publicity, an admission seldom made by a motion picture star, and exclaims: "How it goes to my head! A national news magazine devoted more space to me a few weeks ago than it did to China! So much has been written about me that I must begin to cudgel my brain in a vain endeavor to make my dull life glow with color, glamor, and romance."



Marion Davies pauses to show you something new in costume jewelry.

Despite his kidding, the publicity department at Columbia Studios adores him. "He isn't always in our hair wanting publicity," one member of that department told me, "but he never refuses to do what we ask him to do. He's a peach!" Inasmuch as the publicity department of a studio is as accurate a barometer as you can find to indicate a star's real character, we must be convinced that Stander is all right.

He is even nine-tenths satisfied with his rôles! "I'm the best friend of the leading man in all my pictures," he remarked with his engaging grin. "I never mean a thing to the story. I'm never an essential character. I could be cut right out of the picture—of any picture I've made."

The time has yet to come when he will be cut out and there is a well-founded rumor to the effect that he is soon to be starred. This never fails to upset him.

"I'm not going around draped in the responsibility of carrying a picture," he protests. "I was hired for comedy relief and comedy relief I'm going to be." But he thinks it very amusing that he draws more salary every week than some of the stars he supports.

"You know," he recalled to me, "most of the pictures I've been in have a pearl necklace in the plot. You know that old pearl necklace plot, don't you? Well, some day when I get time, I'm going to write a pearl necklace story that will put an end to pearl necklace stories. I'm going to have someone light a match under it and burn the necklace up."

He *could* write the story, at that, for some of the many and varied jobs he held before he became an actor were writing jobs. He worked as a reporter on newspapers; he worked as a publicity man, and at times wrote hair-raising melodramas and mystery thrillers for the pulp magazines. But this real talent—a talent that approaches genius—is his ability to coax a performance out of a pair of dice. It was a sadder and wiser chap who had learned by experience of Stander's talent, who recommended him for a bit in a show which required no acting but a certain knack with the dice. His salary as a bit player wasn't much, but his ability to make passes enabled him to collect each week the salaries of all the actors who could be lured into a game, so he managed to do very well.

When it was discovered that he was a natural actor, his future was settled without any great mental strain on his part. He thought acting was as good a racket as any other and went from show to show. But he learned it wasn't as easy as it sounds, especially one season when he was in twenty-six flops without a success among them, thus attaining a record almost as good as he could make with straight passes.

Eventually success came to him and then radio work, which he did first as a dialect comedian. "The Scoundrel" was his first important picture and gained him a hearing in Hollywood.

Despite his sketchy attendance at school, he is well educated and intelligent. He knows history and I warn you not to get into an argument with him on any past or current event. Even if he were wrong in fact, which is unlikely, he would talk you into a state of wilted acquiescence.

His reading, he tells me, is done between twelve and two in the morning, "because there isn't so much company then." This black sheep doesn't play bridge, polo or golf. He doesn't own a dog!

"There aren't any mongrels in Hollywood," he said briefly, in explaining that deficiency. "I've been looking around for a stray but I can't find one."

Which seems to be the only consistent streak in his entire make-up. A black sheep *would* prefer a mongrel to a pure bred dog.



Winter sunshine for your skin in Barbara Gould Irradiated Cream.

AN exciting newcomer in cosmetic circles is Barbara Gould Irradiated Skin Cream. It's different from anything we've tried before and it actually releases atomic oxygen on your skin when it comes in contact with water. Here's how it works: After your face and neck have been thoroughly cleansed, you moisten them with a wash cloth wrung out of warm water. Then apply the cream with your fingers, stroking upwards and outwards. Enough oxygen is released to have a definitely energizing effect on the skin, making it especially receptive to the delicate balance of oils which parallel the natural oils in a beautiful, young complexion. It's best to apply the cream at night before you retire. It has the lovely fresh fragrance typical of Barbara Gould preparations. We know you'll enjoy using it—we do.

WE'RE certainly glad we discovered "Taboo," a new cream that's simply death to underarm perspiration! It's so pleasantly scented and easy to use we found it hard to believe it could actually check perspiration, as well as deodorize. However, we're completely convinced by our own experience and the glowing reports of friends who use Taboo that it will keep underarms dry for at least one day and usually more, without in any way irritating the skin. It is a pure white, delicately perfumed vanishing cream that you simply pat or gently rub into your skin until it disappears. It's cool and soothing, but mild as it is, it does the job.

ATINY tint to brighten up your hair is the promise Golden Glint Rinse makes—and keeps. It's not a dye or bleach, and it

Femi-nisties

Beauty Conquers Wind and Frost!



The bright finish for a beauty shampoo—Golden Glint Rinse.



For rosy red lips that look natural, use Tangee lipstick.



Does your future hold lovely hands—thanks to Frostilla Lotion?

rinses out easily with the next shampoo. You need have no fear that it will destroy the natural appearance which conservative women cherish and most men admire. It imparts tiny reddish tones and golden highlights to hair that has lost its sheen, so it seems to have the vibrancy and brightness of early youth. You simply dissolve the contents of a small envelope in hot water and pour it through your hair after a shampoo. Although not imperative, it's a good idea to use Golden Glint Shampoo as it is especially adapted to prepare your hair so it gets the most out of the rinse.

WE WISH we knew the secret of how Tangee lipstick performs its miracle of giving flattering color to your lips without one single iota of "painted" look! But we don't. Chameleon-like, it takes on its color according to your own individual skin, achieving an effect that is supremely natural. It is made with a cream base that keeps your lips in smooth, soft condition with no danger of drying, no matter how often you apply it. We find it a grand protection against chapping when the weather's cold and windy. Tangee rouge, made on the same color principle, gives a soft, natural glow to your cheeks that's sure to be a perfect match for your lipstick. These products are ideal for the girl who wants to look her prettiest without admitting she uses make-up.

WHAT does the future hold for you? Does the crystal

show you possessed of two soft, white hands that will do their share toward bringing you a glamorous Winter replete with romance? We give you our word that Frostilla Lotion will help your dream of beautiful hands come true. It's pleasantly fragrant and delightful to use. Your reward is a pale smoothness and the softness that beautifies to the touch as well as the eye. And you can depend upon Frostilla to protect your hands against harsh exposure and to relieve chapping, roughness, or redness in practically no time at all. It has a highly beneficial effect on nail cuticle. Some women find it a protective, persuasive base for face powder. It's a soothing rub for tired feet, too.

A Real Day With Robert Taylor

Continued from page 23

music while he's driving, wherever he goes to eat, and Joe has orders to turn on the living-room radio the minute Bob's awake. Melodies flood the house and Joe flicks on the music when Bob's car rolls into the driveway after a day at the studio. You know how many folks try to awe you with their zeal for classical pieces? Bob studied the cello for years and he can appreciate the finest symphonies. But he hasn't a piano—because "I can't play one." He tunes in on classical numbers "only when I'm in the mood, which seems to be seldom." He thrills, frankly, to swing rhythm. "Bennie Goodman's orchestra is tops in my estimation. Next I search for Lud Gluskin. The Casa Loma band is third choice." His pet songs are *I'll Get By*, *Avalon*, *China Boy*, and *When Did You Leave Heaven?*

Joe brought in orange juice, toast and coffee, and served it on the coffee table before the fireplace in the living-room.

"Guess you'll have to take a beating on your breakfast," mine host smiled. "I hate breakfast myself; it's a hideous ordeal for me, getting up and suddenly commencing to eat. And I can't ask Joe to bring in more—for there isn't anything else in the house!"

The refrigerator at Bob Taylor's is bare—except for cream and butter! I was stumbling onto one of the most amazing, hitherto undisclosed Taylor idiosyncrasies. Bob is not to be won *via* his stomach! He actually classifies food as just a necessary evil, and meals are routines to be rushed through. All you who aspire to be Mrs. Taylor can now not only stop struggling with the Harvard Classics, but you can throw away your jolly old cook-book. If you slave over a hot stove it's love's labor lost.

"I have breakfast, such as it is, out here in the living-room," Bob went on to explain. "I can't stand formality in meals and I don't like to sit in there at the dining-room table. I don't have any other food here because I hate to eat at home."

"But don't you get tired of restaurants?"

"I've been eating in them since I was five, and I'm not tired of them yet," he vowed.

I gasped, "But—when you were at home with your parents—?"

"We ate out," he retorted. "We liked to!"

Still, here's more surprising data on Bob. He never touches vegetables, salads, or fruits—the orange juice in the morning being his only concession. "I don't like any kind of vegetables. Spinach? Ugh! Carrots, and lettuce, and apples—? I've never liked anything like that and never indulge." Bob goes for meat and potatoes and gravy, with ample salting. The easier to swallow, the better. He avoids steaks that have bones—"too much trouble to cut around the bone"—and requests ground steak! He doesn't care for a cocktail before dinner. "So far as I'm concerned, they could eliminate all *hors-d'oeuvres* and desserts, also." Fashionable lingering over coffee cups bores him. "I should be Continental, but I'm not!" Don't forget to keep the merry music on, though.

After we finished breakfast Bob retired to put on brown slacks and a white polo shirt and comfortable golf shoes. He never wears a suit until he has to. He remembered his desk in the corner of the living-room. "Mind if I do something there before we go forth?" I didn't, naturally, so he phoned his secretary, who lives at his mother's. "Bring over the photos you have for me to sign," he instructed her. Bob won't let anyone, even her, autograph a picture for him. Every single photograph

for which a dime or a quarter is enclosed to help cover costs carries his very own personal greeting. He was relating how he values the letters that reach him when the secretary came. For an hour and a half I watched him read and write. By 11:15 he was through.



Paulette Goddard very chic in a swagger fur coat. When do you start that new film, Paulette?

"How about that ride?" I inquired, fancying a spin in Bob's tan Packard Twelve phaeton.

"Okay," he chuckled. "Let's go!" He led me to the garage. (There is a ping-pong table on his back lawn). "Better stand outside until I back her out." There was a noise akin to the China Clipper taking off, a violent crescendo of sputters, and out backed Bob Taylor in the goshdarndest strip-down racer you've ever seen! There were no fenders and remarkably little of the body was left. The wheels were specially braced and when I clambered in I was practically pals with a red-hot exhaust pipe—the enterprising Mr. Taylor had eagerly ripped out the floorboard!

"I wangled this from a race-track demon. He paid a lot for it. Look-it how the motor's hopped up. You can whoop up to 70 in a few blocks," Bob gloated.

But, having due respect for Beverly's traffic cops, he chugged us toward a handy canyon at a modest speed. Once on a clear, little-traveled road, he monkeyed with the muffler and opened the cut-out. He's crazy about the noise-making traits of this car—his Packard's annoyingly quiet. With a roar we shot ahead, and I was on the ride of a life-time. Bob tingled with a furious pleasure at the 80-mile speed—and I held on for dear life. The wind ruffled his thick hair, but, fortunately, not into his eyes. He brought me back alive!

When he slowed down and turned around, we drove into the city through the canyon where Bob starts building next month. He's going to own his first home, and it'll be a rambling Early American farmhouse.

"Filling it with antiques?" I probed.

"Don't like 'em!" he responded. "I'm having all the furniture built, so it'll be appropriate and yet modern."

As we lurched into his drive-way again I wondered why he had no suntan set-up in the rear patio. "I never take sun-baths," he asserted. "A tan's keen if I can get it while I'm swimming or playing tennis; but I haven't the patience to just lie still and let the sun pour on me."

He proposed lunch at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, so we could get out on the courts there afterwards. Bob hasn't joined a super-social club. "To me a club's for the sport; I don't want to sit about having cocktails. I want to be able to get mugged up and not have to give a hoot."

When he'd changed into tennis ducks and shoes we rated the Packard.

He's never had the top up, reveling in invigorating breezes. When it rains, and usually to and from the studio, he uses the new Ford coupé he's invested in. In the quiet tennis club restaurant the radio was turned on at his entrance. He ordered hot cakes with tiny sausages, a fried egg, and coffee. (Well, he's never had a stomach-ache yet!). Then we went to my defeat. Lately Bob's been squeezing in considerable tennis practice and the best way of estimating the wallop in his serve and the finesse with which he places the ball teasingly on the line is to attempt to trim him. When I was trimmed 8-6, and 6-2, a friend with whom Bob plays frequently stepped in and Bob showed him up magnificently.

Instead of showering in the locker room, Bob headed straight for home. "I don't object to changing clothes if I can do it at the house. I'm funny—I accustom myself to things and then prefer familiar surroundings. I like a particular shower and don't want any part of any other; I adjust the lights on my bathroom mirror and park my pipe holder on the mantle; I've a hankering, then, for things to be where they belong." Well-brought-up young man!

While he was having a quick shower I had a chance to play with Bob's dog, the most beautiful brown Irish setter in Hollywood. I noticed the ribbons the dog has captured in local kennel shows were on the desk.

Joe confided that his master never entertains at home. "He's not given a single party. Mr. Taylor doesn't care for dinner parties. He isn't here much. He's on the go as much as he can be."

"You bet I am," announced Bob, emerging in a gray suit. "Pardon me while I make an urgent call!"

I couldn't help listening—over the radio's interference, even. Would Barbara be free to go to the movies tonight? Oh, great! He'd be by at eight. (He isn't slushy, you see). If Bob weren't so polite I'm sure he'd have added that the intervening hour-and-a-half would be awfully long.

Joe tactfully reminded him of the two suits that had been at the tailor's for six months. Bob, it seems, detests fittings, and postpones them. We got into the good car again—chauffeuring is as unnecessary an art for Joe as cooking—and zoomed up to Sunset Boulevard and the swank tailor shop there. Bob was received with extra consideration, but there was no silly fawning upon him. He joked and never let on that he didn't relish the fitting. He's not a growler, ever. He shops as little as possible—because he doesn't enjoy the parking problem!

I hadn't learned quite all. Bob invited me to dine with him. He always patronizes one of three favorite cafés on Wilshire Boule-

vard in Beverly—unless he's at Barbara Stanwyck's or his mother's. The head waiter's face lit up as he appeared in the doorway. Swiftly I was handed a menu, but Bob wasn't. "I don't have to bother ordering. That's why I come here. They bring me things I don't have to work on!"

Many a pretty miss attempted to flirt with him. But Bob's not a roving type of Romeo. He's the sort who's positive the girl of his current dreams has just left heaven. And when you can court an angel,

sent to you from heaven, why philander?

"Will you end up night-clubbing after the movies?"

"Don't like 'em—night-clubs, I mean," Bob announced, driving me to his house so I could pick up my own car. "I like to dance. When Bennie Goodman was at the Palomar last summer I went there often. But these night-spots are too smoky. I'd rather bundle up and drive fast in the moonlight, with the temperature cold and—" He blushed. "Here we are and in

the nick o' time; I'm beginning to sound foolish!"

With a wave of his hand he whirled off to Barbara's. When the most popular man in Hollywood goes to a public dance-hall instead of the Troc, because he prefers a certain orchestra to being seen with the movie colony's social set, he's worth admiring with no reservations. And if being incurably romantic is foolish, it's some consolation that Robert Taylor, no less, believes in falling in love, too!

The Girl Who Calls Herself Margo

Continued from page 51

she whirled around, rose petals cascaded from her hair, showered her tense young body and fell in sad little heaps to the floor. That night she took seventeen bows and two encores before they would allow her to leave.

At a certain table sat a man and woman, who watched the exhibition with fascinated eyes. "That little girl is going to be heard from," said the woman, who was Helen Hayes. "Charlie, she has great talent that cannot be denied. Maybe some day you can use her." The remarks were addressed to Charlie MacArthur, who several years later gave Margo her great chance in "Crime Without Passion."

Her acting in this picture brought Margo to the attention of Guthrie McClintic, producer husband of Katherine Cornell. In Margo he found *Miriamne*, (*little Miriam*), the tragic heroine of Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." Together with an actor named Burgess Meredith, Margo scored an individual triumph that kept her playing the same rôle for eight consecutive months. While the play was still running, James Hilton came back to her dressing-room to see her. Just that day, Margo had finished reading Hilton's "Lost Horizon" and secretly expressed the wish that she might play the Tibetan girl.

Typical of Mr. Hilton's vivid imagination, instead of introducing himself formally, he extended his hand and said: "You remind me of smoke." Months later, Margo was summoned to Hollywood and given the rôle she yearned for. Several days after she started the picture, she met one of the studio executives. Stopping her, he asked if she were happy and if she liked the picture. Bubbling over with happiness, the mad Margo exclaimed: "I love the picture. I love Frank Capra. I love Ronald Colman. I love Jane Wyatt and John Howard. In fact, I love everyone."

The executive looked at Margo anxiously. Shaking his head sadly, in all seriousness he replied: "You give too much. You mustn't do it. It isn't good for you."

Her eyes dancing, but her face a mask of despair, Margo dramatically quoted from Mr. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet": "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love is deep. The more I give, the more I have to give—for both are infinite." The executive stared at Margo, not knowing whether to break out in applause or call the wagon. Finally, with a sickly grin, he sputtered: "That was very good. Did you make it up?"

During the making of "Lost Horizon," Margo got to know the elusive Ronald Colman. The make-up man on the set insists that one day he overheard Colman invite Margo out for dinner and she tactfully refused. That in itself is a mark of distinction in Hollywood. But Margo refuses to confirm or deny this. On the other hand, she learned something invaluable, while working with the charming Englishman.

"Ronald Colman taught me the mean-

ing of patience," says Margo. "It's something one must have when working in the studios. On the set Mr. Colman was always kind, always polite, but he kept to himself. I used to watch him sitting on the sidelines. His face was very stern, but there was a twinkle in his eyes. One day we started to talk. I asked him how he could be content to remain in Hollywood, when there was so much waiting and so much to be experienced. I asked him if he enjoyed being a recluse and said that I was so hungry for the whole world, I just couldn't remain alone and live in the same place continuously.

"He looked at me wisely and started to talk. He said that he had already had so much out of life, it was a relief for him to settle in the one spot that had the most advantages. Then he said something to me that I shall always remember. 'You only have one life,' were his words. 'Use it wisely.' I have never forgotten that. I want to use my life wisely. I want to make every moment count."

All the time they were searching for someone to play in the screen version of "Winterset," Margo prayed that she might be given the chance. Dozens of tests were made. As a last resort, Margo was asked to make a test also. Because Burgess Meredith had already been signed to play his original rôle, the studio felt that a box-office name should be cast to play the part of the girl.

Because he is a friend and great admirer of Margo, John Beal agreed to make the test with her and read the lines that Burgess Meredith would eventually speak on the screen. The day that producer Pandro Berman saw the test

in the projection room was Ginger Rogers' birthday. That night, Ginger was having a party at the Cocoanut Grove. Berman arrived at the party late. In his eyes was a wild look of ecstasy. For the balance of the evening, everyone had to listen to his raves over the test.

Margo and Burgess Meredith worked as they never worked before, in recreating their rôles for the camera. Meredith, a newcomer to the screen, arrived in Hollywood with his wife, Margaret Perry. It is to be remembered that she was the one who disappeared from Hollywood when a local trade paper reviewed her first M-G-M picture and criticized her unfairly and without just cause. For days Margo and Burgess carried on their dramatics in the pouring rain. Meredith, who is a fine actor, represents the new school of Hollywood leading men. Hardly in the matinée idol class, his dramatic appeal is so sensational, studio executives pleaded that he sign for a term of many years. Instead, Burgess agreed to do one or two pictures every summer, providing they don't interfere with his first love, the theatre.

When Margo was offered a long term R-K-O contract, she had much to consider. The security of a weekly pay check presented a helpful way to solve her many responsibilities. She herself could get along on next to nothing. But there were others to consider. On the other hand, she felt that Hollywood would limit her chances for development. Money played such a small part in her own scheme of things. She wanted to learn. She wanted to live. She wanted her freedom, to be able to fly to the four cor-



Again they face danger, and love, together. Warner Baxter and June Lang, Warner's leading lady in "Road to Glory," in their new film "The White Hunter."

ners of the earth, if it meant a new knowledge. There was such a large world waiting. Even with all its advantages, Hollywood just couldn't make up for everything else.

To show how they value her services as an actress, Margo was signed for a term of seven years. From February on, for six consecutive months, her talents belong to R-K-O. The rest of the time is hers, to go where she may, to do what she pleases, to give herself to living. Margo always wants to keep studying, practising and expanding. She wants to keep going places, to keep coming home—as long as she is progressing. She also feels that helping herself is the one way that she will be able to help those depending upon her.

Even though she has barely scraped the surface of her artistic ability, Margo has already created an interest and an enthusiasm, that might easily turn the head of the average young girl in Hollywood. In true Margo style and with true Margo humor, when she is told how great she is Margo retorts: "Isn't that strange? I was just saying the same thing to myself, only this morning. I said, 'Margo, you're a genius. You're so wonderful—you ought to be in pictures!'"

Margo can kid about herself. But that still doesn't prevent others from waxing eloquent. Clarence Brown, (who has never met her), has already given out two interviews on why he thinks she is

the coming actress of the age. Eugene O'Neill, the celebrated playwright, unsolicited sent her an autographed photograph, which is the rarest form of flattery from him. George Jean Nathan, New York's most discriminating critic, devotes several pages in his recently published book to a Margo Eulogy. Katharine Hepburn and Lillian Gish have both expressed themselves, by coming on the



Speaking of the young set, let us introduce Lynn Berkeley, above, who's both young and very pretty.

set and telling Margo to her face that hers is a greater career to come.

In spite of the sensation she has caused, Margo remains simple and unassuming. She lives in a small house with her mother and several cousins. Every other week another cousin arrives from Mexico City, or one goes back. In Margo they have found a friend, a loved one, and a protector. This fall she will do another play for Guthrie McClintic. When she returns to Hollywood it is rumored she will dance with Fred Astaire.

Recently Francis Lederer, who became an avid Margo admirer when he saw her in "Crime Without Passion," selected her for his leading lady in a radio version of the French play, "Lilium." Typical of the quixotic Lederer, Margo received a huge bee-hive, made of fresh flowers. It arrived on the set, the morning of the broadcast. The symbolism of the Lederer floral piece wasn't exactly known. But Margo's sweetness must have inspired it. Hollywood would like to make it a big romance, but Margo has different ideas. As an artist and a friend, Margo has profound regard for Francis Lederer. And Francis, who has been married-off in every Hollywood column, at last succeeded in getting even. When he started building on his ranch house, it was printed that the new addition would be the bridal suite. In reality, Francis Lederer was building a new stable.

The Younger Set of Hollywood

Continued from page 21

Despite the fact I've been on the stage since I was six I still have a lot to learn. I can't carry a picture by myself yet. How could they have expected me to carry one like 'Tom Brown of Culver' five years ago? I don't want to be a star. I'm well content to play leads. I want to play adult parts. My ambition is to be a young Spencer Tracy. I'm not good-looking enough to be another Gable or Bob Taylor—"

"Oh, nuts!" I began.

"Nuts, nothing," Tom cut in. "I'm *clean*-looking, maybe, and that's all you can say for me. I know my limitations. But there won't be any more 'Anne of Green Gables' and that sort of thing. I loved doing them, mind you, but I feel I'm past that."

"I've bought a lot out in Brentwood and we're going to start building pretty soon. I want to take care of my parents and I can't afford to keep two establishments going. This lot is large enough that there'll be a house for them in front, then a swimming-pool, and I'll have a small place in back for myself—bedroom, bathroom, combination living-and-dining-room, and kitchen. My folks," he finished proudly, "would fit into any crowd, but there are times in this business when you just have to have a place of your own. I may never get into the really big dough, but my tastes are simple and if I can keep going for another two or three years I can still save enough that I'll know I'll never be in any actual want."

Talking to Tom inevitably made me think of Ida Lupino, and I asked him about her. "It isn't up to me to comment on any actor or actress my own age," Tom said. "Once, years ago, an interviewer came to see me when I was new to the business and began asking me about different girls. I didn't want to talk so he began insinuating and I *had* to say something to head him off. He only printed what I said and not what *he'd* said that led up to it. As

it came out in print it made me seem a perfect ass."

"However, since we're friends I'll tell you I think 'Loopy,' as we all call Ida Lupino, has made more progress in the past year or so than any other young actress in Hollywood. I think she and Olivia de Havilland are the two outstanding feminine players, among the younger crowd, in town."

"It's a shame you and Ida quit batting around together," I said. "If there ever was a perfect pair of screwballs you two are it. It seems to me you were made for each other."

Tom laughed ruefully. "I guess so. I sure had a lot of laughs with 'Loopy.' And we understood each other. We both love to rhumba. I don't recall where we were going but we were driving out Sunset Boulevard once. I had the radio on and a dance orchestra was playing. Suddenly they struck up a rhumba."

"I pulled over to the curb, parked the car, turned the radio up as loud as it would go, got out, went around and opened the door on 'Loopy's' side. She got out and there, on the sidewalk, we went into as neat a rhumba as you'd ever see. When the number was finished we got back into the car and went on to wherever we were going—and all without a word being spoken! That's 'Loopy' for you!"

"What about Patricia Ellis?" I asked.

"There," said Tom enthusiastically, "is a girl who leads as nearly a completely independent life as anyone I have ever come across. She makes enough money to do what she pleases, lives by herself, and her family, while they're devoted to her, don't bother her. She has a maid who has been with her for years, and she's a good actress."

"A good actress, yes," I agreed.

"The fact she hasn't shown up to better advantage is only because they don't give

her the right parts," Tom said staunchly. "Pat could be one of the very best comediennes in this business if they'd only give her comedy parts. But they make her play straight leads and ingénues."

"Maybe you're right," I conceded. "She *does* have a swell sense of humor."

"Sure," Tom raved on. "And the only real comedy part she has ever had was in 'Bright Lights.'"

"And that was a Joe E. Brown picture," I finished gloomily. "You know," I continued, "the thing I can never figure out about Pat is that young as she is, she always goes with men so much older."

"That's easy," Tom explained. "Pat is more matured mentally than the rest of us. Kids her own age don't interest her. And, of course, it's flattering to a young girl if older men take her out because they enjoy talking to her and get a kick out of her company—if they like her for some other reason than because she's young and pretty."

"Gee, Tom," I encouraged him, "you're doing swell. Tell me about Eleanore Whitney."

"Eleanore?" Tom repeated. "Well, she weighs ninety-eight pounds and wears a 3½ shoe and her birthday is April 12th. Her entry into pictures was rather funny. Paramount tested her for a part in New York and she didn't get it. But someone in the studio liked her test so much they gave her a contract. So far she's made 'Millions in the Air,' 'Timothy's Quest,' 'Three Cheers for Love,' 'Hollywood Boulevard,' and 'The Big Broadcast of 1937.'"

"Where'd she learn to dance?" I inquired.

"Bill Robinson taught her," Tom answered. "When she was ten years old she danced until she was out of breath in his dressing-room at the Palace Theatre in Cleveland. When she stopped he said he'd teach her all he knew about dancing."

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Every time he played Cleveland he gave her some lessons. Finally he wired her that he had a month between bookings and if she could come to New York he'd give her a lesson every day. So she and her mother went, and he really got to work with her. Then he showed her to his manager, Marty Forkins, who was also Rae Samuels' husband. Remember her? She used to be called 'The Blue Streak of Vaudeville.' Forkins liked Eleanore's work and finally teamed her up with his wife. When vaudeville died, Eleanore worked with Rudy Vallee for awhile and then with Jack Benny."

"They tell me," I interrupted, "all she can talk about is herself."

"Listen, Dick," Tom exclaimed earnestly, "put yourself in our places. We're all young and we want to know what makes us tick. We meet people outside the business and all they want to talk about is us. You writers come to interview us and all you talk about is us. You have to if you're going to get a story. So the first thing you know it's become a habit with us. Eleanore is no worse in that respect than any of the rest of us. She's just getting a good start and, naturally, the thing she's most interested in is her career."

"She's also interested in Johnny Downs, isn't she?" I demanded.

"I guess so," Tom grinned.

And then I remembered Johnny's been pouting lately because Eleanore's been going out with Tom. As a matter of fact, she had a luncheon date with Tom the particular day I talked to him—but she didn't show up. Perhaps she changed her mind and ate with Johnny.

"What about Johnny?" I suggested, thinking I might as well drain this mine of information.

"Johnny," Tom announced judiciously, "is one juvenile I think is going places. He worked in the 'Our Gang' comedies as a kid. When he got too old for that he went into vaudeville for a number of years. He played on the legitimate stage in 'Strike Me Pink' and 'Growing Pains.' Then he came back to Los Angeles with Olsen & Johnson in 'Take a Chance.' Some Paramount scout saw him and gave him the lead in 'College Scandal.' When that was finished they put him under contract. He's also played in 'The Virginia Judge,' 'So Red the Rose,' 'Coronado,' and 'Three Cheers for Love.' The bane of his life is that he's so skinny. So right now he's lapping up all the ice-cream and ginger ale he can get hold of, trying to put on weight. He and Eleanore are romancing, but I don't know if it's serious."

"Thanks a lot, pal," I said. "I'll dish some dirt for you sometime."

Away from Tom I got to wondering about some of the others of the younger set. There's Olivia de Havilland, of course. Olivia is the most promising of all the newcomers. She has a sense of humor, too, but it's a quiet kind. It isn't the bubbling, wise-cracking sort that distinguishes most youngsters. She's friendly, her success hasn't gone to her head, and she's one of the most intense young persons I have ever met.

She tries to keep her home and screen lives widely separated. She rarely goes out with anyone connected with pictures, although for a time there was a reported romance with James Blakeley. I think that's about over now. As soon as she finishes a picture she goes back to her home town for a visit, and they still treat her as one of them and not with the awe a picture star usually provokes. I asked her why she prefers non-professional lay peo-



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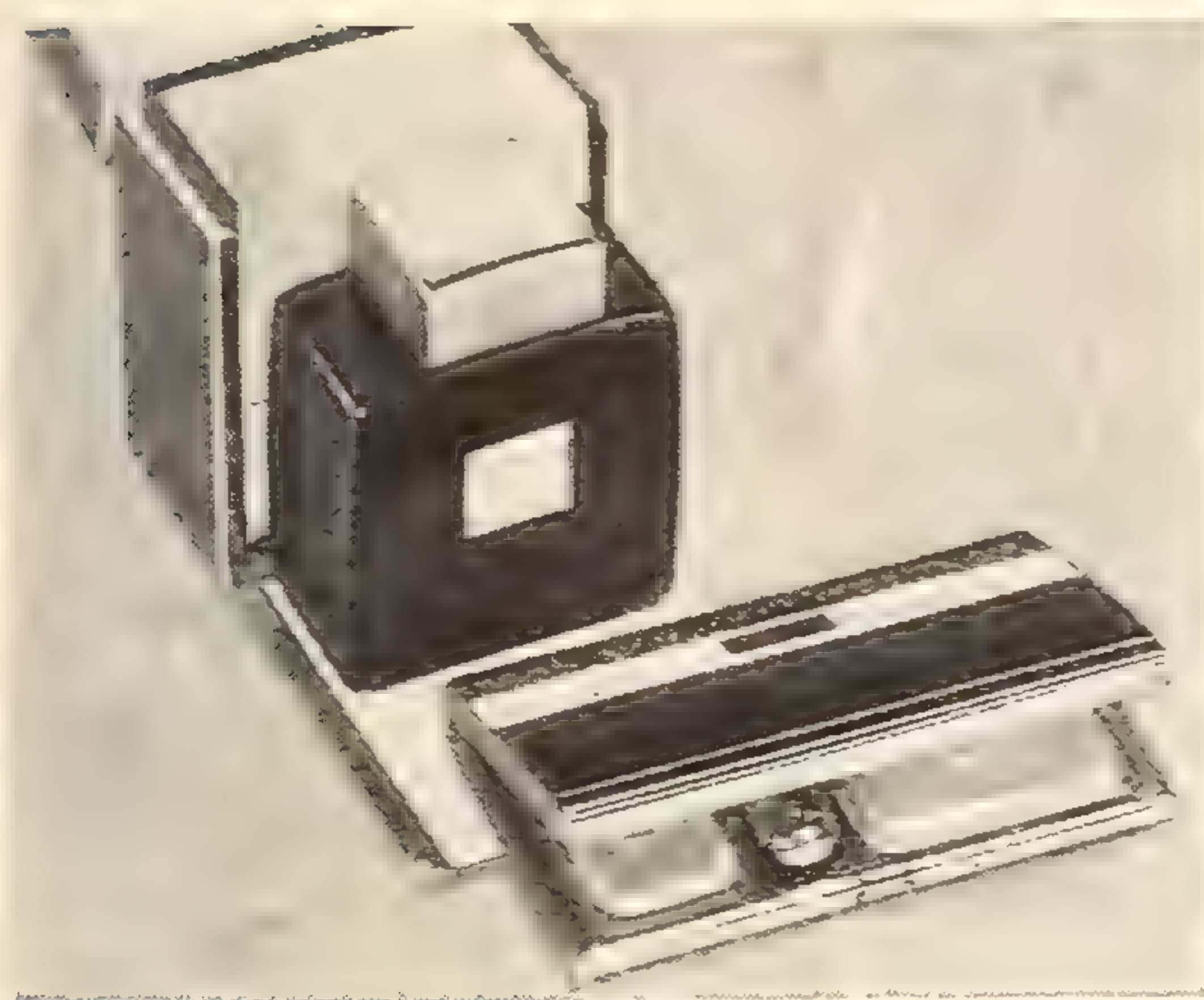
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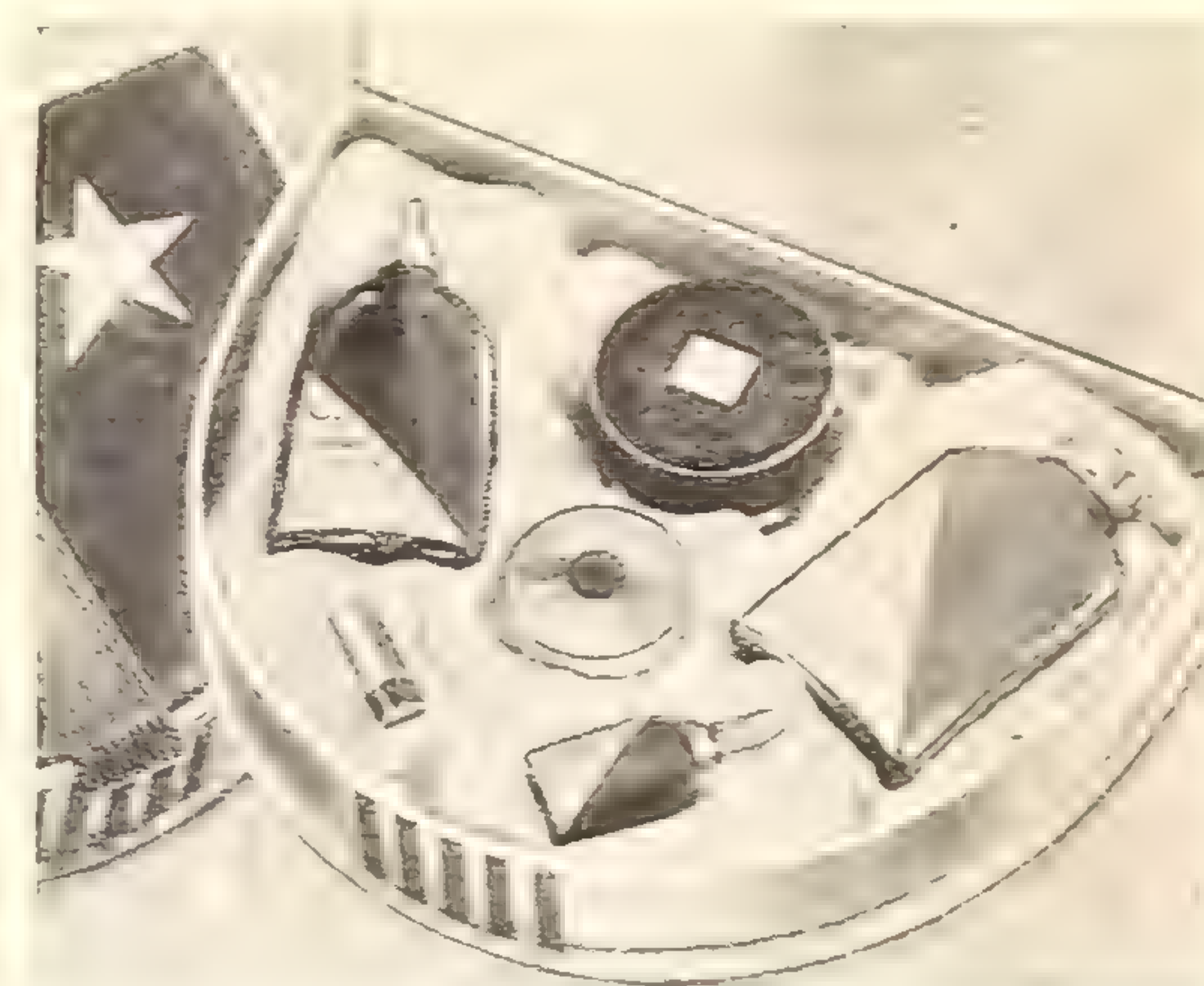
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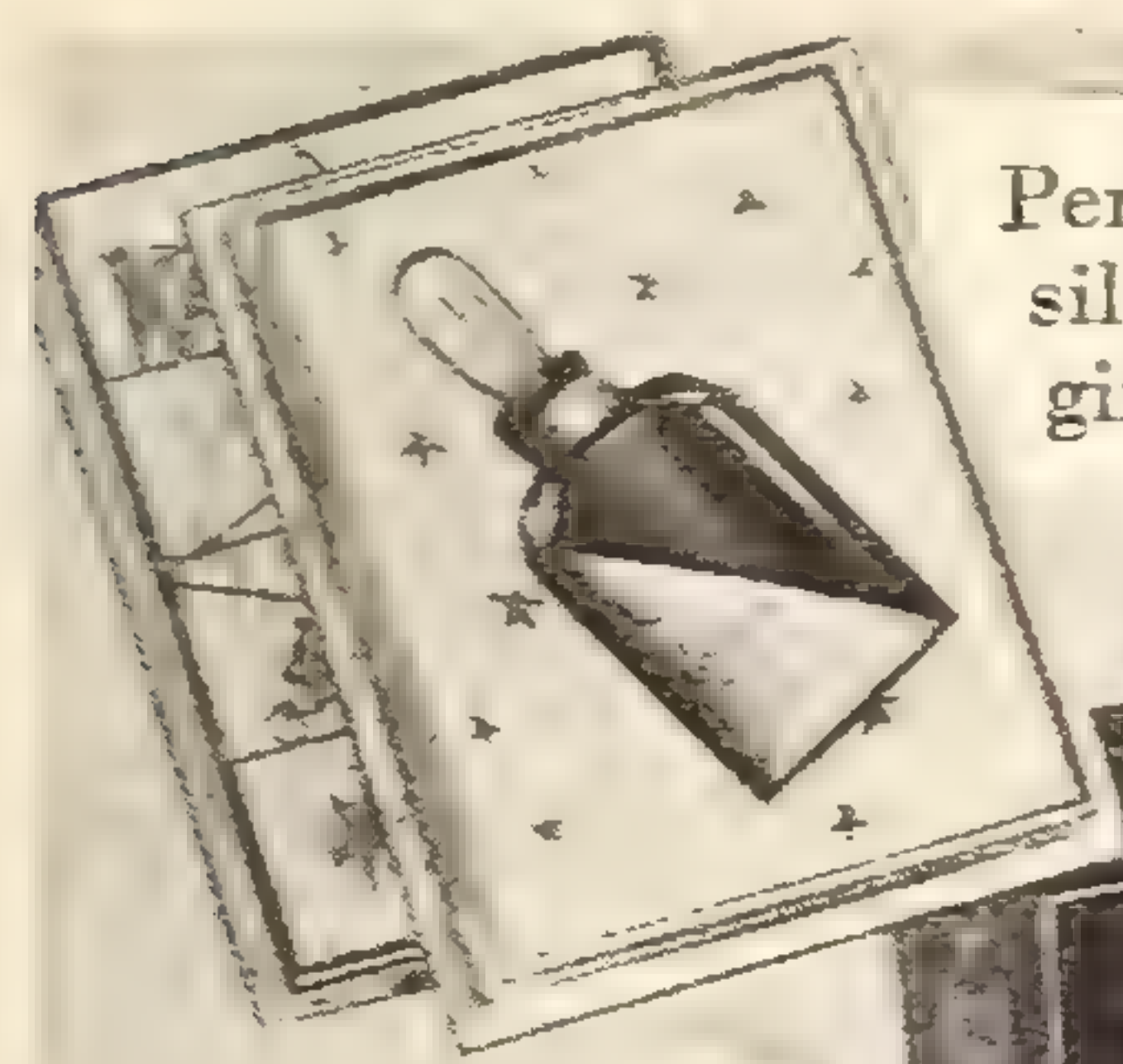
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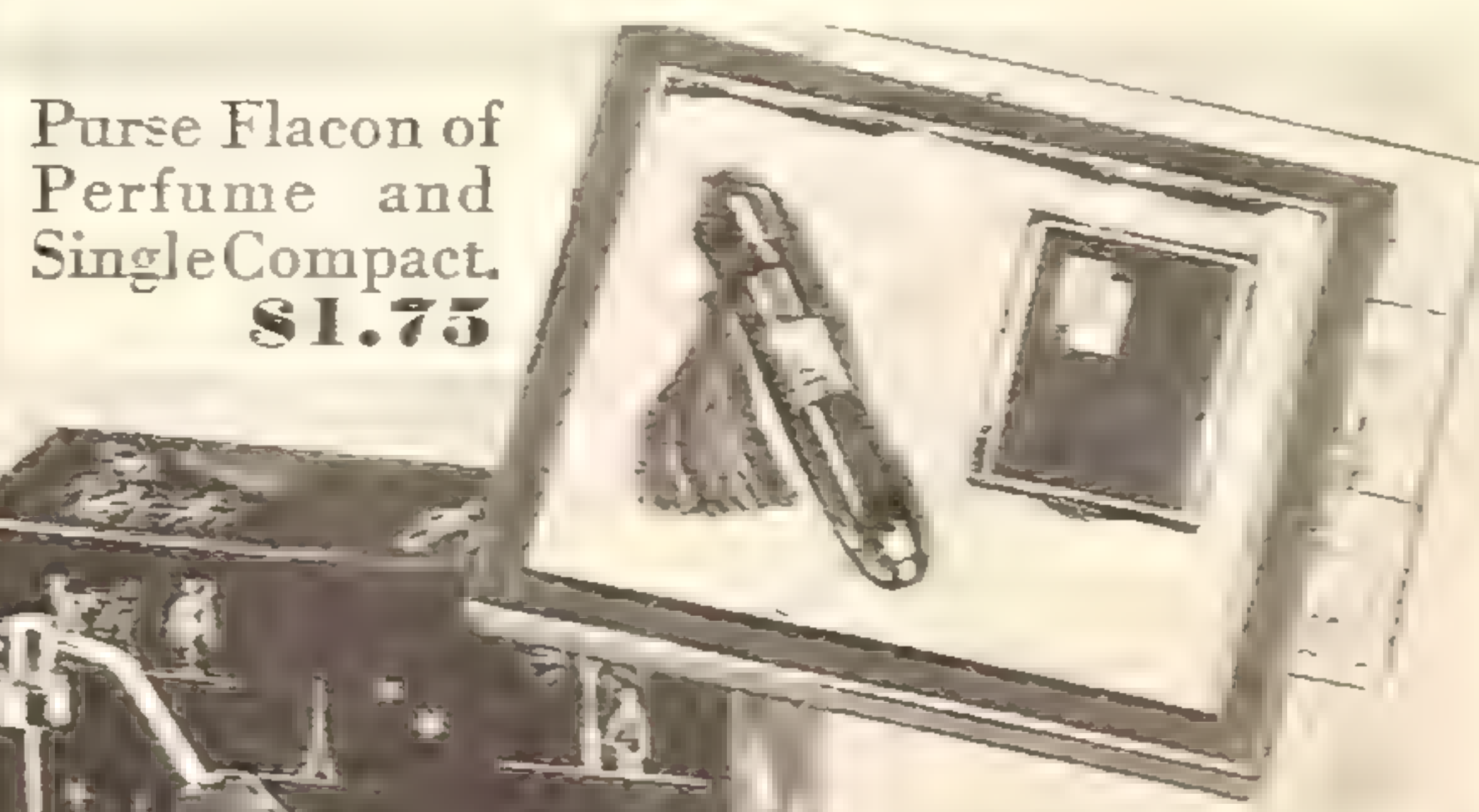
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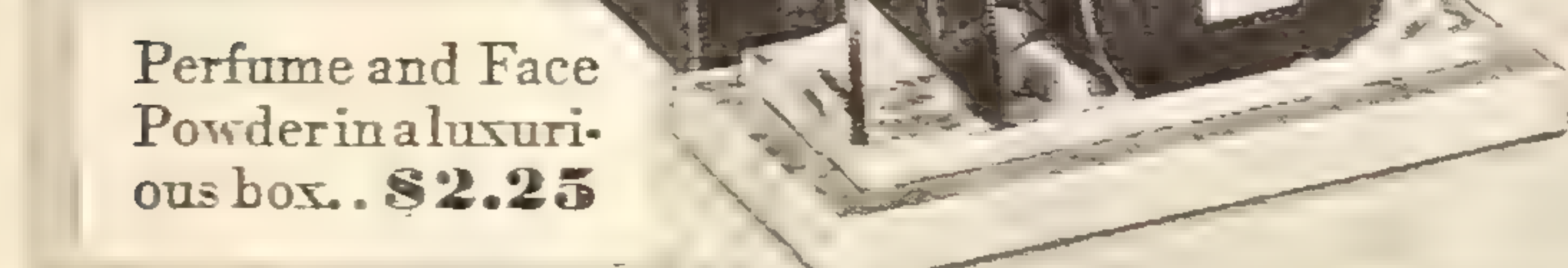
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ple to professionals in her social life.

Olivia regarded me gravely for a moment. "I think," she answered slowly, picking her words, "it is necessary to keep my own emotions and the emotions of the characters I play on the screen as distinct and separate from each other as possible. No one can make effective or sincere screen love and remain entirely oblivious to the attractive qualities of the person playing opposite. It seems to me this makes it automatically unwise to be with that same person during off-screen hours, unless the synthetic romance has suddenly blossomed into a reality. I imagine if that happened it would be rather difficult to keep your sense of values."

She has a decided flair for poetry and a consuming desire to write something

worth while. A San Francisco publishing house will shortly bring out a volume of her verses. Olivia says that when the book is published it will make her feel undressed.

On the same Warner Bros. lot there is June Travis. June is as different from Olivia as James Cagney is from Robert Taylor. She is an only child, is badly spoiled and admits it. Her father is vice-president of the Chicago White Sox and June had every intention of marrying a ball player and settling down to that life—until she got the feminine lead in "Ceiling Zero." Now, nothing would make her give up picture work.

Her face is plentifully freckled and she used to worry constantly about it—until she discovered make-up hid them. She

would rather talk baseball than anything else in the world. Incidentally she throws, as well as possesses, a mean curve. Her favorite dish is watermelon. She eats it any time, day or night. June, you probably gather, is the athletic type of girl.

Another outstanding younger player is Robert Cummings. Bob is a curious type of fellow. Not exactly shy but restrained. He isn't easy to know. It was he who, when he finished dramatic school in New York, found he couldn't get a job because the only type producers wanted was English juveniles. He went to England, lived with an English family and developed as fine an English accent as you could desire. Then he had some pictures made and sent them to American producers saying he was English, had appeared in such and such plays, (most of them imaginary and the rest touring companies they couldn't check on), that he would be in New York on such and such a date, at a certain hotel, and if they were interested he would be glad to make an appointment with them. Then he sailed for America and got more work than he could take care of.

It was also Bob who, meeting Margaret Lindsay who had been in his class at the dramatic school, suggested to her, (when she told him she couldn't find work), that she follow his example. She did and got the part in "Cavalcade" that made her famous.

He never eats in the studio commissary because he's a vegetarian and is sensitive about it. Many players prefer having their interviews in the studio restaurant at noon. Bob insists upon having his either on the set or at his home. He's seldom home when not working because he is an avid aviator.

I've saved the best—my favorite—for the last. Anne Shirley. If I had a kid sister



and she had to be in pictures I would want her to be as nearly like Anne as possible.

As far as I'm concerned, there hasn't been an ingénue like Anne since Lillian Gish. Here is a little girl, maybe eighteen, who has played in more than three hundred pictures, and she's still as swell and simple and unspoiled as the day she first saw the inside of a studio. Ginger Rogers' cousin, Phyllis Frazier, is her closest friend. They're constantly inventing new nicknames for each other and, in telling of their exploits, Anne goes off into gales of laughter.

Last summer four boys from Princeton visited me. We had a picnic at their beach house one day and Anne spent most of the day lolling in the sand with the rest of us. But where everyone else was laughing and wisecracking, Anne was knitting herself a dress. Yellow is her favorite color and it goes well with her coppery hair.

Every juvenile in Hollywood has courted Anne but only a couple have ever had their options lifted. The first was Muzzy Marcelino, soloist with Ted Fiorita's orchestra. Love was in full bloom for them—until the orchestra left on a two-year tour. For a while there were 'phone calls from Chicago where the boys were playing and once Anne was all packed and at the airport for a flying visit to Muzzy, (chaperoned by her mother), when the studio found out about it and stopped her.

Gradually the 'phone calls ceased. Absence *doesn't* make the heart grow fonder—not when you're eighteen and attractive. Once I kidded her about it and, for once, there was no answering smile on Anne's face. "That's something I'll never understand," she said simply. "To this day I don't know what happened to us or why we don't care any more. We never had any quarrels. We just drifted apart."

You can laugh and sneer at puppy love



Eyes that tell a story of a drama in the skies. William Gargan, Astrid Allwyn, Judith Barrett, and William Hall, watch a fellow aviator fight for life in "Flying Hostess."

but there was something beautiful about the relationship of those two kids. Muzzy is as clean and wholesome in his way as Anne is in hers.

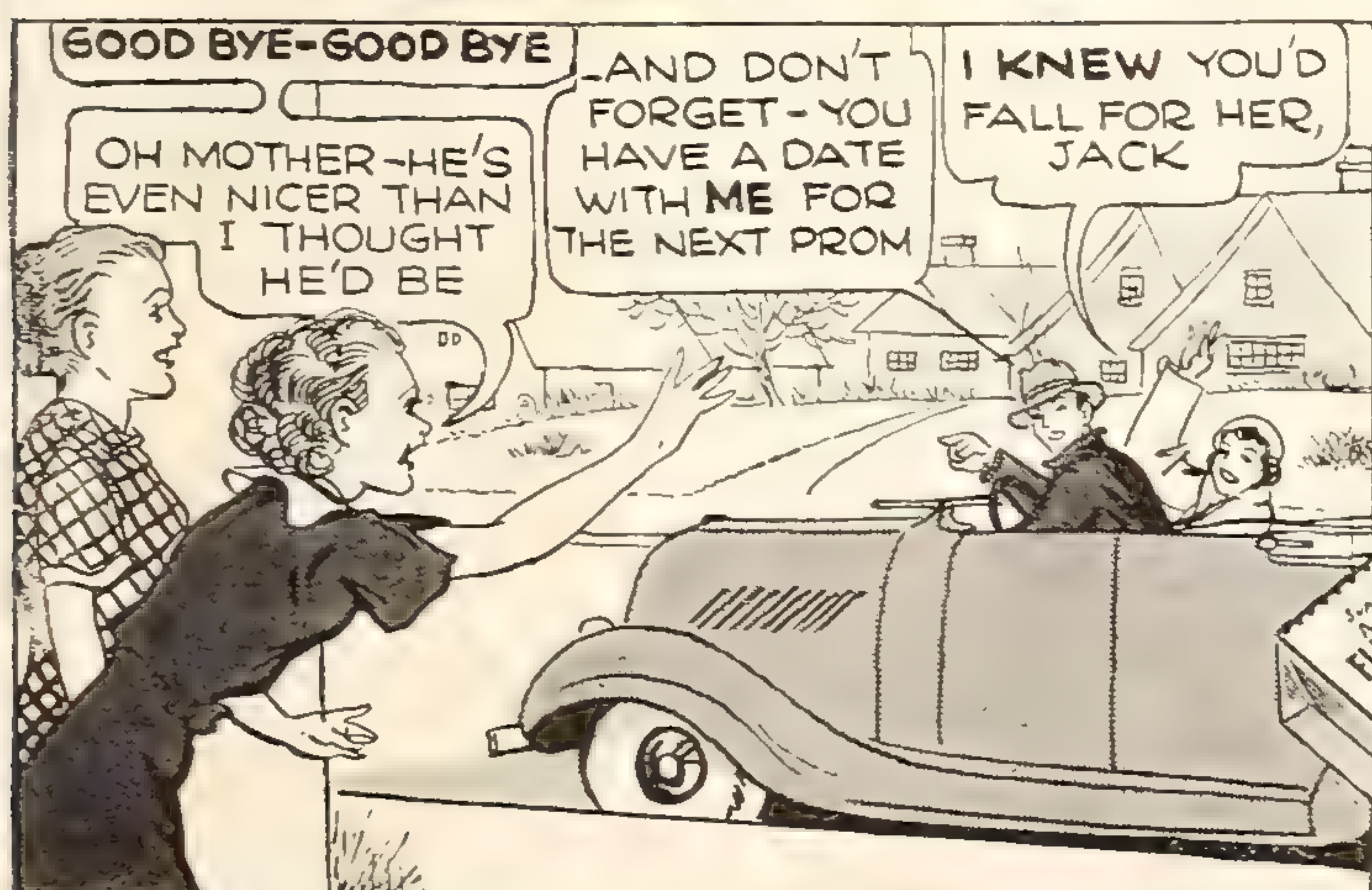
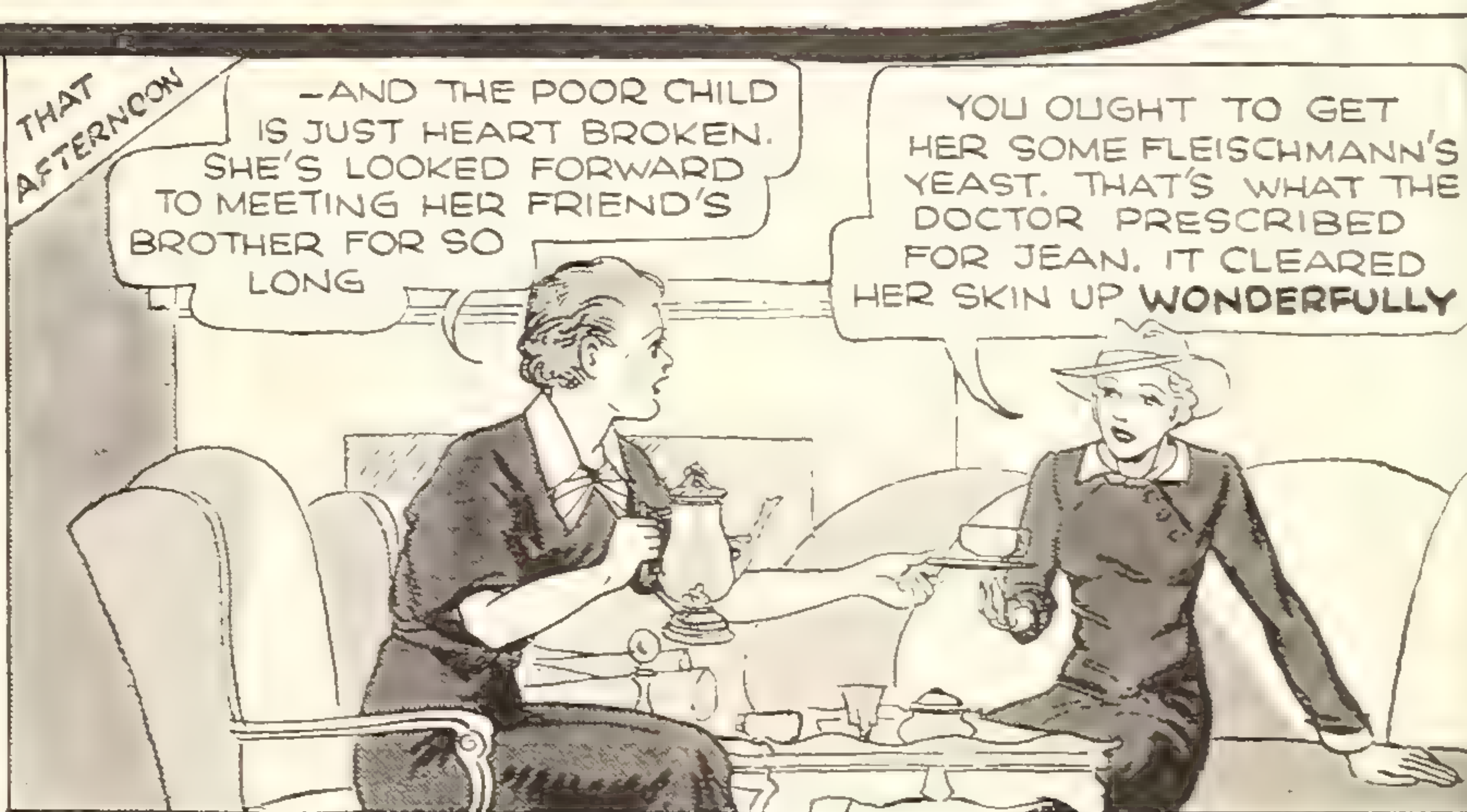
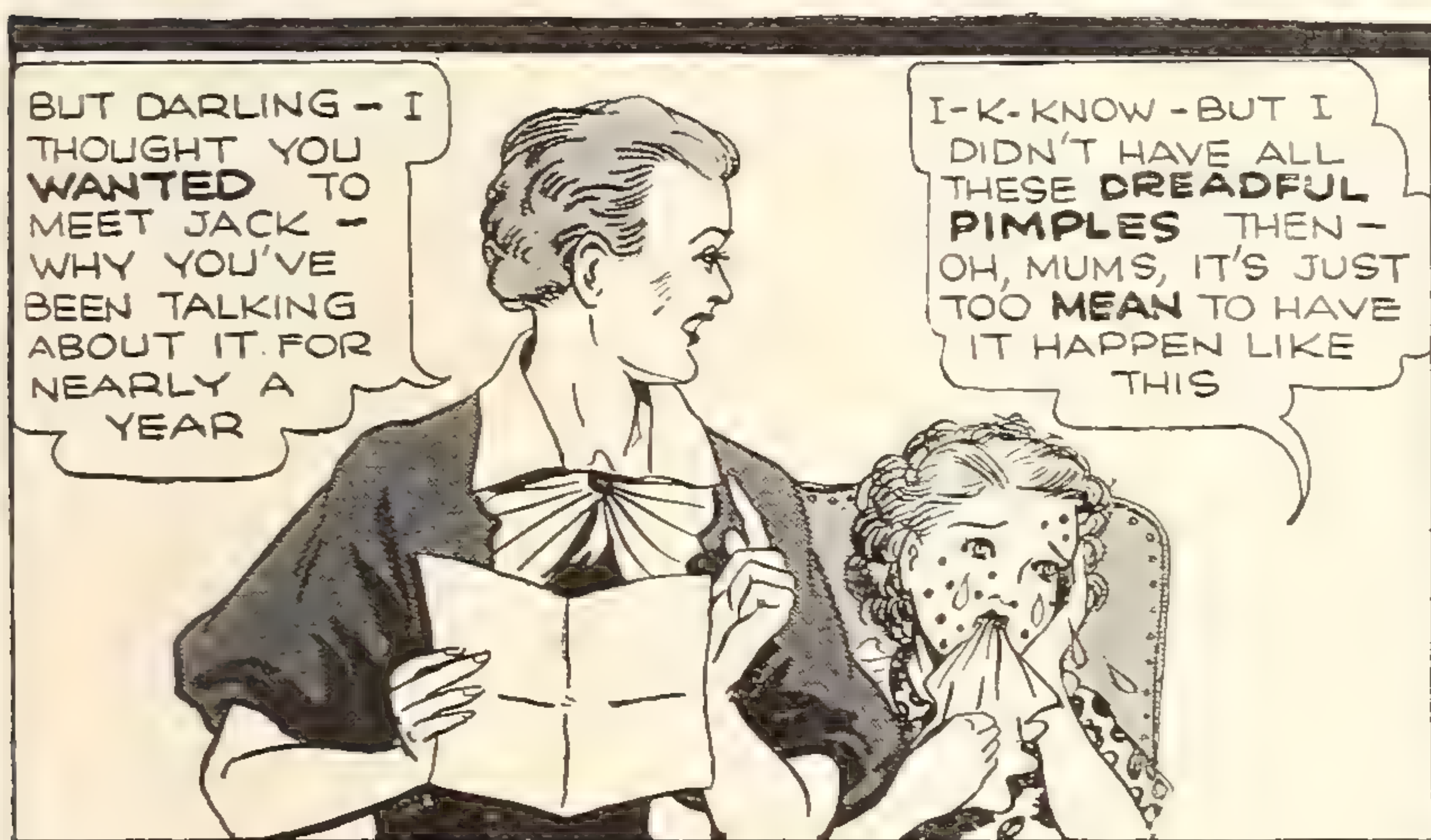
At the moment it's Owen Davis, Jr. They go to all the night spots together and Anne sits there looking out over the floor, sipping her lemonade or ginger ale and trying to appear very blasé and sophisticated.

The tragedy of youth in Hollywood, as I see it, is that their careers are behind them when they're still only kids. I mentioned this to Anne. "Oh, no," she said quickly. "Maybe we'll be through in pictures when we're young but if we use a little common sense we'll have saved enough that we'll never want for anything. The thing to do is not to get yourself used to living like a millionaire. Then,

when your career is behind you there's no feeling of having to give up anything. You go right on living as you've always done. I hope for five years at the top. By that time even though I'm through pictures I won't have to worry. I'll still be young and I can do the things I really want to do. The beauty of youth in Hollywood is that you have success when you're young enough to really enjoy it."

Whether Anne is right or I am is something that will probably never be settled. But talking to these kids convinces me anew of the truth of Maugham's statement, "Nothing is more wonderful than the consciousness of youth which in these days the young have. They are deeply aware that it is lovely and fugitive. They know that it is precious and that they must make the most of it!"

NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT



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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Chester's Home-Life Movies

Continued from page 55

wasn't working. But I took the various wigs home, set up my camera—it has a gadget so that I can take my own picture—and made regular silent tests of each wig. They all looked fakey to me, so I grew my hair.

"For my latest rôles in 'The Depths Below' and 'They Met in a Taxi,' my home movie tests showed me some effective things to do to differentiate the characters. That's another point for the little movie outfit: You can see yourself as others see you. Whether you are in pictures or not, you can test yourself for grooming, dress, or mannerisms. Most of us don't know we have mannerisms until we see them on the screen.

"Most people want to act. Most people are sure they *can* act, so they are usually happy to have the chance when you get out that little black box.

"Brooks suddenly decided he wanted to act when I was on my latest picture. I had been telling him about Scotty, the kid who played in it, and he was sure he could do Scotty's part.

"Look, dad, I want to earn some money," he coaxed. "You let me do that part. I can. Sure I can!"

"Argument being vain, I agreed to give him a test.

"You go out of the room," I directed, "and when I give you the signal, come in, cross the room to me, hold out your hand and say: 'Hello, dad!'"

"He went out, importantly. I signalled and he came in. I wish you could have seen him! Here, let me show you!" The actor rose and imitated Brooks, sidling across the floor, one finger in his mouth, a sheepish smile behind the finger.

"You don't come into a room like that, do you?" I demanded," continued Chester, becoming himself again. "Then Brooks giggled. Cynthia, who had been observing the scene, offered to repeat it, and did it beautifully."

Just how unselfconscious are you? At Pickfair, in the days when Mary and Doug were together, they used to play a game in which a grand prize was offered to anyone who could enter the room, cross it, seat himself and begin to read, with no trace of selfconsciousness. Up until the

night the game was played for the last time, no one had won the prize. But the victims had to do it before a roomful of celebrities, who weren't above heckling. Try it before your home movie camera.

"Brooks may improve when he's older, but I hope he won't be a movie actor and have to earn his living by painting his face," observed Brooks' father, with a fleeting grin that gave a most attractive glimpse of flashing white teeth. "I hope he'll be a supervisor, if he goes into the movie business.

"But it's stupid for parents to try to plan their children's lives. 'My boy is going to be a lawyer'—or 'My son is to enter the ministry' or be a writer or whatever it is, is just hot air. He will decide for himself, or life will decide it for him.

"I was to be an artist. I was taking lessons at art school when I made up my mind to act. The family knew nothing about it until they noticed in the evening paper that my film was playing at a local theatre. The picture was pretty bad, but it settled my career. Acting, not drawing!"

The expense of a home movie outfit, according to Chester, is much less than it was. You can get a small 8 m.m. camera and equipment for comparatively little, and film for these is cheap.

"Most home movie cameras today are the sort that don't need focussing," he pointed out. "You aim the lens at what you want and you get it. At first you are likely to be satisfied with any shot, because it's so exciting to see your subjects moving about on the screen. But presently, you are out to experiment. You try for angles, for shadows, for atmosphere shots. If you can find a white building wall where a low sun will throw shadows three times the height of your characters, you can do most interesting things.

"I talk to cameramen on sets. They will tell you what to do and how to do it. Over at Columbia Studio one of the finest tips for would-be artists in home movies was given by Joe Walker, head of the camera department. He said that the best background you can get is a line, a mist, and the edge of a building—then you use your imagination and have atmosphere. I haven't gone far enough to get all there is out of that tip, but I pass it on. It's swell!"

What Women Wish Men Wouldn't Do!

Continued from page 31

Apparently the younger professional women are more puzzled about that display of masculine ego than are their elder sisters! There may be a reason for that. But the younger males had better look to their laurels, it seems to me.

Courtesy! That word occurs again and again in these discussions with women who meet the cream of our current males. Can it be that that was what Marlene Dietrich meant when she drawled, "American men do not seem to know how to flatter women subtly, as do the Europeans. They mean to be nice, these Americans, but they do not quite know how!"

Can it be that it is lack of subtlety which petite Simone Simon is bemoaning? "For weeks, months in Hollywood," quoth she, "no one call me, no one ask me to go somewhere! Then my picture, 'Girls'

Dormitory,' is previewed and people seem to like it. The next day my phone ring and ring—and the day after that and the day after that! All the days people want me to go more places than I have ever heard before. How can I know, now, who likes me for *me* and who likes me for that picture?"

Kay Francis, of course, is likely to scream and hide under something if one so much as suggests that she was once a contender for the title of "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman."

"If you go out with a man whom you like, you want to be well-groomed, look your best, make him proud of you," she said. "But any sensible woman resents the implication that she is a sort of decorative adjunct to a man's evening, that she is something exotic and expensive to be, as

it were, thrust into his buttonhole as an embellishment to his personal vanity!

"Also, the man who is wise will not try to absorb too much of a woman, invade her privacy too thoroughly. It is flattering to be asked whether you have had a good day and comforting if a man will listen to your recital of woes if you have any. But when he begins to cross question you: 'Whom did you see? Who called? Where were you at three-fifteen when I telephoned?' he is getting into dangerous territory. Maybe she was in the bath-tub at three-fifteen and cannot quite account for that moment. But she begins to feel that he distrusts her and she resents it. He shouldn't ever allow her to feel that way. Not if he is wise!"

Jeanette MacDonald objects to men who expect all social relationships to "take on the aspects of a three-ringed circus."

"There are so few really nice men," she complained, "who are content to sit down for an evening of conversation. When you do find a man who seems to like talk for its own sake, you are likely to find, when you try it, that he likes talk only if it concerns himself, his own career, his own hopes and plans and ambitions. The modern woman has hopes and ambitions of her own. But the world is so full of a number of other things which are interesting and exciting. It must be doubly trying for an intelligent non-professional woman whose interests are varied!"

Perhaps Jeanette's remarks explain something of the attraction which Gene Raymond has for her. I have known Gene for a long time and have never known a young man who talked less of himself or his career, who appeared to take himself less seriously.

Can it be that these modern, exotic, sought-after women are rebelling at the display of masculine ego which has always been considered the masculine prerogative?

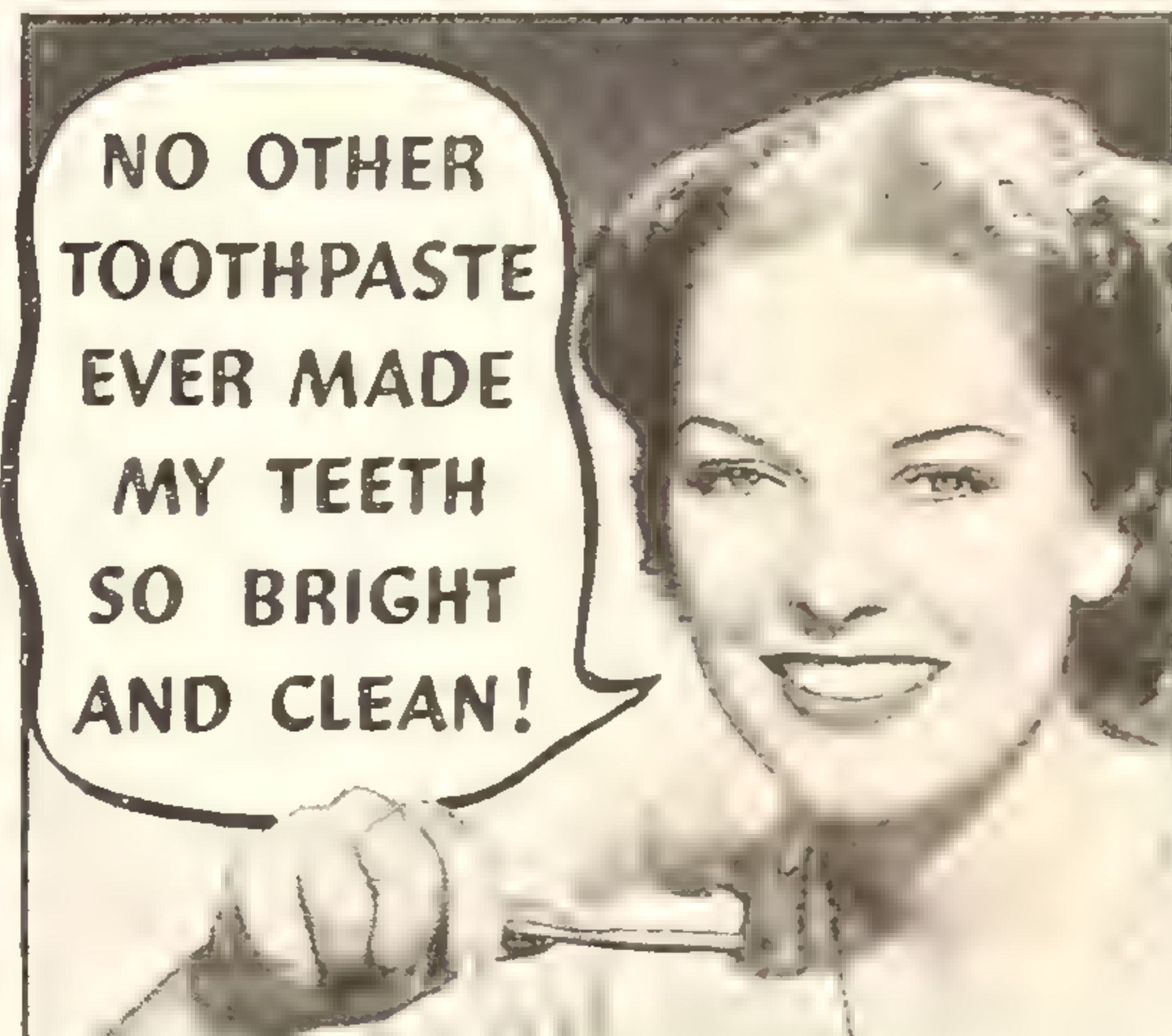
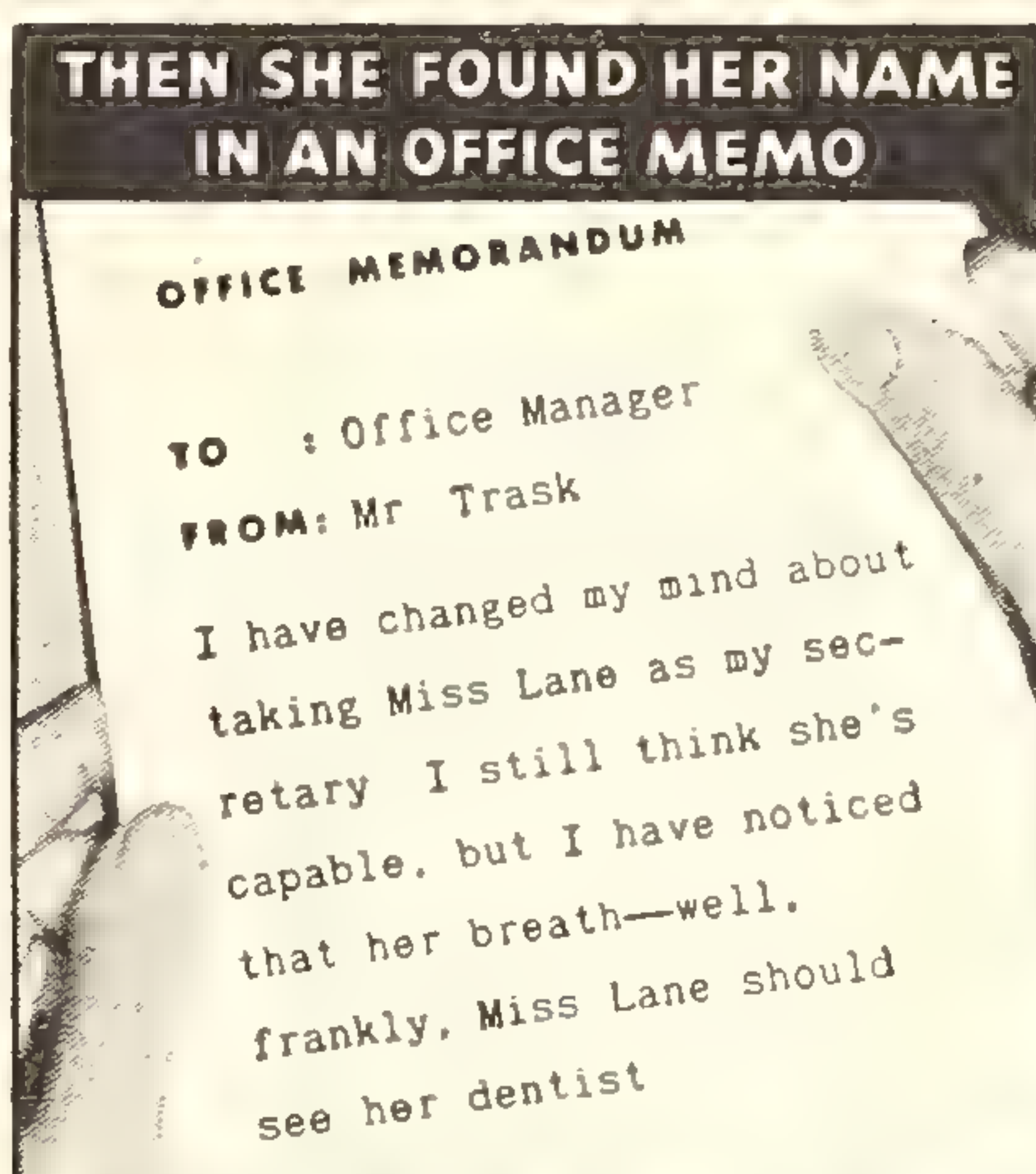
It was Joan Bennett who remarked, "A woman likes a man who is masterful. It is when he begins to be just plain bossy that she objects! I could never, for instance, get along with a man, whether husband or sweetheart, who planned an evening, committed the two of us to an engagement, without consulting me. Of course, I want to be fair. If it is something which he wants very much to do, something which will give him pleasure, I want to fall in with his plans, whether they are exactly to my liking or not. And I want to do it graciously. There is no pleasure for anyone if the woman accedes grudgingly and complains during or after the evening of the dismal time she had! But it seems to me that it is only courteous for any man to consult his lady before he makes an engagement which involves the two of them."

Small things, these, aren't they? But isn't it the small things, much more than the big, dramatic moments which affect human relationships, alter human lives?

Forthright little Maureen O'Sullivan took up sports.

"I love the out-of-door things," she said. "Swimming, tennis, badminton, golf. But I like to do them for fun. I resent it when men take them too seriously. I dislike it intensely if a man looks upon a morning's golf as a 'work-out,' something to 'keep him fit,' to improve his physical prowess, perhaps his figure. If I find myself in a tennis game with a man who takes it that way, I immediately feel and can hardly keep from saying, that he could have done just as much for himself by staying in the gym and punching a bag or riding a mechanical horse. If the game isn't fun, for itself, then I don't want to play it. I certainly don't want to make *work* of it!"

Eleanor Powell wishes that men wouldn't identify her always with the gay, dancing



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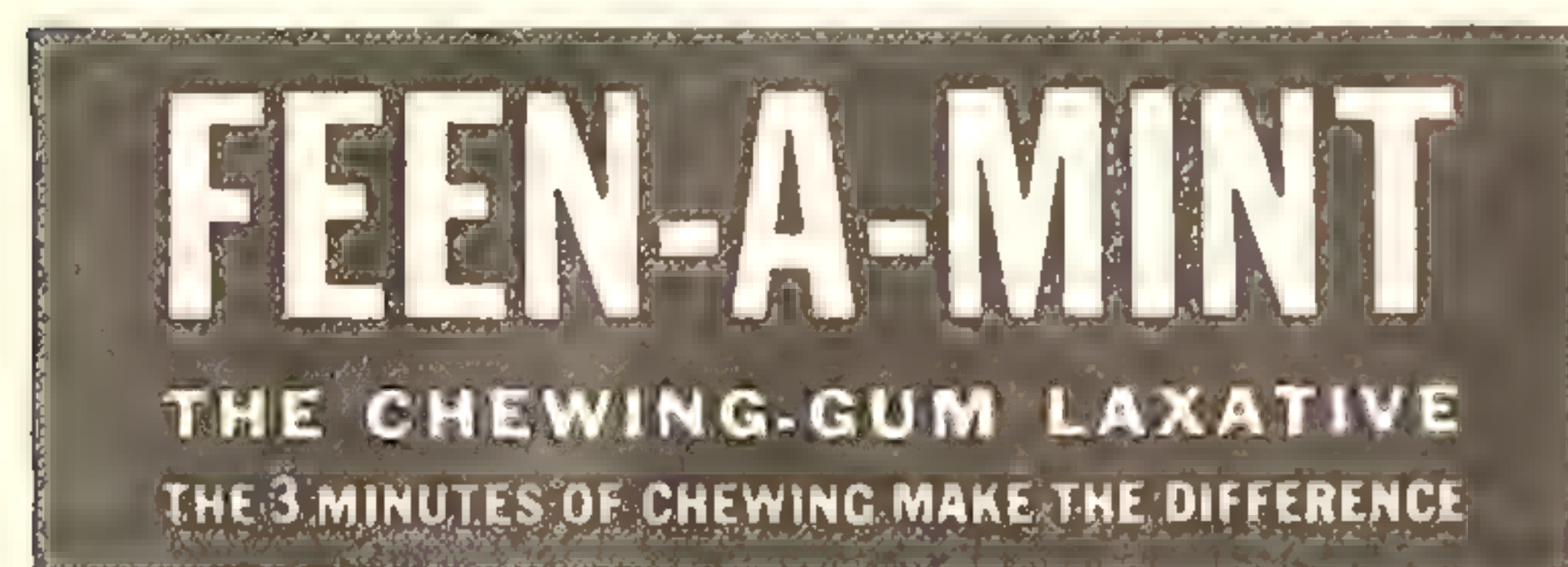
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rôles in which they have seen her upon the screen.

"Can't they think of anything to do except go dancing with a lot of people in a prominent spot?" she inquires. "I'd like, once in a while, to dine in some funny little place in Chinatown or find one of those French restaurants which people always talk about but which I never see. I'd like to go to the beach and ride on roller-coasters or sit down by someone's fireplace and play silly guessing-games.

"But, no! We must always go dancing with a crowd. Goodness! Men type you by the rôles you play almost as much as the public does. I wish they wouldn't."

Jean Harlow remarked, mournfully, "So many men seem to have forgotten the romantic gesture. If I dress carefully and thoughtfully for an evening, I am—truly—disappointed if my escort doesn't mention it. I had rather hear him say, 'I don't like those ear-rings!' or, 'You have a smudge on your nose!' than to have him take no notice of my appearance at all.

"And flowers—, I shouldn't be interested in the least if a man simply put in an order with his florist to deliver a dozen red roses to me every day and charge them to him. That's easy! But the man who arrives for an engagement, a bit late and breathless, because he has stopped somewhere on the way to buy a bouquet of lovely garden roses which won't last until morning but which he couldn't resist bringing me because the colors were so lovely—that man makes a charming gesture. It isn't the expense. It is the thought. If he goes to great pains and spends a great deal of money to acquire a rare orchid for me to wear on a certain occasion with a certain frock—that is a charming and flattering gesture. But it is no less flattering if he remembers that I love the shy sweetness of wild violets and takes pains to bring me some during their brief period of blooming, even though they cost him but twenty-five cents.

"I wish that men would not imagine that the cost of things is as important to us as the meaning of the things!"

3 Girls on a Match

Continued from page 19

Bud bristled. "He's just a singing teacher. What does he know?"

She defended hotly: "He knows talent when he sees it!" Her voice was determined. "You don't believe I'm any good. But I'll show you! I'll show Tallahassee! I'll show the whole world! It won't be long now—"

"That's what you said last year and the year before—and look at you! You're still an extra—you don't know today if you'll be working tomorrow—"

"The trouble with you, Bud, is that you don't understand show business. It's a gamble." Her innate optimism bubbled to the surface. "You're apt to get a break when you least expect it. How do I know? This may be the day."

"Want to bet it isn't?"

She evaded the challenge. "Had your breakfast?"

"No, not yet. Don't want any either."

"Wait till I take my curlers off and put the coffee pot on."

"Don't want any coffee."

"Aw, come on, Bud. Be a sport. Don't take it too hard. There are plenty of nice girls in the world. I'm not the only one—"

"You're the only one for me."

She tried to console him. "It's a beautiful day. Just look at the sky. Bet it's going to be swell down to the beach. We'll have a grand time—just you and I—and the big bad tuna. We'll—"

He interrupted. "Listen, Pat. Today's the last day of my vacation. I'm pulling stakes tonight. For the last time, Honey, will you or won't you go back with me?"

She thought of the piano that was being carted away. She thought of the rent that was due. She thought of the empty larder, of uncertain days with little prospect of work. Bud was right. Why not go back with him? A life of love and security was hers for the taking.

Then her mind sec-sawed seriously. Wasn't it common knowledge that almost all the stars had known a dark day? Hadn't she heard it said that even such a scintillating star as Gaynor has come out of the extra ranks? One had to have patience, perseverance. Yes, but one had to have mashed potatoes, too.

Pat dropped her grave brown eyes and regarded Bud levelly. "Let's think it over, Bud. I may change my mind by tonight."

He saluted the promise with mock gravity. "Okay, mate. I'll hang around."

A freckled messenger boy bearing flowers, came cycling along the walk. He called out: "I'm looking for number twelve hundred."

Pat called back: "This is it."

The rider leaped from his chariot. "Miss Olga Dupont live here?"

"Yes."

"Reply requested."

"I'll see if she's up."

Olga lay fast asleep on the only bed in the bungalow. It was Olga's week on the bed. Her face was streaked with last night's make-up. Her party clothes were strewn on the floor. This time she had appropriated a cut-glass cocktail shaker to add to her collection. The tall, haughty blonde never came away from a party without selecting a little present for herself.

"Olga! Wake up!"

"I don't wanna go home."

Pat shook her roundly. "Flowers for you."

"Put 'em on the ice."

"Here, read this note. The boy is waiting for an answer."

Olga scanned it out of bleary eyes. "Say yes to Dickie from me, will you, yes, yes, yes, by all means, certainly, positively, absolutely yes. I'll be ready to go riding when he comes." A languorous white hand waved the note and Pat away. Olga crawled back under the covers.

By this time, the gentle, honey-haired, brown-eyed Ann who bunked on the studio couch in the living room was wide awake. "Hello, Pat. What's up?"

"We've got company and need the couch."

"Bud's kind of early, isn't he?"

Pat emptied their water pitcher and filled it with Olga's flowers. "Bud and I are going to the beach."

"So it was you—" shrieked Olga from the bedroom, "—who swiped my new bathing suit!"

"Listen who's talking!" snorted Pat. She crossed to the threshold and stood there slipping on her dress. "Didn't you take my last good pair of stockings and bring 'em home in runs? But it's all right, Olga. Anything you do is Jake with me!"

Olga humphed.

"Getting up?"

The blonde stretched lazily. "What a night!"

Her evening gown lay in a silver heap

on the floor. Her wrap, her stockings, her slippers, her gloves were just where she had scattered them when she had come home hand in hand with the dawn.

"What a party!"

Pat picked up the evening gown. It was damp. "Must have been a beach party."

Olga yawned. "Dickie dared me to jump in the pool—and I did. You know Olga!"

"But what about your dress?" Pat was provoked. "It's the last good number you've got. Look at it!"

"You look at it, I'm through with it!" Olga opened her beaded bag and flaunted a twenty dollar bill. "From Dickie—on account. There's going to be more where this came from. You know Olga!" She picked up her purse.

Ann ogled the bill. "Listen, Olga, I've got a great idea."

"Yeah?" Olga banked the money quickly. "What is it?"

"You know my taffeta evening gown—the one that cost me nineteen ninety-eight. Well, I'll sell it to you cheap. Seven bucks."

Olga sluffed into her fur-lined mules. "The proposition doesn't appeal to me."

"I'll throw in my pearls for good measure—"

"You mean those five-and-ten beads you won down at Venice?" The blonde reached for her mirror and made a moué in the glass.

"They're coming to take the piano away," reported Pat gloomily. She lowered her voice. "And Mrs. McGuinness was here for the rent."

"You can't count on me," contributed Ann. "I spent this month's allowance last month."

"You can have half the twenty, Pat. That ought to hold her till we get a break."

"She wants it all—or out we go. Wish something would turn up. Wish something would happen. If my luck doesn't change before the day is over—there's only one thing left for me to do—" her voice faltered.

The three girls eyed each other obliquely. Usually, they buoyed each other up with their jests, wearing their gay banter like grease-paint to hide their heartaches, playing the part of those lusty three musketeers of history who had banded together to share their fortunes. But in moments like these, they were just three little pawns in the hardest game in the world—a break-neck race to achieve a career in the movies.

Ann was saying something about marriage being the ideal state. She knew what she would do if she were Pat. After three years of chasing a career, a kitchen would look like a corner out of heaven to her.

Olga retorted that marriage might be the ideal state. But it was not in the cards for the extra girl who was looking for success. Of course, it was different when one became a star.

"I don't want to be Dietrich—not any more," observed Ann in an empty voice. "I don't want to belong to the public. I want to belong to myself. I don't want to diet when I'm hungry and I don't want to work when I'm tired. Guess I don't belong to this racket. Wish I were you, Pat, having a guy in love with me. Wish I were you, going to the beach on a Monday. You're in luck all right." She mourned: "Poor little me. What'll I do?"

"Sorry, kid, but it's your day at the phone."

The girls took turns staying at home to answer the telephone. Their careers depended on that call from Central Casting.

"I see no use in hanging around, Pat. Central Casting hasn't called in a dog's age. If you ask me, I'm fed up with Hollywood. The way I feel this morning, if I had the carfare, I'd take the trolley car home to Dubuque."

"Gee, kid, don't have the jitters." Pat

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gathered little Ann into her arms. She rumbled the soft brown hair. "You've got to stick it out. That's part of the game. You'll get there yet. Don't you remember what Mr. Reilly said about you when he made the test for RKO?"

"Will I ever forget it? He said I looked like Anne Shirley. But she's eating—and I'm not. I tell you I'm hungry. No, I don't want a poached egg on toast. I want steak."

"There's a whole roast chicken in Bud's car. I'll see if I can smuggle you a leg."

"I don't want his chicken. We've been sponging on Bud the whole time he's been here. Now there's a nice guy for you. An awfully nice guy. Why don't you marry him, Pat?"

"Maybe I will." Pat began to cold-cream her faintly freckled face.

Olga reached for a cigarette. "Got a match handy?"

"Here you are."

"Want a smoke, Pat?"

"Don't mind if I do."

"One for me, too," joined in Ann.

The girls took turns in lighting up.

"Gee!" exclaimed Pat. "Three on a match! That means something is going to happen." She frowned at the flaming stick. "I'm number three—so I guess I'm it."

"Don't stand there doing nothing," shrieked Olga. "Break the match stick—quick!" She shrieked: "—in half—"

"It's too late," determined Pat, blowing on her burnt fingers.

"There goes the back door bell."

"You answer it, Ann."

"If it's the wet-wash laundry again yapping for their money, what'll I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em to have a heart," Pat called after her. "Tell 'em we're sleeping between newspapers."

"It's always darkest just before dawn," philosophized Olga. "Girls," she announced dramatically. "I'm through being an extra. You're looking at a star!"

"Star me eye!" echoed Pat. "How about some breakfast? Bud's waiting outside."

"Look what's heading this way," exclaimed Ann staring out of the window.

Breakfast was forgotten. Clusters of curious faces had gathered at the windows of both sides of the bungalow court. Screen doors slammed as the audience grew. Even Mrs. McGuinness eyed the scene with respectful awe.

Only Olga was calm. She paraded up and down before the mirror, spraying herself with Ann's atomizer. Haughtily, she appropriated Pat's pearl brooch and pinned it on her bosom like a medal for valor. "Well, girls, how about some java for Miss Dupont?"

Pat came down to earth with a bang. "Set the table, Olga. No, there's no cream, Miss Dupont." She whirled about the tiny kitchenette, sipping her coffee standing up. "Bacon? What do you think it is—Sunday? There goes the phone. You take it, Olga."

"Not me," retorted Olga. "It may be that Harvey kid again. I'm not in to him. I'm not in for anybody."

A mechanical voice came over the line: "Central Casting—"

Pat's heart dropped a beat.

"Is this Miss Olga Dupont?"

"Hold the wire." To Olga: "It's for you."

"But I'm not in—"

Breathlessly: "Central Casting is on the phone."

Olga waved an indolent white hand. "Give 'em my best regards."

A long white car had rolled to a stop before the door. A liveried chauffeur had alighted. He marched stiffly up the walk, smiled formally at Bud.

"Does Miss Dupont live here?"

"Why, yes—"

Bud's eyes were popping.

"Car for Miss Dupont," tolled off the

chauffeur in a sepulchral voice.

"Car for Miss Dupont," managed Bud. "I'll see if she's home," echoed Ann. She turned excitedly to Olga. "What'll I tell the chauffeur?"

"Tell him Miss Dupont's dressing," pronounced Olga.

"Miss Dupont's dressing," relayed Bud to the chauffeur.

"Dressing, sir," reported the chauffeur into the depths of the car.

Olga preened. "Well, there it is! Now will you believe I'm going to town?"

"Emmett Richard Fielding is certainly rushing you," awesomely from Ann.

Airily: "I'm rushing him—only he doesn't know it."

Pat blinked at the purple-liveried chauffeur. She gaped at the resplendent white motor car with the solid silver trappings. So this was Dickie of whom Olga had been talking for weeks.

"You don't know what you're saying! You haven't had a job in weeks."

Olga hummed a careless little tune. "No more extra work for me."

"Come to your senses, Olga," advised Ann.

"You take it. I'm through."

Ann was troubled. She watched Pat assume a resolute mien. "What are you going to do?"

"Somebody's got to pay the rent," retorted Pat. She combed her long fingers through her thick red hair as she picked up the telephone. "Hello—" In a headlong rush of words: "Miss Dupont's not in but I am. I'm Pat—Pat O'Day. You remember me. I played with Clark Gable in his last picture and I was the red-head in 'Love in the Lurch.'" She drew a deep breath. "I've got red hair, an evening gown—can dive—sing—tap—play the ukulele and ride a horse. Won't I do?" she pleaded.

"Aw right," came the bored reply.

"Thank you," she gushed. "Thank you so much!"

The voice ticked off mechanically: "Report in make-up nine o'clock sharp—stage number five—Paramount lot—"

"Be there with bells on." Pat hung up and leaned against the table, shaken with excitement. Maybe this call would lead to the big chance she had been waiting for, working for, hoping for, ever since the day she came to Hollywood.

"Well," said Ann, "so you're working. Good luck to you."

"I'll need it." She thought of the portent that lay behind the symbol of three on a match and a cloud darkened the brightness of the oval face.

"I'm all through weeding these geraniums," called Bud. "How about coming in and giving you a hand?"

"Gosh, Bud. Completely forgot about you. Yes, if you like, you can help Ann make Olga's bed. I've got to get into the old war paint or I'll be late for work."

"Work?" His face fell. "But you promised to drive down to the beach with me." His voice fell. "You and I had a date—"

"I know—and I'm awfully sorry. But a call just came in from Paramount. Please try to understand, Bud. It's not every day in the week that I get a chance to work—"

"But you don't have to work any more. You're going to go back with me. We're going to get married. We—"

She went on as if she had not heard. "No, it's not every day that I get a call. Why, I may even get a line to speak." If she spoke one line—and one word constituted a line—she would receive a check for twenty-five dollars—enough to pay half of the rent. The picture might even call for two days' work—or three—or a whole week. She stood there computing the profits.

Bud looked on gloomily. The brightness

had gone out of his world. His blue eyes were dark. His lips were set in a thin firm line. "For the last time, Pat. How about you and me?"

Pat did not answer. Instead, she picked up her make-up kit, placed it on the table, opened it and regarded herself critically in the miniature mirror. The cheap glass flung back a distorted reflection. At the moment, everything seemed distorted—this thing called ambition that was eating her heart—this thing called a career with all its uncertainties—matched against this thing called love that was twisting Bud's face—this thing called marriage which meant a home of her own, a bed of her own, three meals a day, every day, and the protecting security of Bud's strong arms.

"If it was me, Pat, I know what I'd choose," chimed in Ann.

"You can't do this to me," reiterated Bud stubbornly. "You've got to come to the beach with me like you said you would."

Pat thought of the packed hamper—of the sunlit shore with its cool breeze—of the apple-green Pacific and her happy surrender to the sea—and she weighed it against the funny little throbbing in her heart that was known as the call of the kleig lights. The kleig lights won.

"Somebody's got to eat chicken," reiterated Bud dully.

And that gave Pat a bright idea. "Why don't you take Ann?"

Ann jumped at the opening. "I'd love it!" She played all her dimples. "That is—if Bud would care to have me—" She turned appealingly to Pat. "But how about the phone?" she wanted to know. "Somebody's got to stay home."

"That's right," agreed Olga coldly. "That's the rule."

"Somebody's got to eat the chicken," retorted Pat smiling at Ann's peaked little



Nelson Eddy, "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor," and his usual companion at Hollywood events, his mother, attending a recent important premiere.

face. "Don't worry, Ann. Central Casting won't call again today. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place." She set her hat jauntily on her thick red waves and peered in the glass, arching an inquisitive eyebrow still moist with mascara. "How do I look?"

"Beautiful," said Ann.

Bud said nothing.

"Take my foxes," offered Olga magnanimously. "They're shedding anyway." The blonde buttered another slice of toast. "I've got my eye on a swell set of sables I saw on the Boulevard—and they're as good as mine. You know Olga!"

"Let me drive you to the studio," offered Bud.

"No, I'll take Melinda."

"When will you be back?"

"Oh, about six."

"Sure you've got to go?" he asked pleadingly. "Wish you wouldn't." Meaningly: "You'll be sorry!"

"You and Ann better start for the beach before the sun goes down—" She stole a last glance in the glass. "So long, everybody."

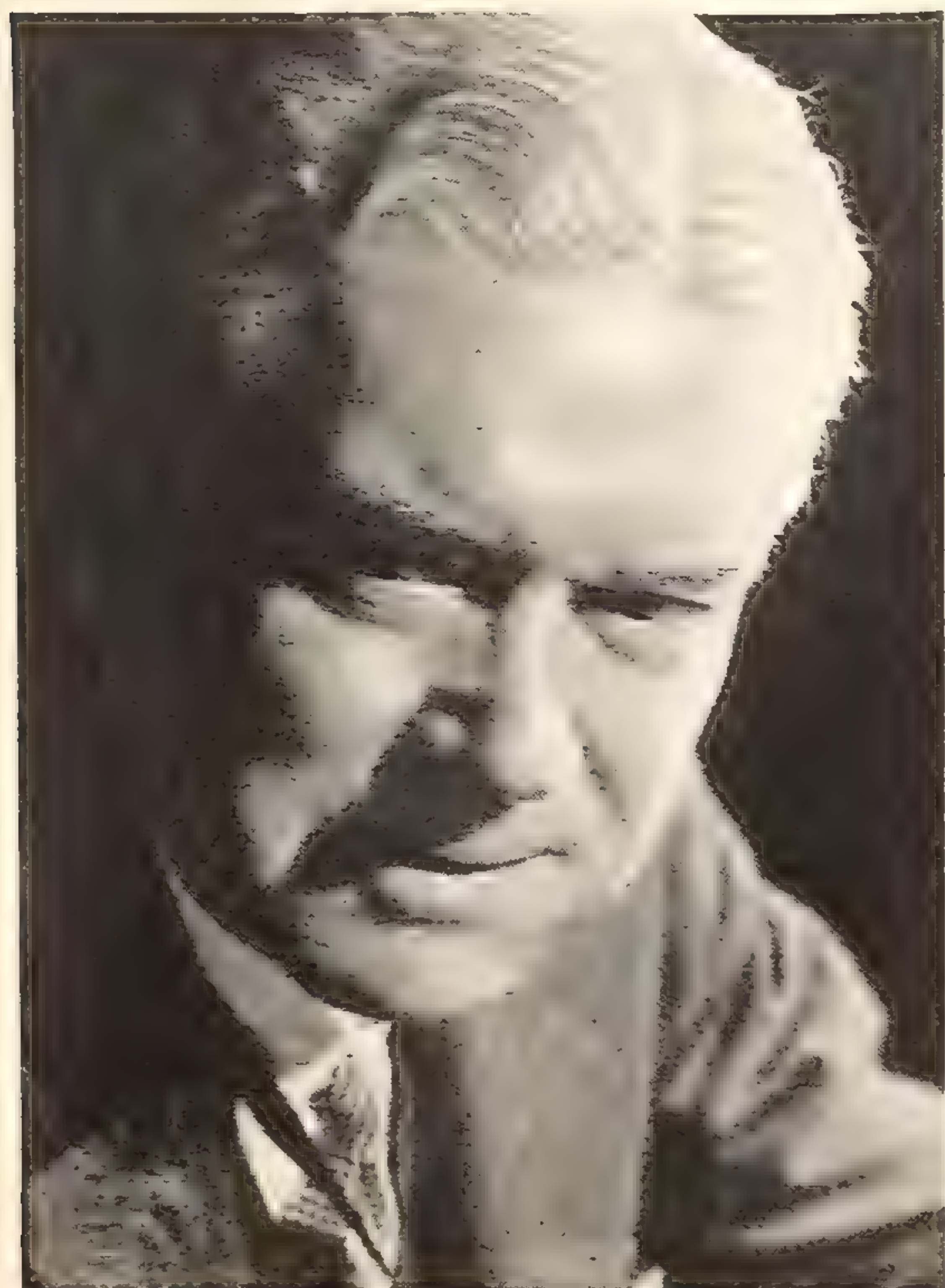
"S'long, Pat."

"Don't refuse a thousand per!"

"See you on the cutting-room floor!"

Pat banged the door behind her and raced down the steps. As she ran along the curb toward the car, she caught a glimpse of Olga's escort reclining against a back-

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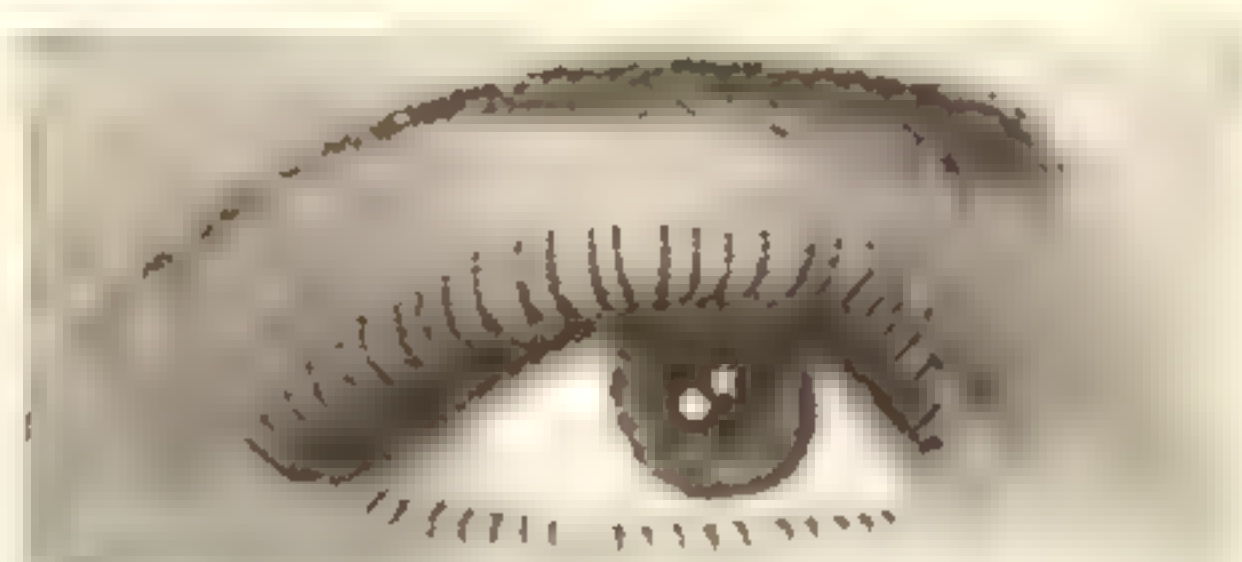
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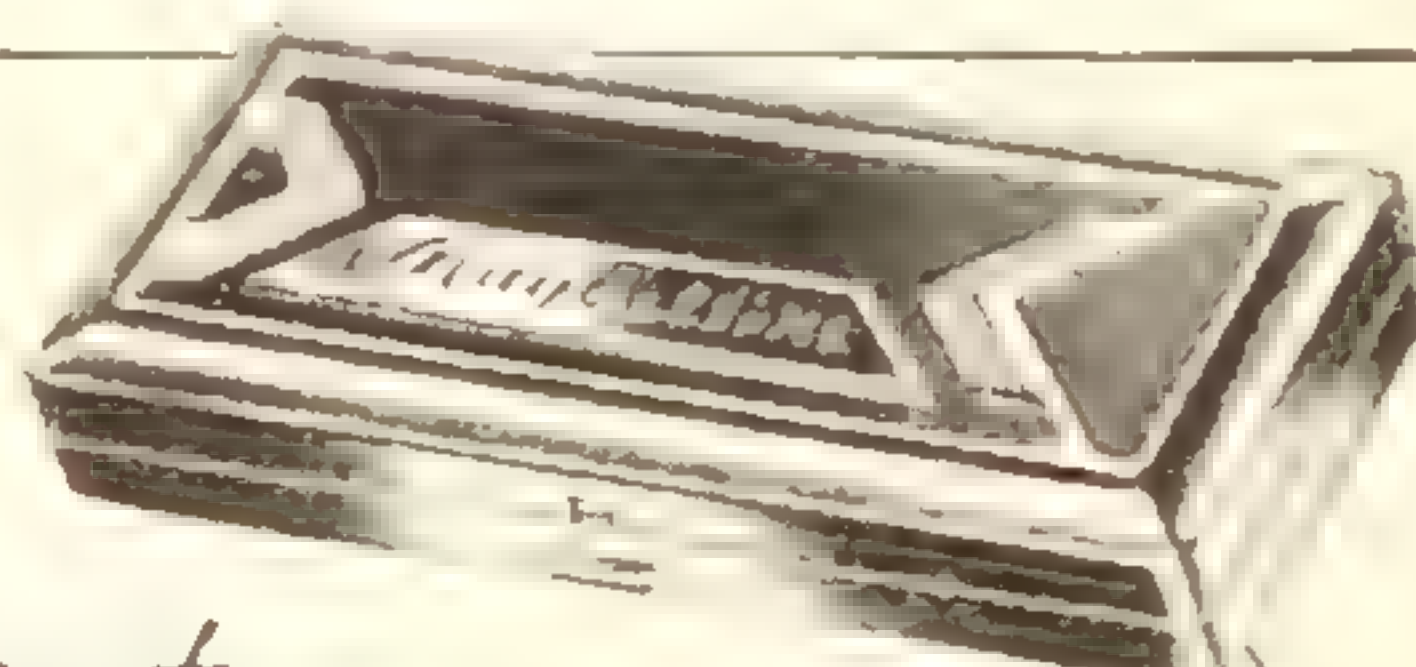
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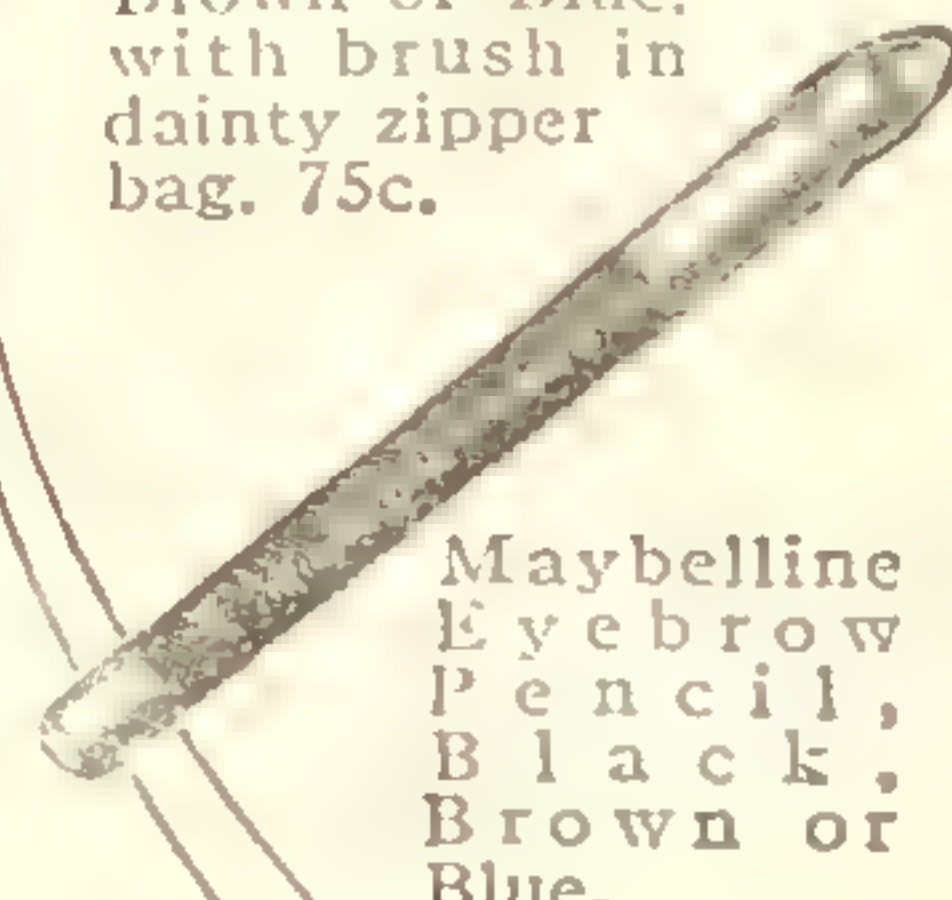
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ground of luxuriant red leather upholstery. The face was familiar. Olga's catch was Emmett Richard Fielding, a popular star whose profile was famous and whose love life was front page news. To her surprise, he leaned out, tipped his hat with a studied flourish and gave her a meaning smile.

She nodded a blushing acknowledgment. He was watching her out of his back window, she noticed, as she climbed into Melinda. The rickety car had no roof, no windshield, no running board, and no horn.

Pat settled behind the wheel. The engine sputtered. The racked old body shook with age. She backed up Melinda, then shot ahead on her way to the studio and the big adventure that was waiting for her there.

(To Be Continued)

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Dottie M. Hulsc. You are right about George O'Brien. Recently he signed to make films for Sol Lesser to Release through RKO. Incidentally, there was a story in the September issue of SCREENLAND which will interest you. Read it and you'll win in your dispute!

J. K. Claire Trevor has blonde hair, brown eyes, is five feet three inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She was born in New York City, March 8. Her forthcoming picture is tentatively titled "Career Women." She's one!

Mrs. Bertha B. Henry Wilcoxon's latest picture is "The Last of the Mohicans." He was born in the West Indies, September 8, but doesn't tell the year. Appeared on the London stage in 150 rôles previous to his screen career in America which began in January, 1934. He was recently married to Sheila Browning, a young Hollywood actress.

An Ardent Fan. Thanks for being so appreciative. No, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are not divorced, but they are separated. Guess they decided that matrimony and careers, at least in their case, didn't blend. Ginger's birthday is July 16. Lew has a nice new contract with Paramount.

Helen H. Charles Farrell was born August 8, 1902, is six feet 2 inches and weighs 170 pounds. Janet Gaynor, 5 feet, 100 pounds. This was a great team in its day, but Charles and Janet no longer act together.

B. B. You show excellent judgment in being "very much interested in Madeleine Carroll." And here's a bit of information for you about the lovely lady. She was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26. She was educated by private tutors until she entered the University of Birmingham, from which institution she received her Bachelor of Arts degree on the 26th of February. After stage and screen experience in England and France, she came to America and started her first picture in this country, "The World Moves On," February 26, 1934. She is married to Captain Philip Astley. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has blue eyes and golden hair. Her forthcoming picture, in which she is starred, will be "Personal History." Meanwhile you must have seen her with Gary Cooper in "The General Died at Dawn."

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 8

The Man
Who
Changed
His
Mind
Gaumont-
British



An English version of Hollywood's horror story—very fantastic indeed, with Boris Karloff, that wonder-man of make-up, as the scientist who finds the way to transfer the consciousness—"the soul, so to say"—from one person to another. Pretty Anna Lee is his assistant, till he goes mad and tries the experiment. John Loder is Anna's suitor. If you like Boo drama try this.

The
Presi-
dent's
Mystery
Republic



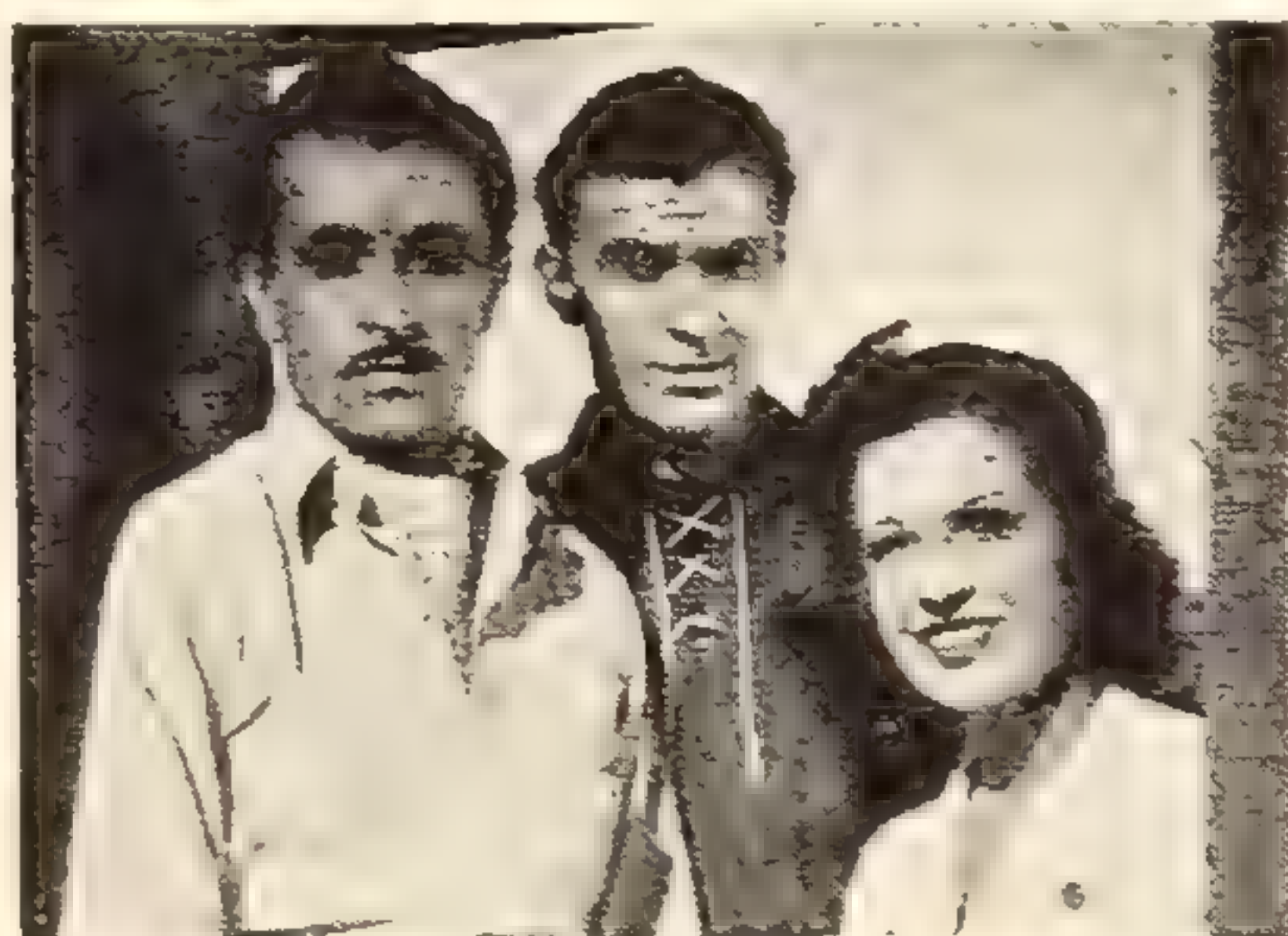
A plot conceived by Franklin D. Roosevelt, written by a group of prominent authors, and now very effectively transferred to the screen, here is something to afford you an evening of suspenseful and interesting entertainment, as Henry Wilcoxon, Betty Furness, Sidney Blackmer and others do fine acting in a drama of the struggle of a co-operative factory against a monopoly. Timely subject, good climax.

Ride,
Ranger,
Ride
Republic



A western, and a good one for all you who like the straight-from-the-shoulder action story. This concerns the Texas Rangers and the U. S. Cavalry, seeking to make the ranges safe from marauding Indians. Gene Autrey croons a bit, rides hard, and plays with ease; Smiley Burnette provides comedy, and Kay Hughes charm.

The
Devil
on
Horse-
back
Grand
National



Lily Damita as a Hollywood star traveling in South America; Fred Keating as her suitor, and Del Campo, whose voice records nicely, as the dashing gaucho who has fallen in love with Lily by seeing her image on the screen. Jean Chatburn is present. A process called Hirlicolor is used to reveal the effective scenic shots and the halting action of a rambling story.

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"Rembrandt": The Life and Loves of a Great Artist

Continued from page 27

chuckled. "Don't you hear his laughter ringing down the centuries?"

There in that room it was almost as if they heard it. There in that room and through all the years down to that day in the seventeenth century and to another auction when Rembrandt had stood in that room too, and his great laughter had come as he reached for the necklace his bid had taken.

"You're a fool, Rembrandt," a friend patted his shoulder affectionately. "It's worth four thousand, not a florin more. Why were you so set on having it at any price?"

Rembrandt held up the jewel and it was almost as if his strong painter's hands were caressing it.

"I want to paint Saskia wearing it," he said simply.

Such a great lady, Saskia, to marry a miller's son. A painter who had had a measure of success to be sure, but nothing to offer this woman with the proud name, this woman whose beauty he had immortalized on his canvas. For she had posed for him as willingly as any of his models, and he had been happiest in painting her. Even now when fame and wealth had come to him and he was hailed as the greatest artist in Holland, Saskia mounted the model stand as happily as ever and tried to conceal from him that she was ill and that it took all of her fragile strength to stand there smiling.

And it was of Saskia he was thinking when he sat with Banning Cocq and his officers planning the painting he was to make of them and so it came with less of a shock to hear her name mentioned by one of them.

"How can a man want to paint his wife after seven years?" The young officer had been drinking so much he did not know his voice carried to his commander and to Rembrandt. "If I were an artist, I'd have my studio full of naked girls."

Cocq laughed banteringly as he saw the swift flush mount to Rembrandt's cheek bones.

"There was a man in the land of Uz," he said lightly, "and the Lord gave him everything the human heart could desire. But beyond all this man was in love with his wife."

"He must have had a secret," shouted one of the officers, already sure of the laugh that followed.

"He had," Rembrandt said quietly. "He had a vision once, a creature, half-child, half-woman, half-angel, half-lover crossed his path and . . . and of a sudden he knew what you others do not know, he knew that when one woman gives herself to you, you possess all women."

"Women of every age and race and clime and more than that. The moon, the stars, all miracles and legends are yours. The brown-skinned girls who inflame your senses with their play, the cool, yellow-haired women who entice and escape you, the gentle ones who serve you, the slender ones who torment you, the mothers who bore and suckled you, all women whom God created out of the teeming fullness of the earth are yours in the love of one woman!"

They were not listening to him, but it was not to them he was talking. He felt no need to tell anyone of Saskia. There was always himself to talk and himself to listen when he spoke of her.

There was a room in the great house

Rembrandt's success had brought him different from any other room. For there it was as if the warmth and tenderness that was Saskia had permeated every corner of her room. There on a chair was spread the stiff brocade gown and the bright petticoat she would soon put on. In a little while, when she had rested a little, when she felt just a little stronger.

Lying there in the huge four-poster bed that made her seem even smaller and more fragile, her hair a halo of light against the white pillow, she lay and tried to summon the strength back into her tired body. In such a little while she must rise and put on the festive dress, the gay petticoat; swirl back the heavy hair with the jewelled comb, and smile so that he would not know she was ill. For if he knew he could not work, and she could not stand in the way of that. Even though every outflung gesture of her hands was a torture, every minute of standing an hour of pain and uncertainty, he must not know. She must laugh and be gay for him.

REMBRANDT

A London Film Production
Released Through United Artists

CAST

Rembrandt van Rijn...Charles Laughton
Hendrickje Stoffels....Elsa Lanchester
Geertje Dirx.....Gertrude Lawrence
Titus van Rijn.....John Bryning
Titus (as a child).....Richard Gofe
Ornia.....Meinhart Maur
Banning Cocq.....Walter Hudd
Govaert Flink.....John Clements
Jan Six.....Henry Hewitt
Church Warden.....George Merritt
Minister.....John Turnbull
Auctioneer.....Sam Livesey

Directed by Alexander Korda

But when the maid came to dress her she found she could not rise after all, could only lie there, her head sinking deeper into the pillow, and for the first time it did not seem so important that she should laugh and be gay. Only to lie there, that was all she asked. To lie there forever and rest.

She did not move even when Geertje Dirx, the housekeeper, stood by the bedside frowning down at her. Always before Geertje's terrible hatred of her that had been so illy concealed since her illness had frightened her. Now even that did not disturb her. Somehow she could almost smile knowing that nothing, not even Geertje, could frighten or disturb her again.

There was still that smile on her lips when they had summoned Rembrandt and he stood looking down on her. The smile and the terrible stillness behind that smile and the closed eyelids that could no longer conceal their weariness. After that brief moment alone with her he shut himself in his studio and locked the door against all but his small son Titus. He worked in a frenzy he had never known before and Titus sat there, his great eyes fastened on him and trying not to mind that he was hungry.

Rembrandt worked on even as they carried Saskia to her grave, and he was not

there when they sat down to the great funeral feast they had prepared in her honor. And when the equerry came from the Prince of Orange to express his sympathy and Geertje, overwhelmed by the importance of the visit, had at last succeeded in having that closed door opened, Rembrandt worked on furiously, unheeding the formal words cutting through the stillness of the room. He took a few quick steps back from the portrait as the man finished.

"You see, she's wearing her new necklace." His voice came calmly. "I can still see her. Soon it will fade. It will be lost to me as her body is lost in the grave. I've no time to lose."

So there was that talk about his strangeness even before the great painting of the Guards was unveiled and even his friends could find nothing to say in the awful quiet that came over the room. Here in this painting was a Rembrandt none of them knew. A new Rembrandt, painting with the strange dark shadows none of them could quite understand, and that covered half of the picture with a sepia glory.

"It isn't a picture at all!" It was Six, one of his friends, who broke the silence at last. "There are nothing but shadows. Are you a painter, or the prince of shadows?"

"Don't you see?" Rembrandt's voice came with desperate force, defending this picture his artist's heart knew transcended anything he had ever done. "It's the play of light and shadow that gives life to a face. Catch that, and you fix it now and for the future and for all eternity. My God!" He lost his thin worn patience then seeing those hostile eyes weighing the picture. "How can you expect to have a picture *explained* to you?"

A bedlam was unloosed then, of women's voices protesting in dismay that their husband's features were indistinguishable, of coarse soldier jests and furious criticism.

"Look here!" Cocq glowered as he looked at the painting. "The thing's like a black nightmare. We realize that what you want to show is movement, the company in the act of mounting guard. But was it necessary to include these street urchins, and what in heaven's name is the meaning of this white figure of a girl? Her features are of course plainly recognizable."

The mask was gone now from Rembrandt's face leaving the anger closing around his eyes and around his grim mouth.

"I've heard enough!" the painter cautioned in a voice that somehow managed to remain schooled and cool and to escape that terrible anger.

"It's your dead wife," Cocq taunted him.

"Enough, I said!" The anger was there in his voice now, mounting to meet the wrath of his eyes and mouth.

"We respect your sentiments," Cocq bowed in slighting irony. "But this happens to be *our* picture. If you must paint your family ghost, kindly keep her out of our picture . . ."

His voice was stilled by Rembrandt's strong hands striking suddenly at his throat, by his arms lifting him above the crowd and throwing him down, and then the room was cleared and there was only Six and Fabrizius, his best beloved pupil, standing there.

"Rembrandt!" Six' voice came strangely disapproving. "You must go and apologize. He may have gone a little too far, but if an artist paints a bad or mediocre picture, the buyer has a right to express his opinion and violence is no right answer to criticism. You'll have to ask his pardon."

For a long time they looked into each other's eyes, these men who had been friends, and then Rembrandt walked over to the picture and his heart was full of

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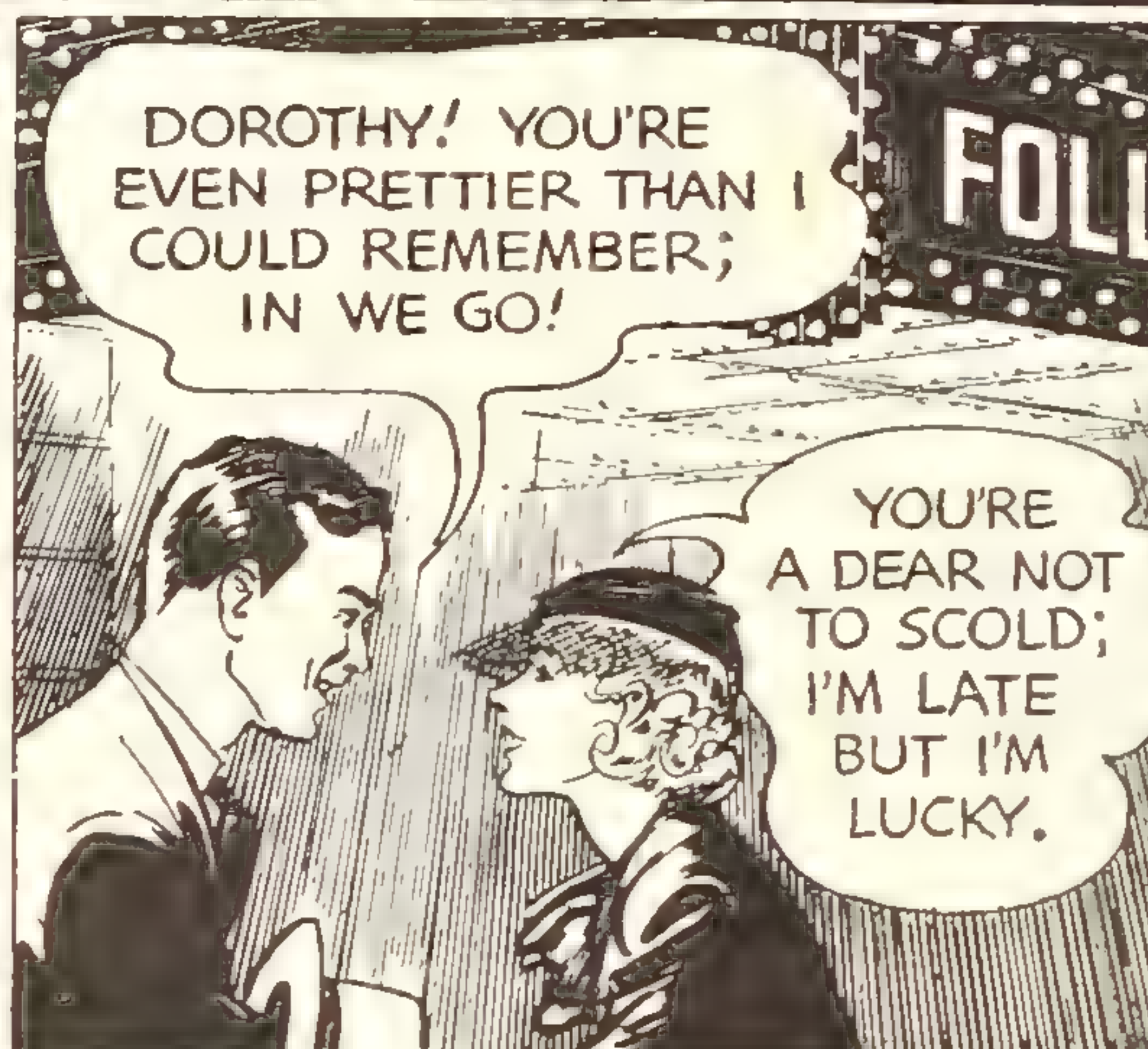
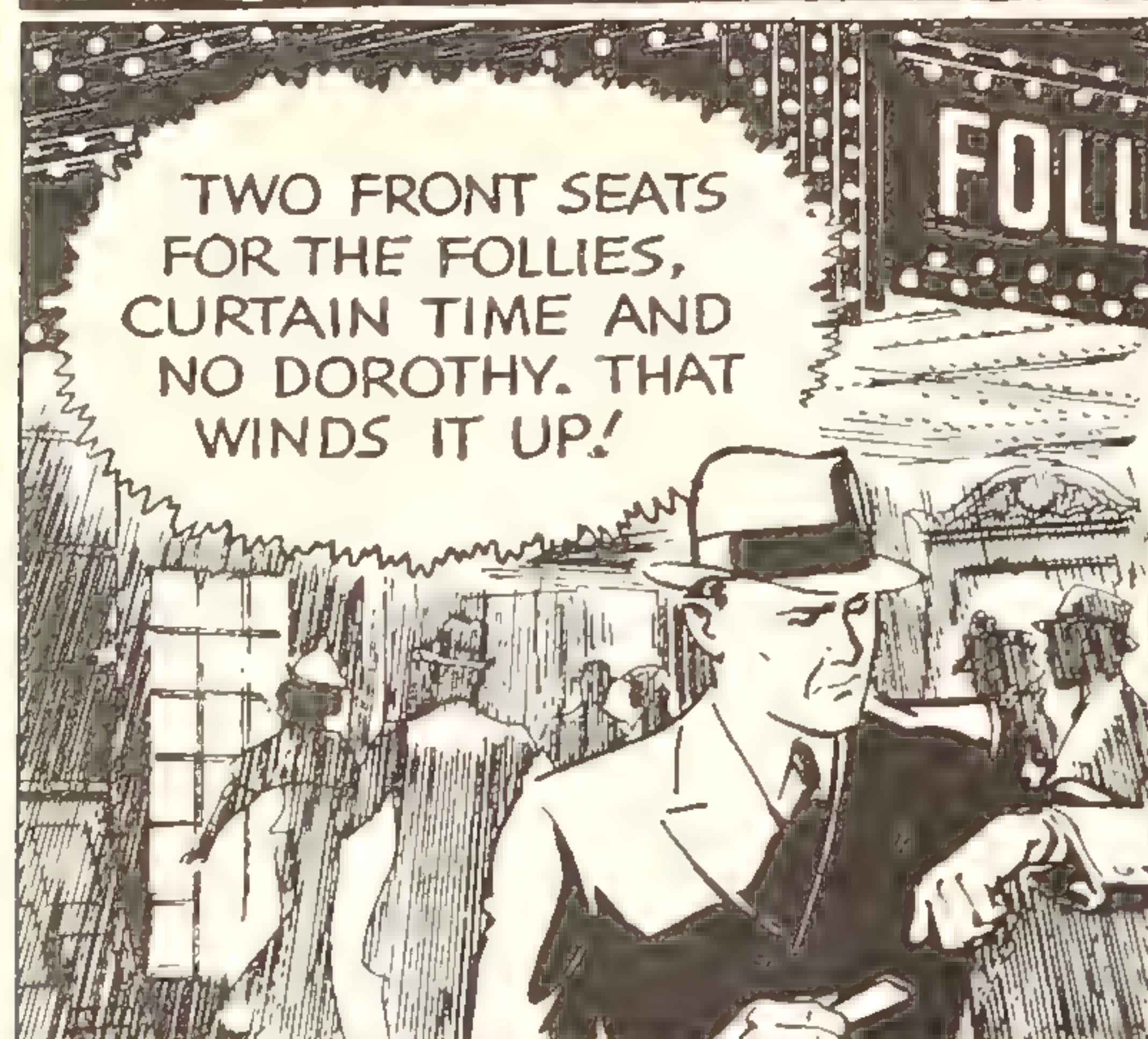
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the thing which the others could not see. "The picture is good." There was calm in his voice again, as he turned at last. "I was right. I'll not apologize."

So Rembrandt made his decision and so he clove to it. Uncompromising and straight to the line he had chosen he walked, true to the thing that was in his heart. And so it was that men who had looked upon him as a genius looked up to him no longer, and in time the royal favor that had been given him in the days when Rembrandt had painted to the popular taste was withdrawn. His pupils too who had watched every stroke of his brush went one by one to learn from other painters who put on their canvas things that could be understood. All but Fabrizio, who alone saw the genius in the new medium he was painting, who worshipped him the more now that he was alone in that worship.

His friends! That night when he had bidden them to his house and the great table in the dining room had been set as it had been in the old, happy days and silver had gleamed in the candlelight and the kitchen was full of the savory warmth of roasts turning on their spits over the fire, that was the night that definitely ended the life that had been and marked the new one beginning. That was the night he was to know he was without friends too, for though all of them had been invited none of them came.

So it was Rembrandt and Fabrizio and Geertje who sat down at that table laid with half a hundred covers and Rembrandt's great voice boomed steadily on in jest and laughter as though it was as they had planned it, as though there were no tears in Fabrizio's eyes, no frown in Geertje's.

In her own way she loved him, did Geertje. Rooted in the bitterness and selfishness and fanaticism that was Geertje, there was that love he could not see. Even tonight when she had decked herself out in Saskia's clothes, he did not see.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was standing now, a smile mocking his lips as he raised his glass to the empty chairs around him. "You are not very cheerful to-night. Prosit! I'll show you how we drink gin where I come from in Leyden. There's little enough you can learn from me, but at least I'll teach you that."

They drank, the three of them, and first there was that warm glow, to be followed so soon by the desolation that made Rembrandt turn to his pupil.

"You're a good lad." He laid his hand heavily on the young man's shoulder. "You must leave me for a better master. I'm a good painter. Better than most—or perhaps I only imagine it. But that doesn't matter. Every man his destiny, his path to follow, no matter where it leads. If it leads him into the wilderness he must follow it with his head high and a smile on his lips."

"You're following the right path, master," Fabrizio insisted loyally. "You've known success . . ."

"What is success, my boy?" Rembrandt shook his head. "The merchant can reckon his in money, the soldier in victories. But our world is unsubstantial, made of dreams. We live in a beautiful, blinding, swirling mist, and the man who strives to find his way out of the mist into the light treads a lonely path. He treads it because he must. Behind him is a spirit driving him on with a merciless whip. To this man the world has nothing to offer. All he needs is one heart that beats for him alone, one being to give him warmth, one breast on which to lay his head."

It was more than Fabrizio could endure and his head went down on his arms and his sobs came with bitter finality. Even though it meant leaving too, he must carry out Rembrandt's orders. To him alone

Rembrandt was still the great master.

The years went and the old things went with them. Peace and security and the old plenty. And still Rembrandt painted the pictures no one would buy, and Geertje's shrill nagging meant no more to him than her smiles had meant, and sometimes he noticed that Titus was growing tall, that he was almost a man now, and sometimes he thought of him only as the child he had been.

Then it was when life was at its blackest that she came to him, this Hendrikje with the frightened eyes of a child and the vulnerable mouth of a woman. She had been working in his kitchen but he had not seen her before that Sunday morning when he came across the courtyard and she was standing there so small and slim and with that peace on her face that filled him with warmth. And he was laughing again without effort and pulling her up the stairs to his studio and placing her on the model stand.

"You needn't be shy and you mustn't be frightened if I look at you." He was dabbing paint on his palette, feeling the strength of the brush in his hand. "I'm not looking at you as a man looks. Painters have a different way of seeing things. I look at you in the same way as the air you move in, or the water with which you wash or the light that shines on you. Pretend I'm not even in the room. Are you warm enough?"

"Yes." Her voice came so simply with her great eyes staring at him, shining too with a strange new ecstasy. "But I ought to be cleaning the vegetables."

So it began, with questions and eagerness and learning all the little things about her. That she was from the country, and that she was young, and in time he learned that she loved him, and that was good, too. Because he loved this woman who had come to him so late, after success and wealth was through. He loved her in a different way but no less than he had loved that other woman who had been with him in the brightness and fullness of those other years.

They would have been married then, with their love so new and sweet, but for the technicalities that stood in the way. For Saskia in leaving everything she had to her husband had stipulated that in the case of his remarriage one-half of that large sum that had been her dowry should go to Titus, and there was no money to give him. And gladly as Titus would have relinquished that claim the law forbade it, since he was under age and so incompetent to sign legal papers.

Their love grew with the days, and Geertje watching was filled with hatred for the woman who had won the love she had so vainly desired; and in time hatred took the place of the love she had felt for the man too, so when she left the house she vowed vengeance.

It came swift and terrible, that revenge of hers. Striking at the happiness that held them. For she brought a charge of unchastity and immorality against them and they were called to the Parish court to defend themselves against it.

Hendrikje's great eyes looked at Rembrandt as he stood before the judge and she did not try to conceal the love that was there for him.

"She is my wife," the man said simply. "In the sight of God she is my wife."

And her calm voice echoing his and her head lifting as she stood before them.

"I can face my God without fear. In his sight we are man and wife. I cannot leave him. If that is a sin, I must pay for it."

She did not weaken when they read the sentence of excommunication from the church she loved. But when she knew that the child that was soon to be born could

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

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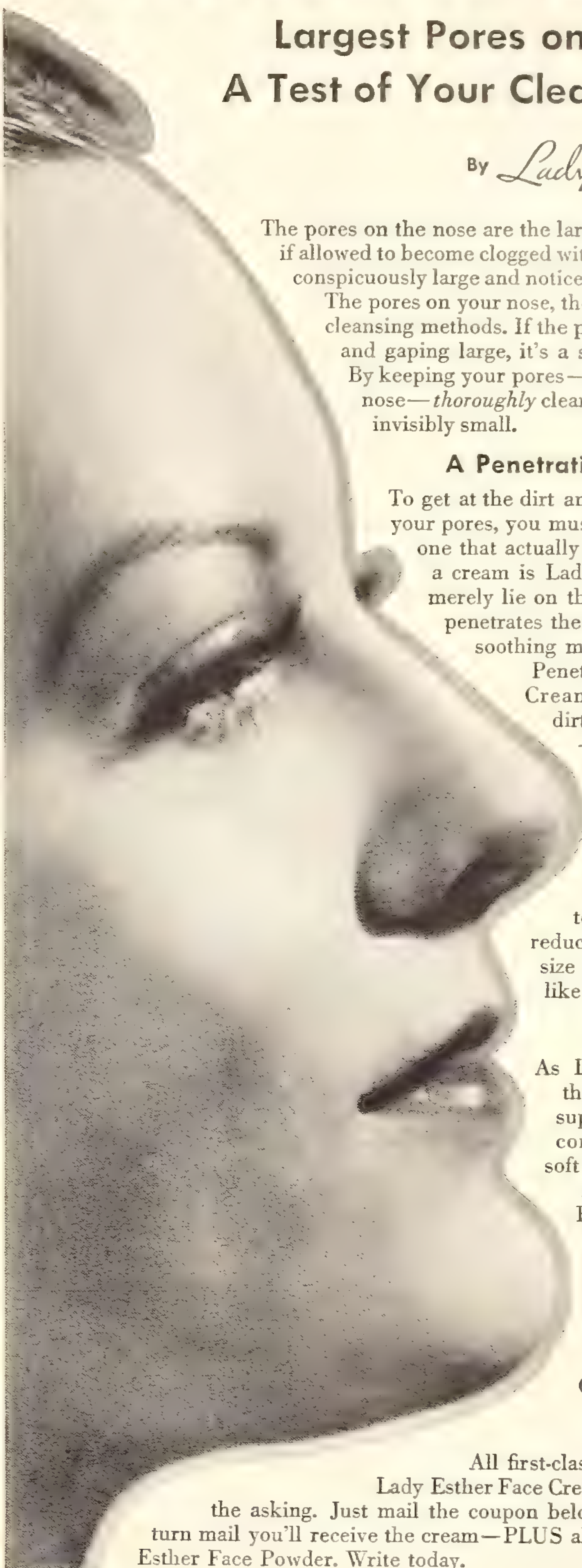
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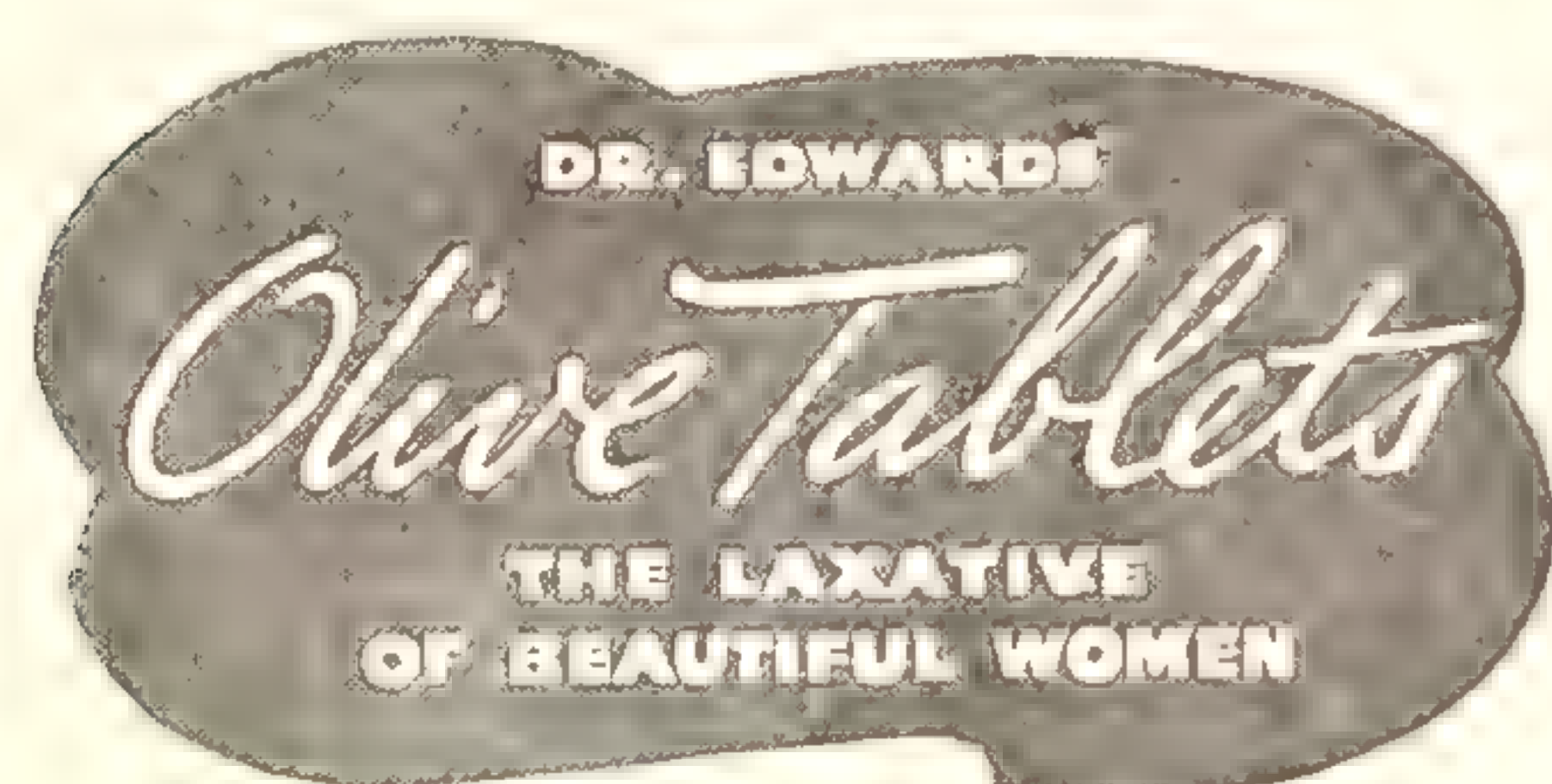


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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

not be baptized, she faltered and would have fallen if Rembrandt's arms had not been there to hold her.

A story written in gallantry, that story of Hendrikje. Always there was that quiet courage of hers that endured through everything—through the sale of the house by the order of bankruptcy Rembrandt's creditors forced on him, through the agony of the night her child was born in the tumbledown garden house that was theirs by the grudging permission of Six. A courage that could sing as she had once sung in the old studio and that enabled her to do the work of three women and count it little in that love of hers. A courage that found hope again even in chaos.

She had need of that courage the day Fabrizio came to them with a wealthy Marquis he had succeeded in interesting in Rembrandt's work. For a little moment it looked as if all the poverty was over, for the man liked the paintings he was looking at and wanted to buy them. It was Titus who came forward then.

"You can't, father. You mustn't sell your work. The court decided that any canvas you paint automatically becomes the property of your creditors. The house and furniture didn't fetch enough to cover all the debts."

So that hope went as the others had gone until the day the lawyer Fabrizio brought to them found a way out of the difficulty. If Rembrandt was employed by anyone, everything he painted belonged to that person and his creditors could not claim it. Since they were not married why shouldn't Rembrandt be under contract to Hendrikje, with everything he painted hers in return for food and lodging?

"I can thank God now, that we were never married," Hendrikje said that day the new shop was opened with her name painted there on the window for all to see, with other buyers following in the wake of the powerful Marquis who had seen something in Rembrandt's work.

It was good to smell goose roasting in the kitchen again, to have fires laid on winter evenings, and to know that on the morrow there would still be money to buy these simple pleasures.

Then one day Rembrandt looked on Hendrikje and knew that she was ill. There was the weariness and the pain that had once been written on Saskia's face and that he had been blind to until it was too late. But now his eyes were open.

There was something he could do for this woman who had done so much for him, now that Titus was of age and no obstacle stood in the way of their marriage. Even though it meant the new security would go, he could do that for Hendrikje. For there was little time left her now.

So it was of their coming marriage he spoke to her that morning in his new studio and of their child who could be baptized then, and tears came in her eyes as she listened.

"It's exactly like the first time," she whispered. "The house was quiet as it is now. We were alone and you pulled me up the stairs."

"Sit down there." Rembrandt laughed as he joined in her little game. "You needn't be shy and you mustn't be frightened. I'm not looking at you as a man looks. Is that what I said?"

Her laughter answered his and her voice came as it had that other time and again she was almost shy with him.

"Now, you must ask me if I'm warm enough," she prompted him.

But when the question came she did not answer and looking at her he saw that she had fallen back in her chair and that her eyes were no longer laughing. Even before he reached her, he knew that he was alone again.

Afterward it was as if the shadows he painted had come alive to hold him forever a prisoner. Through all the long years without her, painting in that room in which she had moved and laughed and sung, he painted still. Alone, now. And sometimes it was she who came to him there and sometimes it was Saskia and sometimes it was the two of them somehow blended together into one in his love for both of them. Saskia and Hendrikje almost inseparable now in a mind grown tired and old.

It was so Franz Hals, that other painter, found Rembrandt, when he called on him one day, painting still in the security of the roof that was over that room and the little food it took to keep life in that old body, security which Hendrikje had insured for him in her will.

"Hals! Old Franz Hals of Haarlem!" Rembrandt laughed as he rose to greet him.

"Yes, it's me." Hals puffed with the exertion of the long climb upstairs. "You live a long way up for an old man."

"As a painter should live," Rembrandt agreed.

"By God! A painter," Hals' voice quickened as he looked around the studio, as he inhaled again the old smell of turpentine and wet paint. "I was a painter once my-



As team-mates in a new picture, Cesar Romero and Claire Trevor scheme, and also dream of romance.

self. But I've come down to earth now. Down to the ground floor of the Haarlem poor-house. You should join me there. I've given up painting. I climbed to the high places once, lived on the roof tops. I don't propose to tumble down the stairs at my age." Rembrandt looked at him quietly.

"I often wonder if there isn't another hidden turret, another peak still to be scaled," he said.

"I never came to see you before, Van Rijn." Hals was smiling now the uncertain smile of years and defeat. "Too fashionable for me. Now you've found your right place, where a painter belongs . . . outside the world."

"Above it, Hals!" Rembrandt's voice came in quick protest. "Above it! Look down there."

Below them lay the town and the roofs of the town and masts and spires bathed in evening sunshine.

"A good light," Rembrandt sighed. "But it will be gone soon. Just time to finish my work before it gets dark. Sit down while I get on."

"No, no," Hals' uncertain laugh stopped him. "I won't interrupt you but I wonder—you haven't a drop of anything? They're a bit stingy with it at my present—er—lodgings."

"Of course." Rembrandt went to the cupboard and took out a jug of gin and poured what was left of it in two glasses. "Forgive me, I should have thought of it. I have so few visitors nowadays. Let's drink to art."

"Very well," Hals shrugged. "If you wish—to art! I was going to suggest a wet death and a quick one."

"Not that!" Rembrandt chuckled. "You're too old to think of death. A man's span is seventy years. Eighty, if he's lucky. And when all's done what has life held? Grief and sorrow."

"A pity." Hals smacked his lips. "There's no more left. I was going to drink a toast to ourselves."

"To our work?"

"To gladness, brother!" Hals swallowed the last of his drink. "To laughter."

Rembrandt raised his own glass. "To laughter!" he chuckled. "To laughter in the beginning and at the end. What was it they called you? The prince of mad men?"

"Yes." Hals smiled. "And you they called the Prince of Shadows. They can't take those crowns from us."

"Nor that royal purple." Rembrandt nodded. "They'll have to bury us in it when the time comes."

He laughed again and it echoed after Hals as he made his stumbling way down the stairs, and filled the room as he hurried back to his canvas. And there it was on the canvas too, coming alive on the painted lips that were his own lips and in the eyes that were his eyes.

A self portrait of Rembrandt Van Rijn! He laughed again as his hand grasped the brush and the last of the evening sunshine fell on it so that it alone, scarred and hurt with life as it was, was bright in the shadows.

THE END

His High Hat Was A Hindrance

Continued from page 61

in a position to refuse proffered stardom—for his own good reasons—and still remain in top-rank pictures, at stars' wages. He turned free-lance, picked and chose his parts, and collected handsomely, as he had every right to do.

"It's fun making comedies," he says. "But I'm still a bit unaccustomed to the changed attitude I encounter in the slap-on-the-back and 'How'ya pal' greetings that are getting more frequent when I meet strangers who evidently think I'm just naturally, and for 24 hours a day, the fellow I played in 'The Milky Way.'"

In such emergencies, Menjou seemed a bit envious of Joe E. Brown, who was on the ship that Adolphe and Verree took on the start of their vacation abroad. "Joe has a fine technique," he said. "He's always ready with some comedy and clowning touches with which he can live up to extemporaneous casting done for him in these casual encounters with strangers."

Versatility, apparently, doesn't stop at the studio stage for a screen actor. Now Menjou has to live up to his reputation as a paragon of fashion for the dressy fellows of the world, a handsome and suave heart-palpitation for the ladies, and a rough-and-ready and good-guy type for the lovers of informality, the jolly-good-fellow boys.

Adolphe Menjou has been associated with a surprisingly large number of high-

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light events of the movies over a period of years. The "A Woman of Paris" highlight already mentioned was Chaplin's first, and up till now, only screen effort in which Charlie has not himself appeared. It seems to this observer that no picture of several years back is more frequently mentioned and fondly referred to than "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." Menjou, of course, was the star of that along with the stunningly beautiful Florence Vidor. He was one of the stars of one of the first Lubitsch productions in this country, "The Marriage Circle." You think of Menjou instantly at mention of such pictures as "A Farewell to Arms;" "Morning Glory," in which Katherine Hepburn definitely established herself as a star; and of course you know what his fine, intelligent, and touching performance meant to "Little Miss Marker," a great show and unquestionably the picture that started Shirley Temple on her path to glory.

"Little Miss Marker" might well have been a turning point for Menjou also. Perhaps, due to the public's estimate of him as the ideal modern Beau Brummel, he was subconsciously typeing himself, with the importance of being well-dressed over-emphasized. Anyhow, Menjou recalled, between sips from a tall glass of Coca Cola, that this part worried him no little. "It seemed unconvincing that a man as prosperous as this book-maker, should wear shabby clothes. Very likely it was his gesture of contempt for the ideas of the rest of his world, growing out of some sorrow or disappointment that had embittered him against the Broadway racing fraternity with whom he mingled. At any rate there was nothing suggested in an incident or a line of dialogue to explain it, and I was afraid this would strike a false note with audiences." But when he was talked out of his concern about this false note in exterior detail, he certainly did get himself up convincingly for the character. "I went through every wardrobe in Hollywood. I guess, to find the suit of clothes I finally wore in the picture," he added.

That part, also, paved the way for Menjou's selection by Harold Lloyd for the character of the fight manager in "The Milky Way." He thinks this one of the best comedies ever produced, and there lingers a justifiable pride that he has played an important part in a Lloyd pic-

ture—an impression that results from his enthusiastic references to the picture and to Harold Lloyd.

The Menjous' European trip was a sort of fling—a celebration and a thanksgiving party, as it were. "We decided," Adolphe said, "that since both of us had come through illnesses which we thought would be the end of us—Mrs. Menjou says she fully expected to die during her siege of ill-health—that we'd regulate our lives so as to have some freedom and plenty of enjoyment.

"Well, we did enjoy the trip, but only those portions of it when we were motoring from one country to another. For then we couldn't be reached by cables concerning picture engagements, and urgings to return to Hollywood as soon as possible."

Though finally prevailed upon to shorten their trip, the Menjous visited Germany—where producers propositioned Adolphe to make a film—Hungary, Austria, Italy, France, England. Menjou, who knows his way around the world as well as the picture studios, is pretty well posted on the political situation in Europe. He speaks several languages, and got his information first-hand, overhearing conversations as well as through talking with people in all walks of life during these travels from town to city and from one country to another.

Before "Sing, Baby, Sing" was released, there were some who had seen advance previews of it who predicted that the fists would start swinging—those who figured it a bit too biographical for certain people to take with restraint, good humor, and decorum. Well, if there's any swinging, it's a safe bet that it will be palm against palm in applause for the adroit acting job Adolphe Menjou did in the picture. And that goes to show that you can get along with anything, if you do it well—the Menjou way of staying on top for more than ten years of Hollywood celebrity, fighting through climaxes in professional work, personal life, and health, even. Going from riches to rags in his screen impersonations makes it easier to go on to more riches, professionally, artistically, and in his personal fortunes. That's good for Menjou. What's good for us is that Adolphe laughed at the "type" jinx, and made us laugh while he was doing it, with the loudest laugh the last, "Sing, Baby, Sing."

Co-Starring in Their Greatest Romance!

Continued from page 33

to dinner; I always do, if slightly urged. As I was leaving I said that I was sorry I had not met her sooner as I was leaving for a lengthy vacation in New York in a couple of days. "Well," said Joan, "if you're going to New York anyway maybe you'd like to stop off in Phoenix with George and me. It's all a big secret but we plan to get married there day after tomorrow." And so thanks to "The Life and Loves of Joan Blondell" I became a bridesmaid in the most unusual wedding I have ever attended.

Joan got off the train in Phoenix, Arizona, wearing heavy lensed spectacles and a red wig that Bebe Daniels had left behind at the studio and a polo coat from the Broadway's basement. This was to throw reporters off the scent. But once she had put her name on the license at the city hall, (there's no three-day law in Arizona), the chase was on. With the lobby full of noisy reporters Joan, still in her dis-

guise, slipped down the service elevator into the hotel's kitchen, (she almost ended up in a stew), and several blocks away joined George Barnes and me and the best man. I'll never forget the nice minister who couldn't help blowing up in his lines when he discovered in the midst of the ceremony that he was marrying a real *bona fide* Hollywood movie star. And with the hotel swarming with reporters the wedding party had a very quiet and undisturbed wedding breakfast at the Jolly-O Bar-B-Q stand. The chili beans on the hamburger were simply delicious. It was rather unusual as weddings go.

Now, dear reader, you've probably heard Bing Crosby sing *One More Chance*—that is, if you weren't born yesterday—but you've never heard *me* sing it, and that's where you're extremely lucky. But Joan had to hear me sing it, with pathos, one Sunday morning not many weeks ago when she finally broke down and confessed that

she was deliriously mad over one Dick Powell and if Warner Brothers ever finished "Gold Diggers of 1937" in which she and Dick were both starring she expected to marry him and have the gayest New York honeymoon anyone ever had. Well, I guess I don't have to draw diagrams on the table cloth to make you understand why I, the worst soprano West of the Rockies, should burst into *One More Chance*. As you well know, the Blondell-Barnes marriage ended in divorce over a year ago, one of those unfortunate cases of incompatibility, and so I couldn't blame Joan and Dick if they rather considered me bad news. After all, I just couldn't expect Dick to be awfully pleased over having me at his wedding too. But I like Dick tremendously, and I wanted to go to their wedding and sleep on their wedding cake, and I didn't feel one bit like a Ghost at a Feast. It was all very perplexing. Suppose Dick definitely went thumbs down on me and all of the rest of my days I would have to go around Hollywood with head bowed in shame while people muttered, "See that woman over there? Well, don't ask her to your wedding. She brings bad luck." How mortifying.

Well, Dick and Joan decided to give me that one more chance that I begged for, and I was allowed to mingle with the guests at the very smart wedding they had on board the Santa Paula three hours before she sailed for New York via the Canal. This time the Vendome catered, instead of the Jolly-O, and the minister didn't blow up in his lines, and it was all very beautiful and sort of emotional. After all, it was what a wedding should be. And Joan looked lovely in dusty pink and blue, (none of Bebe Daniels' red wigs this time), and never in all my days have I seen two people so much in love. When Dick said he was the happiest guy in the world he meant it and you knew he meant it. As you probably know it is the custom in Hollywood to say when two movie people marry, "Well, I don't give *that* long." But somehow, in the case of Joan and Dick, Hollywood didn't run to form. They are so ideally mated that even Hollywood can't crack wise. And I might just as well utter my ultimatum now, which is that I will have no gossips trying to break up the Blondell-Powell marriage, because after all my reputation depends upon it lasting. I just can't go through life being called Bad News.

When George Barnes and Joan decided that they couldn't make a go of marriage and were simply making each other miserable and the best thing to do was to call it off, Joan was extremely upset, and in her dejection and misery decided then and there that she would never be happy again. That she would live simply for her baby son, little Norman Scott Barnes. So she sold her large house on the mountain-top and with her baby and her mother and her two devoted servants moved into Helen Twelveteeth's home in the Valley. Just around the corner was the tremendous estate of Dick Powell. And just across the table in the Warner Brothers' commissary was Dick Powell. And very often sitting in the canvas chair next to her on the set was Dick Powell. Now Dick had said to himself "That's the girl. But hell, she's married," the first time he had met Joan shortly after he came to Hollywood from Pittsburgh, via Little Rock, Arkansas, to play the sappy crooner in "Blessed Event" which picture landed him a grand contract. But after the Barnes break-up was publicly announced in the newspapers Dick began to take hope again; he was very quiet but very determined about it; and the first thing she knew Joan had completely recovered from her great unhappiness and was going every place with Dick Powell. When Joan became "eligible" again at least a dozen

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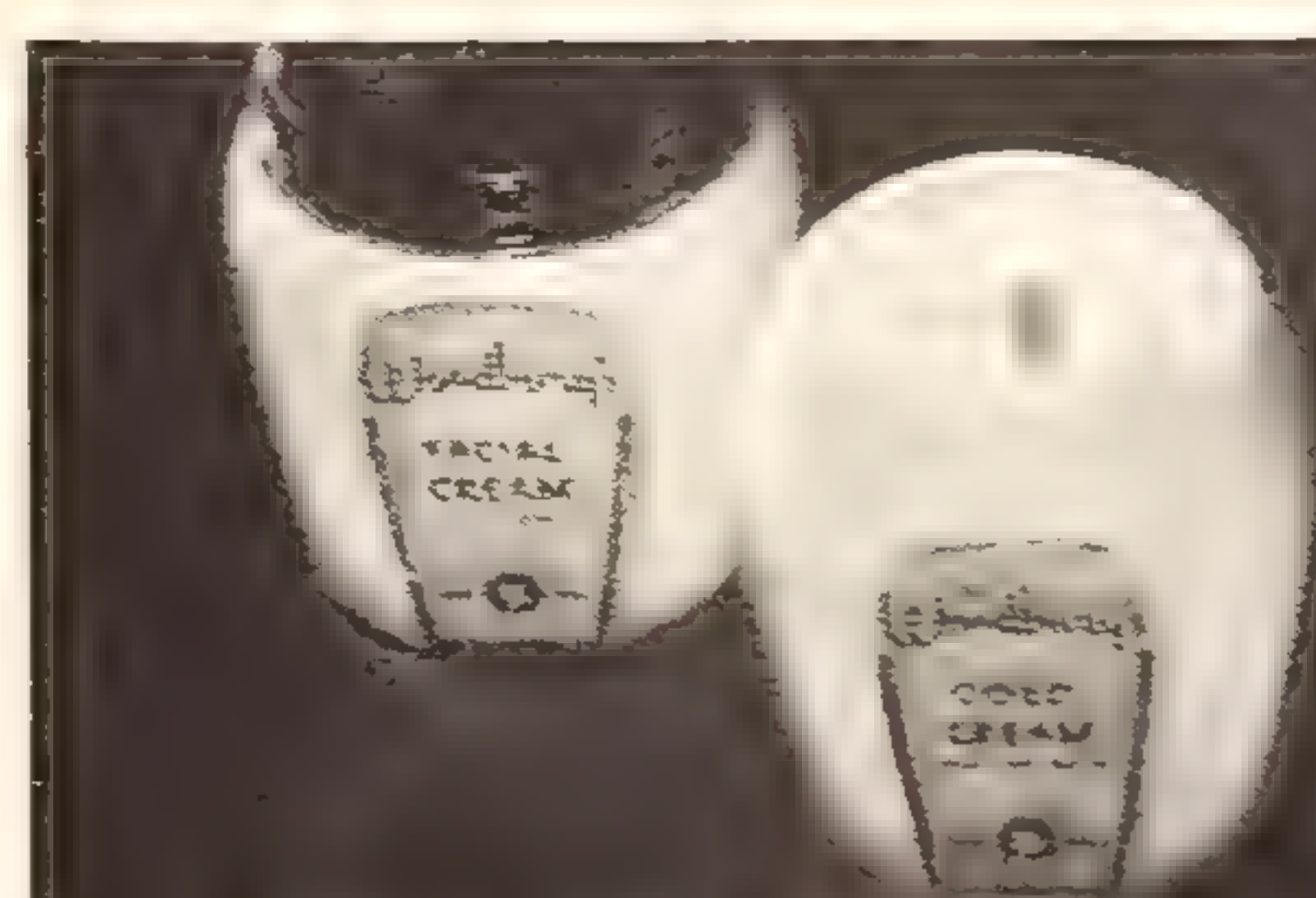
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young men-about-town sent flowers and started phoning her steadily; several young millionaires out for the Santa Anita racing season put in their bids, and a number of actors suggested dining and dancing at the Trocadero. Joan doesn't know how it all happened; she is certain that she told Mr. Powell hundreds of times that she would see whom she pleased and go with whom she pleased, but oddly enough when she actually did make a date it was always with Dick. It's been a safe bet that Joan and Dick would marry as soon as her divorce decree was final for many months now.

But it was a salesgirl in Robinson's department store who was actually “the first to know.” Joan was looking at handbags; she had something awfully chic in mind to go with the suit she expected to floor New York with when she got off the boat. Suddenly she noticed that the salesgirl was fluttering around like a humming bird. “Aren't you Joan Blondell?” the girl stammered all full of excitement over seeing her first movie star “in person.” “Yes indeed,” said Joan, “and I want this bag. I'd like to look at some initials for it too.” “J. B.?” said the girl. “J. B. P.” said

Joan. “Oh, Miss Blondell,” the girl fairly swooned away with delight, “you've made me so happy. I think Mr. Powell is just wonderful.” And Joan agreed with her and bought an extra bag.

After that it wasn't long in getting about. In the first place all you had to do was to look at Dick's face; then there was the dazzling trousseau which Joan bought at Grace Mencken's and Irene's; then there was the new luggage, (Joan had never needed but one trunk before—but now she has four), which young Normie proceeded to decorate with red crayons; and the new house on Maple Drive, (Dick sold the Toluca Lake estate), which Dick bought as a present for Joanie, not to mention the snappy new Cord for her birthday. So everybody knew about the wedding except Joan and Dick who thought it was all a big secret. Love is so quaint.

Joan had the cutest little boxes, monogrammed, with wedding cake in them for the guests, but I suppose I was the only one old-fashioned enough to sneak my little box home and sleep on it. Ah, romance, will you never let me be! Well, I dreamed about Clark Gable, and I must say a lot of good that's going to do me.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

have spoon bread, another Southern dish. This is one of my mother's specialties and I'm fond of it myself.”

SOUTHERN SPOON BREAD

- 2 cups corn meal
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups sweet milk
- 2 cups boiling water
- 3 large tablespoons melted butter
- 3 eggs

Sift the corn meal three times and dissolve in the boiling water; mix very smooth, add the melted butter and salt; thin with the milk; separate the eggs, beat until light; add the yolks, then the whites; pour into a well-buttered baking dish; bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven and serve in the dish it has been baked in.

“John Arledge likes Okra Gumbo, so we see that he gets that when he's here. He's Southern, too, you know.”

OKRA GUMBO

- ½ lb. Beechnut bacon
- 1 slice ham about 1 inch thick
- 2 lbs. lean veal
- 2 large onions
- 1 small celery heart
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 2 lbs. okra

Render the bacon; add ham cut up in squares, then veal cut up in small pieces; let cook about 15 minutes; add onions and celery cut up; cook about 5 minutes; to this add the tomatoes, and when it has come to a boil turn down the fire as low as possible, add cut up okra and let simmer from 3 to 3½ hours. Serve it on steamed rice.

Shrimp or chicken may be used in place of veal, if desired.

“Another friend of ours who is not in pictures and never mentions her figure worries simply adores butterscotch pie. We all have a sneaking sort of fondness for that when we're not feeling too conscientious about our weight.

“Not that weight needs to bother me, while I'm dancing! I've lost simply pounds and pounds rehearsing and shooting ‘Born to Dance.’ I hadn't done any dancing since ‘42nd Street,’ when Ginger Rogers and I did a chorus number, and I've been working on my dances so long this time that

it feels as if I'd been at it for months. Maybe all you'll get of it will be a few tiny flashes on the screen, but you'd think to hear all of us go on about it that we were premier ballerinas or new Pavlovas at the very least!”

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Place in the top of a double boiler 1½ cups brown sugar and 3 tablespoons butter; stir over the fire until well mixed; add 1 cup milk and stir and cook until the sugar is dissolved. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs with 2 tablespoons of water and 4 tablespoons flour until smooth; add ¾ cup water and a few grains salt; mix well and stir into the sugar mixture and stir and cook until thick and smooth. Pour into a baked pie shell, cover with a meringue made with the whites of 3 eggs and sugar, and brown in a slow oven.

By this time, we were sipping tea from Una's pretty Chintz cups and eating cheese biscuits that were so delicate it was hard to keep them from crumbling. The secret of eating them, Una confided, is to have a big mouth and put the whole thing in at once!

CHEESE BISCUITS

Sift 1½ cups of sifted Swansdown flour with 3 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Work into these 2 tablespoons butter and when the mixture is like coarse meal add ¾ cup of grated Kraft cheese and mix to a smooth dough with ⅔ cup milk. Roll out on a floured board, cut in rounds, place on a buttered baking pan half an inch apart and bake in a moderate oven.

“When I was little, my grandmother used to give me a dessert that has remained the high point in food to me ever since,” smiled Una, over another biscuit. “I think it must have been the name that appealed to me. She called it Ambrosia, and all there was in it was sliced oranges, bananas and shredded cocoanut.”

The Burlas seldom entertain large groups, but they enjoy having their friends in for informal small parties.

“One very young group likes to play poker,” said Una, “another goes in for ping-pong. For awhile some of them were crazy about Monopoly—I called it Monotony for several days before Ronny told

me I was wrong. Then we used to play Murder, too, when people were doing that. The only thing we absolutely *won't* play is Handies!

"Sometimes we go in for Charades. One night I remember we played that, using slogans instead of words, and another time we had to act out the titles of pictures.

"Look—it was like this: Two men decided on 'Not a cough in a carload.' They pretended to be loading a car with boxes. One of them got up on the supposed car and the other handed him the boxes, which he stacked. When the car was full, the first man got down, dusted off his hands and coughed a little, as if accidentally. They had us guessing for half an hour.

"I don't remember the pictures we used, but you could have some fun with titles like 'Under Two Flags,' 'Trouble for Two,' and so on."

We walked out into the garden, where Una pointed out the site for a planned patio.

"If we don't sell, we will certainly level off the hill there by the dining room, put in French doors, and have ourselves an outdoor sitting room next spring," she planned. "Then we'd look down at this rose garden and up at Ronny's barbecue.

"Ronny built the barbecue himself, and we love it!"

A summerhouse on a hill at the back of the garden, reached by a succession of rose-and-white rock stairs, has a rock chimney with an iron oven and grille. On either side of the chimney are two rustic bars where the cooked food is to be served, and the summerhouse is lined with rustic seats. Before the bars are high stools painted green and white.

"I told Ronny they look like little girls with gingham aprons on," bubbled Una, "but he did it, and I like it!"

"The more I look at the things we've done, the more I don't see how I can part with the place!"

And They Seem Such Nice People, Too!

Continued from page 25

why I shouldn't too. But on my bed-room walls! Oh, my goodness, isn't that awful!"

Remember when Mr. Deeds accused the Judge in his insanity case of being an "o" and an "m" filler-inner? Well, if the Judge was of a mind to, he could have turned right then and there on Mr. Gary Cooper Deeds and accused him of being a tablecloth artist. For the adult Gary can no more resist a beautiful white damask table cloth than young Cooper of Helena, Montana, could resist a barn door. Before he was "discovered" by the movies, Gary, you know, was an artist on a Los Angeles newspaper, and the minute he gets his hand on a pencil he starts drawing caricatures—as a matter of fact he doesn't even wait for a pencil as Hollywood hostesses well know; he'll use a knife right on the best linen. Thanks to Rockey, his lovely wife, Gary has one of the most charming and exquisite homes in Brentwood, with never even an ash-tray out of place; but you can usually tell where Gary sat last for there on the fly leaf of a book, the border of a newspaper, or the tablecloth is a Cooper caricature. I hate to think what Gary's school books must have looked like when he was a kid.

When it comes to dropping clothes over a room and scattering towels in the bathroom there's none better than Jimmy Cagney. If there are five or fifteen pieces of furniture in the room Jimmy will manage to find an article of clothing to throw over each one, and the bathroom when he has finished with it looks like a cyclone struck it. It's a good thing he married a gal with a sweet disposition. They tell me, (but I wouldn't know about that), that Jimmy's undressing act at night is really something. He gets one arm out of his shirt when he suddenly notices a newspaper on the table so he proceeds to read the front page half in, half out of his shirt. Then forgetting his shirt he gets half way out of his pants when he notices a magazine so he proceeds to stand right there half in and half out and read the entire article that caught his eye. This all comes under the heading of absent-mindedness, I guess, at which Mr. Cagney is very good. His secretary tells a most amusing story on him. Recently he was dictating a letter to her when the phone rang. She took the message which was from one of the studio executives, repeated it carefully to Jimmy, and said, "What shall I tell him?" Jimmy was utterly unconscious of the entire in-

terruption, his mind was still on the letter he had been dictating five minutes before. "Tell him," said Jimmy vaguely, "with kindest regards, I remain, Jimmy Cagney."

Sylvia Sidney bites her nails worse than any child you've ever seen. Sylvia has tried awfully hard to break herself of this bad habit, (and her mother tried awfully hard before that), but the minute she gets nervous or emotionally upset Sylvia quite unconsciously starts biting away. "Go ahead, slap my hands," Sylvia tells her friends—but I don't know, anyone who can give as grand a dramatic performance as the little Sidney can just go on biting her nails for all I care. Sylvia is another movie star who had better be a bit wary about becoming involved in murder cases, for even the dumbest gum-shoe dick could trace her whereabouts without taking ten easy lessons in detecting. Wherever you find a little mound of rolled-up matches you can safely say that Miss Sidney has been there. For the very second that Sylvia settles herself in a chair she lights a cigarette in a long holder and then instead of putting the folder of paper matches back in her bag or on the table she will proceed to tear them apart and roll them up one by one—or if she can't find matches any old paper will do. A form of nerves, of course, but so naughty. But really no more naughty than George Raft's little habit of scattering cigarette ashes all over the best rugs. You've really never seen a cleaner, neater boy than Georgie, and he always looks as if he had just arrived spic and span from the laundry, but somehow or other our Mr. Raft with all his neatness just can't seem to find an ash-tray in time to catch his ashes. This is definitely a hang-over from his hooper days when Georgie danced the Charleston in clubs where carpets were knee-deep in ashes. Yes, Sylvia and Georgie both had better keep out of murder mysteries.

Now can you imagine the beautiful and glamorous Miss Lombard, (and wasn't she a scream in "My Man Godfrey"), who is about the last word in chic and silver fox, sticking stationery in her mouth? Every time Carole sits down to write a letter she tries to think of something awfully clever to say, (and always does), but while she is thinking quite unconsciously she bites off the edges of all the stationery on her desk. As she insists upon the most expensive writing paper you can readily see that it is a most expensive habit. "She bites off all

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the corners of her stationery and then starts on mine," Fieldsie complains. "I'm trying to persuade her to send wires, it'll be cheaper in the long run."

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"Theodora Goes Wild" set the other day.

She may be the first lady of the screen, and she may be the most beautiful *Juliet* of them all—but Norma Shearer can't spell worth a darn. Don't blame her mother, for Mrs. Edie Shearer did her best to make Norma concentrate on spelling when she was in school; but Norma was just one of those children. (and the world is full of them), who simply couldn't learn to spell. History okay. Arithmetic okay. Science okay. But spelling—mercy! In Merle Oberon's home there is a picture Merle values tremendously. It's of little Irving Thalberg, Jr., and it is autographed, "To Merle, from her sweetheart, Irving Jr." Norma wrote it, of course. Another little lass who never took to spelling is Loretta Young. When Loretta writes a letter it's an Ordeal, involving at least six dictionaries. And Miss Lombard isn't so hot in the gentle art of spelling, either. Just try her on "exaggerate" sometime. Well, I wish you'd look who's talking!

Paris

Continued from page 29

Southampton—a dash to London to see his sister Adele (Lady Cavendish). Then into a plane, with a short stop-over in Paris, for Cannes. A bit of sun and bathing there and then the same hop, skip, and jump back to America. Through it all the half-shy, boyish personality that is so well known to the fans. Of course he is very much at home in Europe, for when he and Adele were musical comedy stars they were even more popular in London than in New York. Naturally, between times he would look in on Paris. The years have rested lightly on the light-footed Fred. When he talks of his ideas and ideals in dancing one realizes the tremendous amount of work he puts into his joyous films. In everyday life he is constantly getting suggestions for a dance motive or inspiration from the most unexpected sources. At present he wants to work out an idea for an all-dancing film. The whole action expressed in dance steps. Quite a job that, quite a job—but if the resourceful Fred starts on it he will do a polished, finished performance of it. He said that George Gershwin has been asked to write the music for it. "Gershwin is away above the ordinary jazz composer. His music has great worth, and definite emotions are expressed by him. Working along with his music as an inspiration I hope to conceive dance steps and rhythmic movements that will express the emotions of the music."

Sounds to me like a sort of Russian Ballet gone thoroughly American! Fred greatly admires the films of Rene Clair, the young French director whose "The Ghost Goes West" was such a success, and would like to do some fantastic little pieces in the same mood. He is amused at the constant tales of splits and disagreements with Ginger Rogers. He loves working with her, but with her desire to go dramatic the split is inevitable. Fred said he would like to work with another partner and mentioned Eleanor Powell and Jessie Matthews, the popular London dancing star, as most desirable partners. It would be interesting to see him with either one of these elfin creatures. Fred sailed away and one can't think of him being quiet the four or five days on the ocean—one thinks of him as spanning the space in one leap of a plane.

Lew Ayres turned up on a near-flying

trip about Europe. It was his first trip abroad, and I am sure no one gets more out of a first trip than Lew. He went here, there, and everywhere in Paris all on his own—spurning motor cars and guides. The day we lunched together at the Hotel George V he was going to Versailles. I asked him if he was motoring, for I was going to suggest his stopping off at Malmaison en route. He said no, he was going on the electric train. Much more amusing and interesting, said he; curled up on a couch, with his hair tousled, he looked much more boyish than in his most juvenile rôles. And this early of a morning after a very Parisian night! It seems strange to hear him talk with enthusiasm about directing. That somehow always seems to be the job of middle-aged, bald-headed men. But as Lew said he was to be an actor-director the idea seems a bit more plausible, and one will not lose that whimsical Barrie-like personality behind a director's megaphone. The day after I saw him he was flying off to Switzerland, and after looking over Italy a bit he said he would stop off in Paris a couple of days so I can take him out to Malmaison and Fontainebleau, for my description of these palaces greatly intrigued him.

The rains in Paris seemed to cheer Bette Davis but they had the opposite effect on Edward Everett Horton. That droll comedian saw the sights of Paris between sneezes and sniffles. I must say that he was richly amusing for his very sneezes have a personality all their own. He should incorporate them in film!

"And how do you like working in the British Studios, Sylvia, my deah?" asked Richard Barthelmess of Sylvia Sidney over cocktails at the Crillon Bar. A peculiarly whimsical expression suggestive of dark clouded thoughts, flitted over the mobile face of the little star. She glanced at me and realized that whatever words she uttered might appear in print. Then she quickly smiled and drawled, "Perfectly chawming, old chap, perfectly chawming!" That was all we could get out of her as to words, but I had caught that first expression which really told volumes. At another time she told me that it was an interesting experience and that she had gotten quite used to the "tea at five" habit, no matter what emotional scene it interrupted. She also discovered that the British

have a surprising number of holidays. Whitsuntide quite interfered with her moving into a house, she insisted; but Whitsuntide or no Whitsuntide, she won out and moved in. It's a joy to talk to Sylvia, both to the eyes as well as the ears, for I have rarely seen a more expressive set of features. Her sense of humor is enormous, and her nose wrinkles up in a most intriguing way when she smiles, and her oyster-colored eyes with their long, black lashes flash with a very knowing gleam.

After finishing "Sabotage" at the Gaumont-British Studios she lingered in Paris a few days before going to Cannes for some sun-bathing and swimming. Her mother was joining her there and together they return to Hollywood. Sylvia was very enthusiastic about her next rôle, as she will play in Emily Brontë's grim novel "Wuthering Heights." While in England she visited the Brontë home and absorbed the atmosphere of the country around Haworth—at the same time re-reading the book for the fourth time.

Richard Barthelmess had just finished his first film in London, "Spy of Napoleon," from Baroness Orczy's novel. He and his charming wife Jessica were in Paris, and as they were stopping in the same hotel as Sylvia Sidney they were very neighborly, but for all too short a time. We had a cocktail party at the Ritz which Jessica Barthelmess called a landlady party. The Barthelmesses on leaving Hollywood rented their beach house to Sylvia Sidney and their Beverly Hills place

to the Cole Porters, for Cole Porter is to transfer his lilting melodies with their catchy lyrics to the screen. Mrs. Cole Porter and Sylvia talked household affairs with Jessica. Then to give a real social touch to the land-lady party Lady Juliet Duff joined us. She, too, is a landlady, having rented her London house to the Duke and Duchess of Kent. So when I saw Lady Juliet and Jessica with their noses together in deep conversation I'm sure they were talking confidentially of their tenants! While on the subject of housekeeping I can't resist adding another little family touch. Mary Hay Barthelmess, thirteen-year-old daughter of Richard, was in Paris on her first visit. She asked me if I had seen Maria Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's eleven-year-old daughter, when she was in Paris with her mother. While on the subject of Maria little Mary Hay, speaking of her best friend, said: "I am very, very fond of Maria, but I think she is getting a bit too sophisticated." Well, there you have the seasoned opinion of thirteen about eleven!

It amused me during Mary Hay's visit to see how the present-day youth look at everything with eyes influenced by the movies. The Venus of Milo in the Louvre was a fat hulk of a gal to Mary, whose ideal in the way of figure is Ginger Rogers. I took her to hear "Romeo and Juliet" at the opera. With visions of Norma Shearer, Grace Moore, and Jeanette MacDonald in her mind, little Mary was most disgusted at the sight of the plump matronly Juliet who appeared. Not till she had sung the waltz quite as well or, to my mind, much better than Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie" was Mary won over to the fact that opera is not run along cinematographic lines.

From the sublime to the ridiculous I must leap to the visit of Jimmy Durante. He nosed his way into Paris and left all who saw and met him chuckling. We all found that camera angles in no way improved his famous snout. He looked in on us on the final lap of a holiday jaunt and after a few days returned to America.

"Show Boat" is showing at the Ambassadeurs to full houses. One evening a colored gentleman quietly asked for a seat at the box-office. Like magic word got through the house that Paul Robeson was in the audience. *Old Man River* sounded much more thrilling when the people knew that the "old man" himself was among them. Robeson was the center of attraction when the film was over but otherwise his visit in Paris was uneventful. He arranged to give some concerts in Europe which he will sandwich in with his film work.

Paris is a good place to come to after taking a cure. Nils Asther and Herbert Brenon took the cure so seriously at Vichy that they decided to stop off here to celebrate for a couple of days before returning to work in London. Their friendship started when Herbert directed Nils and H. B. Warner in "Sorrel and Son," that never-to-be-forgotten film.

With all these visitors coming and going, a native son came home to spend a short holiday. Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, his lovely wife, quite upset the normal life at the Gare St. Lazare when they arrived. Boyer had planned to make a film here in Franch but was delayed too long in Hollywood finishing "The Garden of Allah" with Marlene Dietrich. So instead of working hard he hied himself to Deauville to play hard. All the French fans are sorry, for they look forward to one French Boyer film a year. Charles plans on returning early next spring to make the promised film but a lot of things can happen in the meantime. We can only hope for the best.



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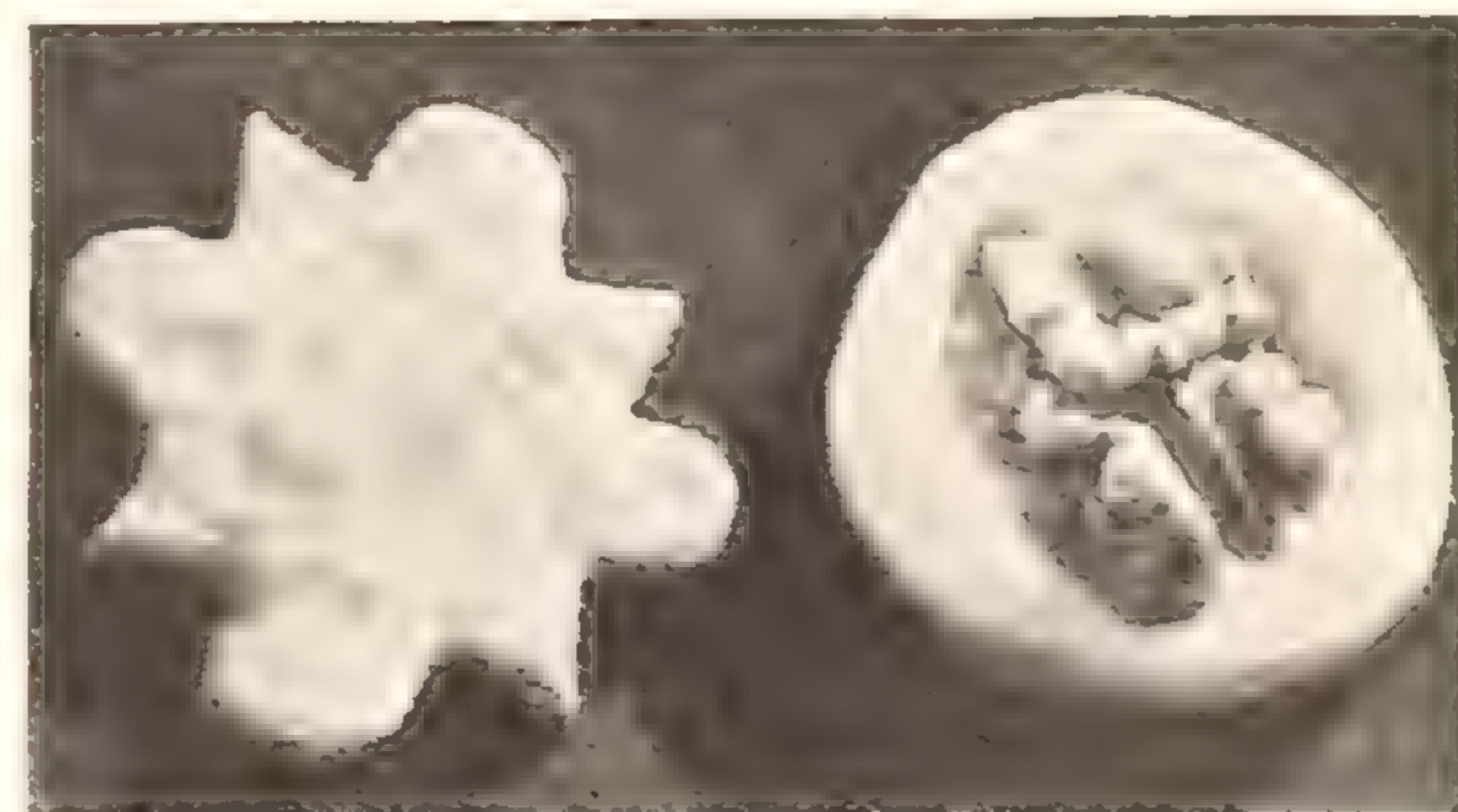
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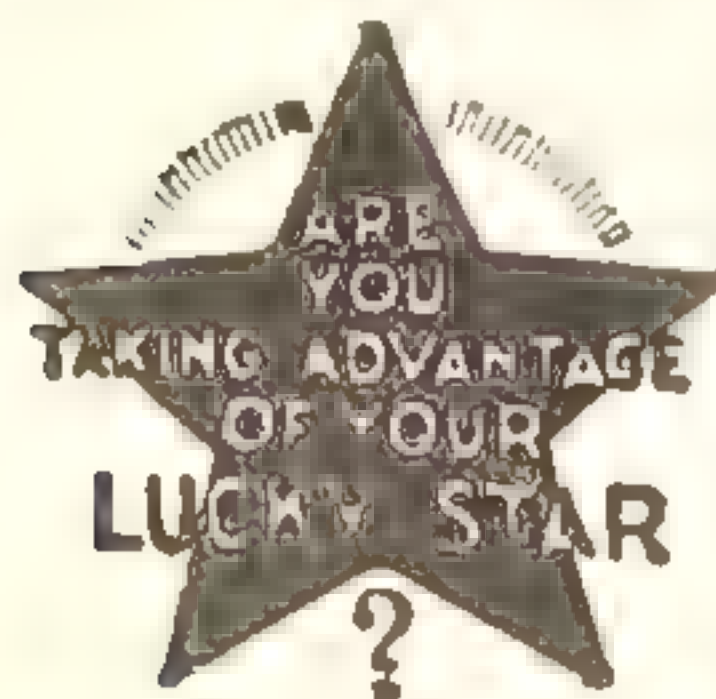
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Perfume as a "Pick-Me-Up"

Continued from page 65

thoroughly convinced that the way to get the most that perfume can give you is to have several fragrances on hand and switch from one to another as the spirit moves you.

Actually, I believe there is a sense for perfumes like an ear for music, and not everyone has it. Those of you who can never be sure about a perfume, who don't know instinctively whether it will add to your charm—can be guided by what the makers themselves say about their fragrances. A woody odor, redolent of ferns and trees and moss, is for you who wish to bring memories of the great outdoors into the impression people get of you. An Oriental scent, suggesting sandalwood, mysterious herbs, and heavy tropical foliage, is for you who feel sophisticated and want people to know it. Fresh floral bouquets are in order if you wish to create the impression of sweetness and light gaiety with something of the "adore me but touch me not" atmosphere. The semi-Oriental lend a touch of sophistication to women who want to appear perfectly groomed in street clothes, particularly women who must avoid any effect of being too obviously perfumed.

There's an element of seasonableness that's important to you who wish to seem real and natural with a practised care. If you like floral fragrances, Springtime and early Summer call for garden flowers—lilac, sweet pea, jasmine, rock garden flowers. Violet is a fragrance for late Winter because it gives a promise of the first days of Spring. And there's a spell which can be cast by magnolia or orange blossom, reminiscent of the Sunny South, when wintry winds are their bitterest in colder climates. A flower fragrance just before that flower is due to blossom is a promise of the future and the impression it creates is invariably pleasing.

Apply your perfume so it is diffused

and seems to waft its fragrance lightly about you. Never let your perfume dominate you, so that people are so conscious of it that they forget the girl who is wearing it. If you are guilty of overperfuming, it is probably because you put too much in one spot or add a new application when you fail to be conscious of the odor yourself. Remember that other people will smell your perfume long after your own nostrils have become so accustomed to it that it appears to have lost its strength.

Perfume is at its best when it is applied directly to your skin. If you take a perfumed bath, be sure the odor harmonizes with the scent you will apply later. The popularity of eau de Cologne as an after-the-bath body rub has increased by leaps and bounds since manufacturers have been scenting this tonic lotion with a vast variety of perfumes. This new type is much more lasting in its fragrance than the original eau de Colognes.

On your throat, behind your ears, on wrists and elbows are good spots for perfume. And always remember your hair and your eyebrows will hold the scent longer than clothes or skin.

If you apply perfume to your clothes, don't do it just before you go out. Give the scent at least an hour to "set" before you dress. Floating draperies or sleeves are ideal points for perfume. And a little dab inside the cuff of each glove is intriguing.

An atomizer is always a grand help in diffusing your perfume lightly. You will find it saves time. There are leak-proof atomizers for traveling that make it possible for you to carry your favorite fragrances wherever you go. Incidentally, they make excellent gifts if you are wracking your brain over that Christmas list.

London

Continued from page 28

countryside, it is now transforming.

You will remember how I told you Korda intended to set Marlene's glamorous personality against a colorful spectacular background so that she would shine out like a glowing jewel? Now he has found the appropriate story, "Knight Without Armor," which is laid in Russia during the revolution. She plays a Russian countess, imperious and wilful, who is saved from the rebels by an English secret service agent and taught to place the proper values on the worth-while things of life. He is Robert Donat, recovered from his recent illness, and Jacques Feyder, a famous Continental director, stands behind the cameras.

Korda gave a grand reception party for Marlene. She swept into the room like a queen, wearing a black velvet turban, a silvery brocade tunic caught with emeralds at the neck and flaring out over a tight-fitting black skirt that swept the floor. She embraced her friend Elisabeth Bergner—they were fellow students in Max Reinhardt's dramatic school at Salzburg. Then she caught sight of Charles Laughton, took his face between her hands and kissed him, playfully pulling the flowing moustaches he grew to appear as painter Rembrandt. She smoked oval Turkish ciga-

rettes in a long jade holder and talked about herself quite frankly.

"No, I did not fly from Austria. I am afraid to be in the air—I am a physical coward, you see. One of my hobbies is cooking. I like to go into my kitchen late at night and fry some sausages for supper in the German way, with onions and paprika and little strips of bacon. No, I do not have to diet. I never seem to grow fat whatever I eat. I am interested in photography too. I have several cameras and I am always taking pictures, chiefly landscape shots. But best of all I think I like to laze in bed on Sunday morning, drinking my cup of chocolate and reading an amusing light story."

Her London apartment bedroom certainly makes appropriate environment for it, pearl-tinted walls and beautiful waxed wood furniture and enormous crystal bowls filled with masses of cream and scarlet roses. Marlene adores flowers and can never have enough of them. She bends over to inhale their fragrance and stroke their petals. "I love them," she says and the word sounds just as warmly sensuous as when she says it on the screen.

Yet when Marlene appeared on the set at Denham she was crisply business-like in a grey tailored suit with padded shoul-

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ders and a slouching grey felt hat. She worked for hours with no sign of fatigue, her technique proving that she understands the camera as well as any director. A shaft of spotlight, one of thirty lamps, fell on her head during her first test. When she did the second test next morning the light had gone. Most stars would not have noticed the tiny omission but "Where is this light?" demanded Marlene, touching the particular curls it had illumined. Her glinting auburn hair is sprayed with powdered gold-dust before she takes the stage, hence the special coiffeur who has to wash it out each night.

When she goes to lunch she has orange juice, a grapefruit, a large portion of steak-and-kidney pie with cauliflower, and a dish of salad. Sometimes she also takes dessert, being very fond of apple pastries—they are a German delicacy, of course. While Marlene was lunching one day she suddenly jumped up with a cry of delight to greet an old friend, Erich Pommer, the blond producer from Berlin who first made her famous in "The Blue Angel." He is now working on another of Korda's new films, in the studios, "Fire Over England" which is the story of a dramatic year in the reign of our famous Queen Elizabeth. This vigorous monarch is being played by England's leading character actress Flora Robson—perhaps you remember her with Bergner in "Catherine the Great." Leslie Banks and Laurence Olivier are also in the film which is being directed by William K. Howard who has never before made a picture out of Hollywood.

Strange white dust kept settling on the floor as I walked toward another stage, and eventually I solved the mystery—it was powdered cement blowing in from the set where the great Korda himself was standing among clouds of it presiding over the progress of a snowstorm scene for "Rembrandt." Charles Laughton's high medieval boots were covered with the stuff and it had been picturesquely sprayed like frost on the drooping beard he had to grow to play the famous Dutch painter. Quiet-voiced, sauvoy imperturbable, Korda directs with his dark eyes gleaming behind his thick glasses. An actor stumbles over the lines. "Never mind," says Korda, "You will be all right next time." Laughton obeys him implicitly, the only director with whom he never does attempt to contend! He has supreme confidence in the man who first gave him film fame by casting him as *Henry the Eighth*.

Elsa Lanchester sits nearby, in dark woollen gown with wooden shoes peeping under the hem and the cap of an old-time serving-maid set on meekly-parted hair. She plays the little peasant whom *Rembrandt* installed in his household to look after his creature comforts while he limned the great. What comforts they were, too! Korda has reproduced them faithfully according to history so all manner of huge amazing dishes, colossal bowls of fruits and rows of flagons of wine were arranged for the next scene, the dining-room with the long oak table and the black and white checked floor that the artist immortalized in several of his priceless canvases.

Charles has taken close interest in these delicacies of old Holland for he has expert knowledge of culinary matters and is himself a first-class cook. (You should taste the savory ham-and-herb omelettes he tosses when there is a little supper party in the Laughton apartment!) It's quite natural, for his mother still keeps the hotel at Scarborough in which he was born and where he used to superintend the kitchen until his success in local amateur dramatics made him turn his thoughts to a stage career. Now there are several Laughton hotels at the seaside resort, managed by Charles's brothers Tom and Frank.

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and Charles still has a personal as well as financial interest in them.

Elsa and Charles recently spent a holiday at the Scarborough hotels and one morning the star called a massed gathering of all the chambermaids and gave them practical demonstration of the quickest and easiest way to make up a bed. He always makes up his own every morning, whether in London or Hollywood.

He likes to lay the dinner-table for himself, too, whenever he has the time. Coming from the snowstorm set, he took off *Rembrandt's* purple cape and led the way to the studio restaurant where the experienced waitress quickly handed him a tray holding china, cutlery, etc., which he could arrange to his satisfaction. Finally he sat comfortably down to an out-size in grilled steaks, supported by fried potatoes and tomatoes and at least half a cauliflower.

"Well," he grinned between mouthfuls, "now you know why I have to be a character actor! And I never shall be able to play romantic parts because I never shall have that romantic slender figure!"

Elisabeth Bergner carefully poured out a dose of medicine for the sick man lying on the bed. She wore a trim green suit and a high-crowned hat under which her expressive brows were puckered in concentration as she measured the deadly drops into the glass. Sunlight fell on her through the open window, illuminating the modernistic London apartment room in which she stood.

"Again, please."

Dr. Paul Czinner motioned to the cameras and once more the little blonde Austrian star took up the dark bottle and began to pour. Over and over and over yet again she had to go through the simple scene before her gentle-voiced director husband, whose word is her law, nodded at last and said "Thank you, Bergner." Elisabeth made a mock bow and smiled at him tenderly, affectionately, before she came across the set and sat down beside me.

"What do you think of it?" she asked, "our 'Dreaming Lips'? It is the old tearful story of a woman who is loved by two men—you see it being enacted in life many, many times."

In her own vivid way she told me about this new English version of a German film in which she scored tremendous success five years ago. She plays the happy wife of a violinist in a second-rate orchestra, quite contented with her simple domestic life until she meets a world-famous musician who shows her more glamorous and luxurious things. She learns to love him—but her husband's fortunes fail and he needs her comforting affection. In her misery she eventually kills herself.

Elisabeth enthused about the production but it was different when I tried to coax her to talk about herself. She lit another Turkish cigarette—she smokes them continually—and laughingly shook her head.

"Pouf! You know everything about me already! You know that I am now quite recovered from my illness again and that I am not high-hat, only very shy, and that I will not have strangers watching me when I work because my work is my life and I must give it all my energy and thoughts. So now let us go and have some coffee in my dressing-room and I will show you my new pyjamas that I am going to wear as *Gaby* in this film."

Elisabeth is exceedingly happy to be film-making in these great new studios.

Among others working there is Conrad Veidt, who once played in Max Reinhardt's famous Berlin theatre with Elisabeth. When I presently go across to the set I find a Stockholm pleasure-garden with rustic tables under the trees and gay bands

of peasant singers, the kind of place which Garbo loves to dine and dance where she goes home. Conrad is drinking wine and flirting with a pretty dressmaker played by curly-haired Marjorie Pickens. She is Sir Cedric Hardwicke's sister-law. She gives me the latest news. Cedric, who has hurried back from California for a few weeks to fulfill an old contract with Gaumont-British.

Before Cedric left, he rented his old-fashioned North London house to Basil Rathbone who came over to work with Ann Harding. When Cedric had to return he was homeless and as he detests hotels he has accepted Basil's offer to become a guest in his own house for the time!

I go to visit Basil two stages along waiting while he makes passionate love to Ann Harding, gently yielding, in a scene for "Love from a Stranger." Slim and dapper as ever, he chats chiefly about football and golf, two of his greatest interests, and shows me a letter he received from a girl in Ohio after she had seen "Private Number" in which Robert Taylor gave him such a stern left-hook to the jaw. It read:

"Having seen you in all your films, I am highly satisfied you have got your deserts at last. When Robert Taylor struck you, I said 'Thank goodness, that's done for the beast now.'"

Basil is eagerly looking forward to his next film in Hollywood for he is to achieve a long-cherished ambition and portray *George Washington*. What a surprise for that girl in Ohio! And what a change from sinister villains!

Across the studio gardens, with sun-dial and colorful flower-beds, I reach yet another stage and go inside to watch Edward G. Robinson playing a socially-ambitious business man in his first British picture "Thunder in the City." His leading lady is a romantic discovery, beautiful wide-eyed Baroness Lulu von Hohenberg of Vienna whom you will know as Luli Deste. That's the name just chosen for her by Producer B. P. Schulberg who signed her up for Hollywood on a long contract after he had seen her in a small Continental film. She has a rich warm voice and almost always dresses in black and white and looks very much like her friend and countrywoman Marlene Dietrich.

Not far from Piccadilly Circus is an old-fashioned London "pub," the little tap-room with its sanded floor and traditional row of shining brass pump-handles presided over by a buxom Cockney barmaid. Taxi-drivers and street-vendors patronize it and so do famous film folk. It's quiet and completely unknown, so they can sit at the little marble-topped tables enjoying a pint of real mild English beer and talking about the affairs of the studios quite safe from autograph-hunters and over-demonstrative fans.

Constance Bennett and Miriam Hopkins have been here to wield a tankard and chat with the jovial landlord—who has never visited a cinema in his life! Sometimes Edward Everett Horton stopped in. Edward G. Robinson was another patron, spending some of his leisure studying British legal methods. He has been to several prisons and court-rooms and attended a murder trial at the Old Bailey where the dignified panoply of the red-robed judges in their ancient oak-panelled hall tremendously impressed him.

Helen Hayes, wearing a grey suit, and Charles MacArthur dropped into the pub one evening too—he startled the other visitors by suddenly whipping out a crumpled envelope and writing furiously on the back but he had only been seized with new inspiration for "Wuthering Heights" which he is adapting for Walter Wanger."

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